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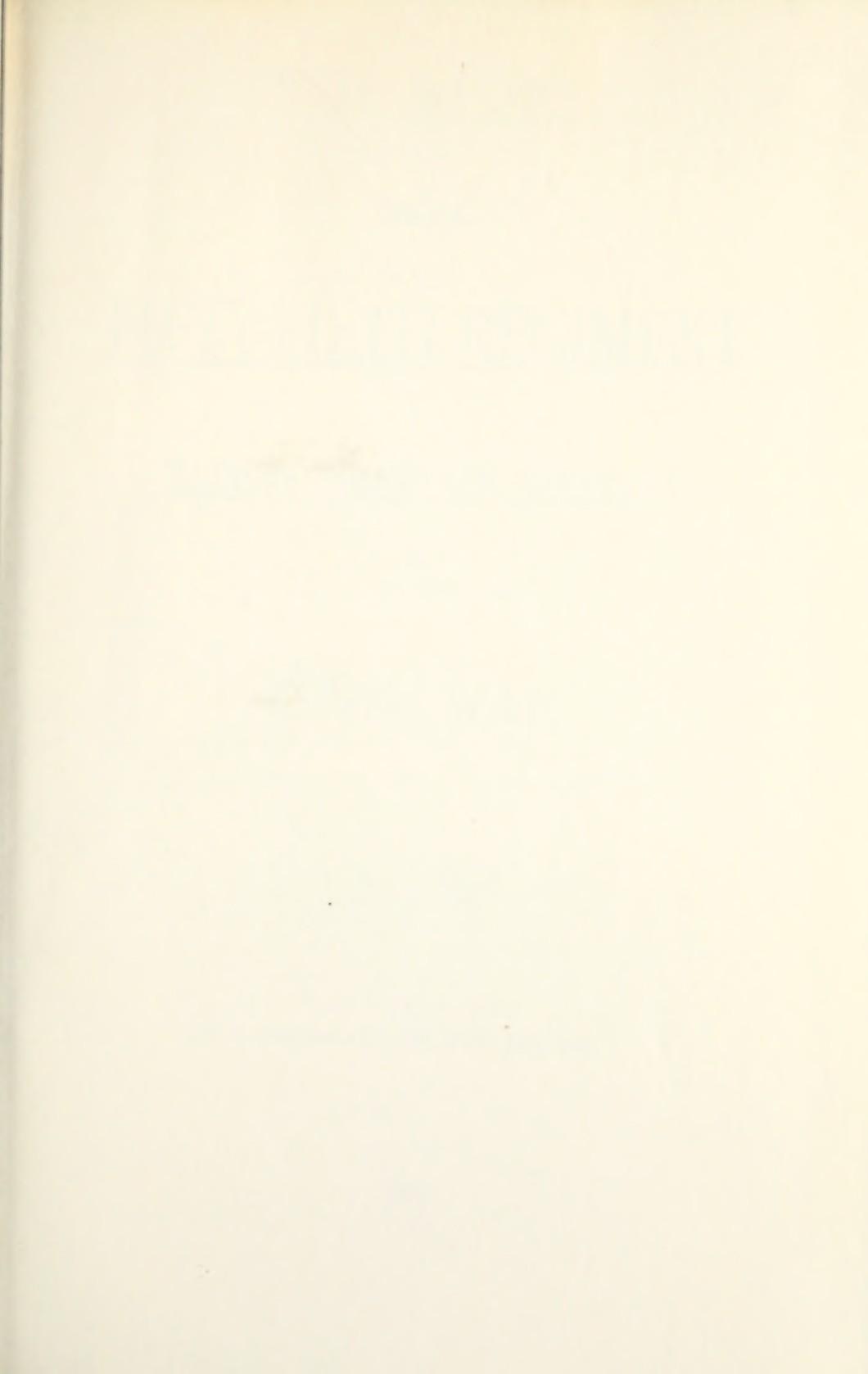
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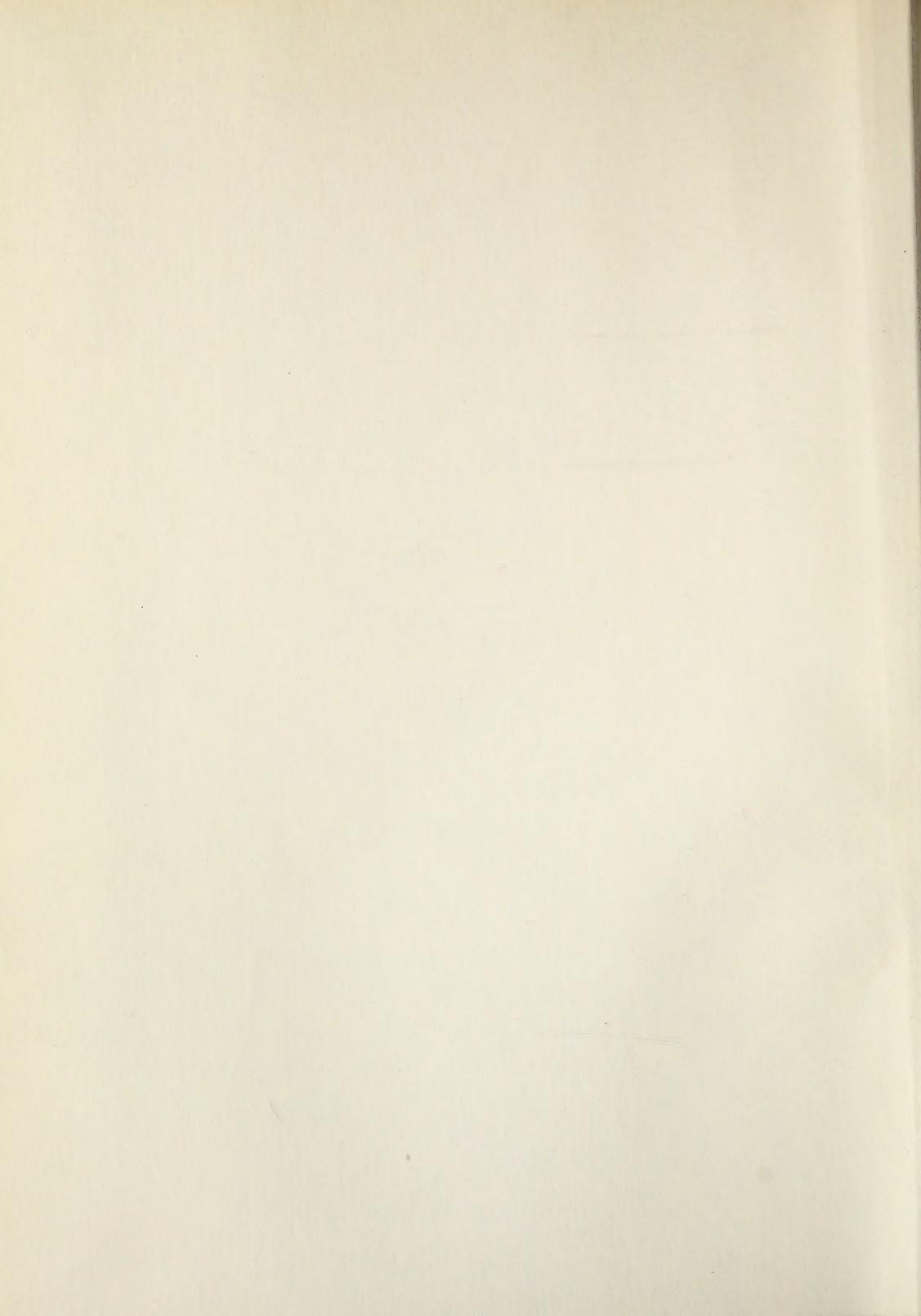


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THE STORY

OF THE ✓

FIFTY-FIFTH REGIMENT

ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

IN THE

CIVIL WAR

1861-1865

BY A COMMITTEE OF THE REGIMENT

1887

THE STORY

OF THE

SEVENTH REGIMENT

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

1881-1882  
CIVIL WAR  
REGIMENT  
NEW YORK STATE

CIVIL WAR

1881-1882

BY A COMMITTEE OF THE REGIMENT

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the regiment. [Clinton, Mass., Printed by W. J. Coulter]  
1887.

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CONTENTS.—pt. I. From Chicago to Arkansas Post. October, 1861 to January, 1863. By Captain Lucien B. Crooker.—pt. II. From Young's Point to Atlanta. January, 1863 to November, 1864. By Captain Henry S. Nourse.—pt. III. From Atlanta to Chicago. November, 1864 to August, 1865. By Sergeant-Major John G. Brown. Personal reminiscences of Chaplain Haney. Appendix.

Subject entries: U. S.—Hist.—Civil war—Regimental histories—Ill. inf.—55th.

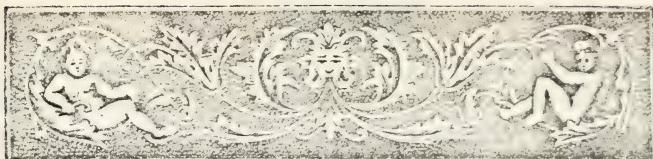
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TO  
THE MEMORY  
OF  
OUR DEAD COMRADES  
OF THE  
FIFTY-FIFTH  
THESE RECORDS OF PATRIOTIC SERVICE  
IN CAMP, BATTLE, MARCH AND SIEGE,  
ARE  
REVERENTLY DEDICATED.





## PREFACE.

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THE following unambitious pages have been written at the solicitation and for the gratification of a little brotherhood of war-scorched and time-harried survivors of one of the regiments constituting General William Tecumseh Sherman's first Western brigade; a regiment that followed him from the drill-ground of 1861 at St. Louis, to the triumphal review at Washington in 1865; that earned by sacrifice rarely equalled the right to inscribe upon its banner the names of nearly all the famous battle-fields whereon Sherman had any command, from Shiloh to Bentonville; that left graves of its battle-martyrs in the soil of eight rebellious commonwealths; that during the four years of its service travelled nearly twelve thousand miles, campaigning in every state south of Mason and Dixon's line, save three at the extreme corners of the Confederacy—Delaware, Florida and Texas.

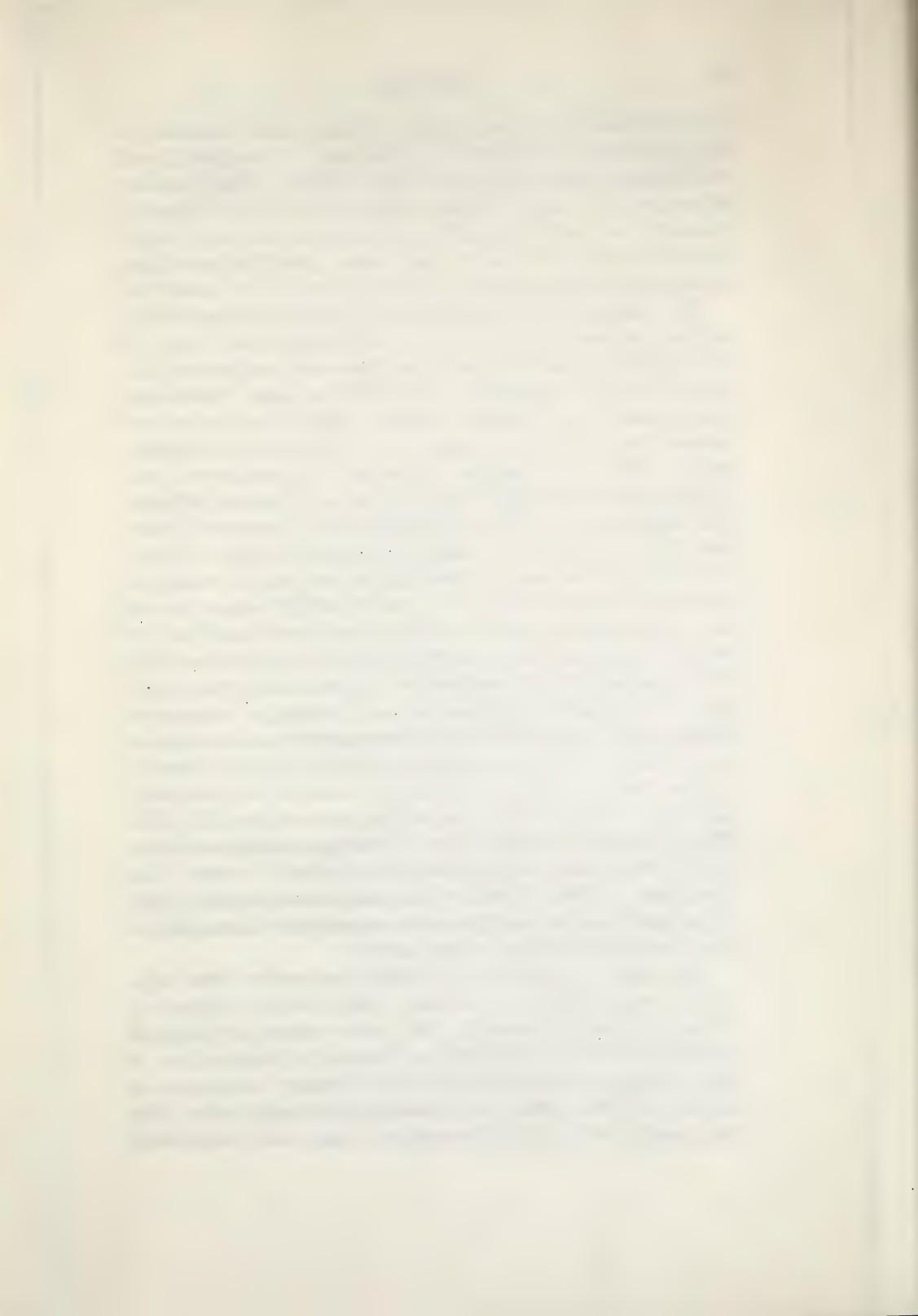
The three comrades detailed to share the composition of this volume are severally responsible for the opinions advanced in, and the fashion of, their own portions only of the narrative, and to each individually belongs the praise or blame due to his special contribution. Their labors have been entirely gratuitous. Their facts have been gleaned from every available source, but chiefly from careful collation of numerous army letters and diaries of soldiers. An exhaustive research among the war documents in the office of the Adjutant-General of Illinois has been made by Captain



L. B. Crooker, and literal copies of those most material to the regimental story have been obtained. A complete file of the Chicago Tribune has also been examined. Both earliest dispatches and latest official reports have been diligently studied,—but not blindly followed, for those who have helped make the history of which they write, rarely acknowledge newspaper correspondents, or even generals, to be infallible.

The authors have penned these records conscientiously, with an enthusiastic pride in the achievements and fame of their regiment; but they have not, like most regimental historians, entirely ignored the fact that in army life antagonisms rankled and human passions raged, even when not aroused by the frantic charge or in the fume of desperate strife. Some will doubtless deprecate this unreserve—perhaps censure the frank characterization of certain officials. But, standing off at the cool distance of a quarter of a century from the heat of conflict, it should be safe to abate somewhat of the usual indiscriminate and turgid eulogy of those in high position for the sake of faithful verity, as well as to pay simple justice to the patriotic rank and file. At least, it seems axiomatic to the writers of this volume that the revealing of truth and not its suppression is the proper purpose of history; and that no one, yielding to a timorous sentimentality, should dare, by glossing the short-comings of those who were by chance clothed in a little brief authority, to dim however slightly the bright meed of the unstarred majority. If at certain epochs the men of the Fifty-fifth Illinois Infantry were discontent under grave maladministration of their affairs, or dispirited by a sense of wrong done them, and yet did well their whole duty under all trials, they might justly and sternly blame the records that should fail to give them full credit for so rare merit.

The first four chapters, including the period from regimental organization in October, 1861, to the victory at Arkansas Post in January, 1863, were written by Captain Lucien B. Crooker of Mendota, Illinois. Chapters five to nine inclusive, beginning with the Vicksburg campaign and closing with the return to Atlanta of Sherman's army after the pursuit of Hood in November, 1864, were contributed



by Captain Henry S. Nourse of Lancaster, Massachusetts. Chapters ten, eleven, twelve and thirteen, telling the story of the march to Savannah and through the Carolinas, and of the subsequent service of the regiment until its muster out in August, 1865, are by Sergeant-Major John G. Brown of Marshalltown, Iowa. The closing chapter, by Chaplain Milton L. Haney, was written at the unanimous request of the veterans assembled in reunion at Moline, Illinois, November 11, 1886. The roster has been prepared by various hands under the advice of Adjutant Francis P. Fisher.

The Committee of Publication, appointed at the first reunion of the survivors of the regiment, held at Canton, Ill., October 31, 1884, were Captains Lucien B. Crooker and John T. McAuley, and Adjutant Francis P. Fisher. Captain Henry Augustine has been treasurer of the History Fund, and Lieutenant Joseph Hartsook, secretary of the regimental Association. Both have rendered faithful service. The generous contributions of certain comrades toward the cost of publication would seem to deserve especial mention, but the difficulty of justly apportioning such credit is happily obviated by their modesty, which shrinks from any publicity.

To J. W. Vance, Adjutant-General of Illinois, thanks are due for uniform courtesy and valuable assistance.

OCTOBER, 1887.



## NOTE OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

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Several comrades have, by their diaries, war correspondence or reminiscences, furnished valuable material for the following pages; while many others have by letter supplied items of interest from their recollections. To the following, the Committee of Publication, desire to make due acknowledgment for aid thus rendered: Joseph Hartsook, John B. Ridenour, Curtis P. Lacey, John Averill, Peter Roberts, A. B. Wetzel, Francis H. Shaw, Henry Augustine, Jacob Fink, Milton L. Haney, Robert M. Cox, Robert Oliver, John W. Edwards, Horace T. Healey, James W. Gay, Robert Dixon, John H. Fisher, A. A. Williams, Timothy Slattery, Thomas P. Latimer, Calvin A. Songster, John Sheneman, John Warden, Orion P. Howe, J. H. Myers, C. R. Fluke, W. H. Lowe, C. C. Davis, H. H. Kendrick, Peter Leibundguth, Ezra Witter, Richard Taylor, E. J. Porter, C. M. Browne, Fred Ebersold, N. S. Aagesen, J. C. Garner, Charles B. Wood, H. H. Joslin, H. M. Haney, G. W. Curfman, Robert A. Lower, Albert F. Paden, Charles L. West, J. H. Mills, William H. Barkley, James H. Brazleton, G. M. Burnside, Albert B. Maxwell, Stephen R. Bell, F. H. Sanders, A. Mead, Joseph Hebb, Washington A. Biggs.

The very extensive correspondence, and the wide separation of the authors may, perhaps, have caused others, equally deserving, to be overlooked.





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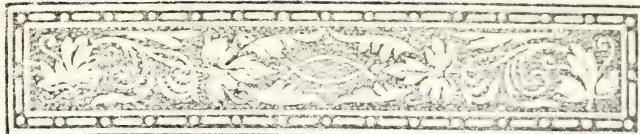
FROM CHICAGO TO ARKANSAS POST.

OCTOBER, 1861, TO JANUARY, 1863.

BY

CAPTAIN LUCIEN B. CROOKER.





THE STORY  
OF THE  
FIFTY-FIFTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

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CHAPTER I.

CAMP DOUGLAS. — BENTON BARRACKS. — PADUCAH. — UP THE TENNESSEE.

THE national agony of 1861 called from peaceful homes a glorious procession of patriots. As they went marching to the front, the Fifty-fifth Illinois swung into line. How it got there and what it did afterward has never, in any connected way, been told. It struck great blows in battle, but its dead were buried without ostentation, and it passed on to other duties. Its strong tread traversed many states, but no one wrote its annals. It did knightly service, but no one penned lyrics in its honor. Its commanding officers seldom wrote reports, as was proper, to give it a literature of its own. It went uncomplainingly through the whole Southern Confederacy — from Shiloh to Vicksburg, to Chattanooga and Knoxville, to Atlanta, and from thence to the sea. It then faced north, and finding no further work around the capital of the Confederacy, passed by, and its short platoons helped swell the sublime cadence of the Grand Review. Even then it could not be spared, for some months of irksome duty remained to be done about the work of reconstruction. Finally it was disbanded, and its members, all that remained, returned to the walks of civil life, never thinking of the record of their deeds. They had grown so familiar with brave acts that it did not seem worth while to mention them.



Now a quarter of a century has passed. Their traditions have grown precious to the old soldiers. They desire to leave some record for their children. They begin to wish that the incidents of their career in the armies of the Union may be gathered from the wrecks of fading memories and the waifs of fleeting literature, and a humble history be made of them. These yearnings took form at the first reunion held by the Fifty-fifth Illinois in October, A. D. 1884. To the writer is assigned that portion of the regimental history which terminates with the battle of Arkansas Post. With a love born of sacred associations the task is approached. With a fear born of its responsibilities the duty is undertaken. That which follows is an attempt to preserve such of the adventures of the Fifty-fifth Illinois Volunteer Infantry during the great War of the Rebellion as can be authenticated.

Early in the summer of 1861, David Stuart, a lawyer of Chicago, obtained authority directly from the War Department to raise a body of troops to participate in the conflict just then assuming formidable proportions. It is not known how large an organization he at first contemplated, but it is probable a single regiment only was proposed, of which he might be the colonel. Following such authority came the announcement through every medium by which the public could be reached, that recruits would be welcomed at Camp Douglas, named as the place of rendezvous. Many were tendered from different portions of the state. For the most part they came in the form of embryo companies, headed by men who were ambitious of becoming captains; for in those days the world was full of heroes, who, like Artemas Ward's famous warriors, were willing to serve as brigadiers, and who sometimes condescended to serve in lower stations until their exalted talents became known. As a rule these so-called companies embraced fewer men than were required by law to make a regimental unit, but they invariably had a full complement of prospective officers, who patriotically and vociferously proposed to recruit their respective organizations to the maximum in the near future.

It soon became apparent that if these companies were all filled to the required standard, much more than the limited



scope of a regimental line would be needed to give them a fair chance to distinguish themselves. Some companies were soon filled, or nearly so, and all were composed of the best material. A moderate faith in the patriotism of Illinois justified the belief that all, or nearly all, could be recruited to the full standard. A more expansive christening was therefore proper, and the standard of the "Douglas Brigade" was erected within the confines of old Camp Douglas.

A more appropriate name could not have been selected. Douglas, the great statesman of Illinois, had broken away from the bonds of party affiliation, and in words which "go thundering down the ages," placed himself squarely among the friends of the Union. The camp was in plain view of the University endowed by and named for him; close by and beside the waves of the unsalted seas was the spot that had just opened its bosom to receive his mortal remains. There now stands a beautiful monument to commemorate his fame; and as the morning sun kisses it, the shadows fall upon the first camping-ground of the men who so gloriously perpetuated his name. David Stuart was a follower of this "plumed knight," and an ardent war-democrat; and he doubtless gave form to his own sentiments when he advertised the name of Douglas Brigade.

At the time the fragments began to arrive which afterward became the Fifty-fifth Illinois, one regiment was fairly organized, though its ranks were by no means full. The War Department became clamorous for the fulfillment of Stuart's sanguine promises, and his every energy was devoted to the completion of the first regiment of the brigade. Finally, to bring about that result, the opportunity was given for recruits from the proposed second regiment to be transferred to its ranks. Some, anxious to reach the actual scene of conflict, availed themselves of the opportunity, much to the disgust of various putative officers, who saw in the disappearance of their men the prospect of commissions grow more distant. Its complement obtained, the first regiment took its departure and made a glorious record as the Forty-second Illinois Infantry. It was very fortunate in its field officers. Its first commander, Captain Webb of the regular army, was an



officer of great promise and fine personal appearance, but died early and before an opportunity was given him to distinguish himself. Its next commander, Colonel Roberts, a perfect soldier, died at the head of one of Sheridan's brigades in the pine thickets of Stone River. Such commanders as Swain and Walworth subsequently graced the roster of its field and staff.

Stuart for a short time acted as lieutenant-colonel of this regiment, having gone through the form of an election to that position, but ultimately concluded to assume the chief command of the second regiment, then taking form. What measure of success attended the flight of his ambition will hereafter more fully appear. At the time the Forty-second left for the field, there remained in old Camp Douglas numerous *quasi* companies, all striving to recruit to the necessary standard of full organizations, and all in an awkward way practicing the rudimentary forms of drill under officers generally as awkward as the boys they commanded. If all were equally uncouth, they were equally in earnest, and the process by which they passed from shambling, rustic recruits to calm, brave and self-reliant soldiers did not differ greatly from the experience of the average American volunteer.

The camp was upon a succession of sandy knolls sparsely covered with scrubby black-oak timber. The barracks were a series of detached, rough buildings, which served well enough the purpose of shelter at that season of the year. Nearly every man was a robust countryman blessed with good health and abundant animal spirits. No fence or wall surrounded the grounds, but the exuberant recruit was kept within reasonable bounds by a line of guards stretched entirely around the camp. No arms or uniforms had yet been issued, rough cudgels cut from the adjoining thicket being the weapons relied upon to represent authority and repel danger. The responsibility resting upon the vigorous but uncouth recruit, when he was called upon to walk the guard line, dressed in homespun and gripping a hickory club, was fearful to behold; and appearances did not always do full justice to the ardent but undisciplined patriot attempting it. Rations were good and plentiful, but suffered occasionally at the hands of inex-



perienced cooks, whose efforts were not always economical or palatable.

The ranks of Companies A, F, and D, were nearer full than any others of the regiment, having been vigorously recruited by the Pressons and Haneys, eloquent and patriotic ministers of the Methodist denomination, who belonged as well to the church militant, and were earnest believers in the "sword of the Lord of Gideon."

As the second regiment was filling its ranks there appeared upon the scene one Oscar Malmborg, around whose name hung a vague mystery of noble lineage and military glory—the former never to be verified and the latter scarcely confirmed. From that time the country round about resounded with such orders as: "Column py file," "Charge pea-nuts," with an occasional exasperated inquiry like: "What for you face mit your pack?"—all uttered in ferocious tones and foreign accent. He sprang from a race which gave to the world Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII, and for a time was supposed to embody in his own proper person the combined military genius of those two great characters. He certainly possessed more than all their infirmities of temper. He had for some time previous been employed in the emigrant department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company. It was soon apparent that he had some tactical knowledge, then a rare acquirement, and considerable, though often misdirected, energy. His manners were not popular, and his temper was tyrannical and unreasonable, all of which was far better understood during his subsequent intimate connection with the regiment. Among his early methods of imparting military knowledge was a habit of approaching sentinels unawares at all times of day and night for the purpose of testing their vigilance. During one of these nocturnal visitations he silently approached a stalwart recruit of Company B, who was armed with a stout club and serenely walking to and fro upon his beat. In the darkness of the oak thicket the challenge and a tremendous blow came instantaneously, and the stars looked down upon a collapsed and badly injured prospective colonel. A very black eye for several weeks gave token of the strength of the club and the arm behind it, and



if any doubts remained as to the watchfulness and vigor of that sentinel, they were never expressed within the hearing of mortal man. All this of course gave intense enjoyment to the "high privates," to whom nothing has such exquisite humor as getting the advantage of an officer while on guard duty.

In the first volume of Dr. Eddy's "Patriotism of Illinois" is a statement as follows, relating to Colonel Stuart:

Circumstances of an unfortunate character had occurred at Chicago which for a time cast a cloud over his career, and acting under prejudices very natural the press, the bar and even the public, with few exceptions, interposed every obstacle and barrier to his success in raising the Douglas Brigade.

This is an allusion, charitably veiled, to the part played by David Stuart in the celebrated Birch divorce case, the most notorious affair of its kind in the annals of Western jurisprudence. It is also a proper and delicate statement of the influence of that scandal upon the formation of the organization under consideration. A reference to it is here necessary because it did have such influence, and for the further reason that it greatly affected the career of its first colonel, and played an important part both in his entering the service and in his finally quitting it altogether. To a man of Stuart's temperament and ambition the social results were terrible. Without desire or purpose to enter upon a statement of fact or a discussion of the merits of this celebrated case, it is proper to state that it was accountable for many things which occurred; notably the absence of newspaper praise and the lack of high-toned patronage usually accorded to regiments organized in Chicago. The author above quoted fully and fairly estimates the matter, and adds to the extract already given as follows:

David Stuart, by his own energies, with his own purse and talents, persistence and power, raised and put into the field the Douglas Brigade, consisting of two regiments of one thousand men each, and finer regiments never joined the armies of the Union.

This is not too much to say of the efforts of Stuart while perfecting these organizations, nor is it over-praise of the Forty-second and Fifty-fifth Illinois Volunteer Infantry.



While old Camp Douglas was resounding with sonorous military commands and echoing with the boisterous shouts of lusty volunteers, a new camp, just north and in the immediate vicinity, was being constructed, which was to be of a more permanent character. This was the Camp Douglas of history, and it became one of the most important of the war, celebrated alike as the rendezvous of Federal troops, the camp of Confederate prisoners, and the seat of Democratic conspiracy. The barracks when completed were more in accordance with military usages than the temporary sheds of the old camp, being arranged in long rows surrounding a spacious parade and drill ground, all of suitable dimensions and equal to the needs of a camp of instruction. The entire grounds were enclosed by a high board fence with due arrangements for sentinels, and thereafter "running the guard" became a matter of greater difficulty. At what precise date the removal from the old to the new camp took place, is not now ascertainable, nor is it important. The new quarters and regulations, while they interfered somewhat with the picnic aspect of affairs, were much more commodious and practical in a military sense. The long lines of barracks were divided into sections, each large enough to contain an entire company, with separate rooms for its officers adjoining. Neither paint nor superfluous style was used about their construction, but for the purposes of warmth, convenience and shelter, these buildings were the best ever occupied by the Fifty-fifth.

Recruiting for the regiment was pushed vigorously. The most efficient agents in such work were the Methodist ministers before spoken of, who, when their own organizations were filled, went to other localities in behalf of the remaining companies; and their aggressive, eloquent appeals always brought forth fruits. This was especially true of the Rev. Wm. A. Presson, captain of Company A, to whom the regiment was greatly indebted for filling its ranks. In face of the lack of public sympathy and actual opposition, it is doubtful if Stuart would have succeeded in filling the Fifty-fifth without the aid of these able and earnest clergymen. Among other adventures, J. T. McAuley, E. C. Lawrence and



H. A. Smith, ambitious young men who ultimately became officers, went to Wisconsin in search of recruits. Just as their success was assured, the authorities of that state swooped down upon them and took their men away, and they themselves were barely allowed to depart, recruitless and disgusted. These were the first men captured from the Fifty-fifth, unless it may be here and there one by the Chicago police.

This was the romantic and formative period of the war. While patriotism was gloriously universal, little practical knowledge existed regarding the magnitude of the conflict or its bloody necessities. The average infantry volunteer had a vague notion that "sharpshooters," to be used for the purpose of crawling up behind trees and killing the rebel generals were principally needed. Nearly every man who enlisted at this juncture intended to connect himself with that branch of the service; and to use in that connection some fantastic combination of telescopic sights and breech-loading rifles. Every company, as soon as it had a single platoon recruited, was presented with a flag, generally by the ladies at home, and upon it was emblazoned some gorgeous legend about "sharpshooters," "guards," "rifles," and the like. The army musket was never thought of or talked about, except in a contemptuous way that indicated pity for those who were compelled to depend upon that clumsy, ancient weapon. This sentiment was encouraged by the glib promises of prospective officers, who, in their anxiety to hasten enlistments, spoke eloquently of improved rifles and sabre bayonets as adapted to the extermination of rebels at long range. The reverend gentlemen before named carried with them to the rural districts and displayed upon the rostrum splendid specimens of the Colt revolving rifle, having an attachment in form of a ferocious sabre bayonet, which last became better known afterwards by the scornful appellation of "cheese-knife." Thus many who enlisted in the regiment expected to be armed with this ingenious and complicated instrument of death. In this respect all regiments had to some extent the same experience, though others may have lacked the ordained orators and specimen rifles used to fill the ranks of the future Fifty-fifth.



During this portion of the regimental career the utmost industry was used to master the intricacies of "Hardee," and to learn all that was possible in a camp of instruction without arms. At least seven hours each day were devoted to drilling, aside from regulation parades. "Left, left, left," was heard at all hours of the day and in all directions, bellowed with every degree of fierceness embryo warriors could infuse into their tones. Lieutenant-colonel Malmborg was untiring in his efforts at drill and discipline, and although his zeal was often impracticable, there is no reason for denying to him the credit of industrious effort; and at this stage, when continuance of position and power were not certain, the unreasoning tyranny which afterwards characterized him was not so manifest. The guard duty and mounting was attended to with a minute and wearisome detail never approached afterwards in actual field service.

From time to time statements appeared in the Chicago papers which serve to note the progress of affairs in Camp Douglas. Tedious search through many hundreds of such journals occasionally reveals an item which, like wine, may have grown more valuable with age. On November 15th the following appeared in the Chicago Tribune, a paper then, as always, true to the Union :

The Second Regiment of the Douglas Brigade, now mustered as the Fifty-fifth and stationed at Camp Douglas, was yesterday paid off for the time it has been in service up to November 1st, the gross amount required being about twenty-five thousand dollars. This is the first Illinois regiment that has been paid off prior to going into the field.

On the 31st day of October, 1861, the regiment had been technically organized—that is to say, mustered into the United States service—and thereafter assumed the title of the Fifty-fifth Illinois Volunteer Infantry—a name now glorious in the annals of patriotism. The gallant regiments which went before, and the many which followed after, have no reason to feel ashamed of association with it.

At the time of the muster there was an aggregate of 969 names upon the rolls. This number was slightly increased by individual accessions before taking the field. Among these may be mentioned Dr. Charles Winne, who joined as assist-



ant-surgeon on Nov. 25th, and continued to perform his duties acceptably until transferred for promotion. Dr. E. O. F. Roler, who had been for some time acting as assistant-surgeon and who was at first connected with the Forty-second, was at the organization made surgeon, and subsequently earned in that position the love and esteem of all who came in contact with him.

On Nov. 25th, an incident somewhat unique in its character occurred. It was the drumming-out of camp of one Ben Pounds of Company I, who had almost reached the infinite in utter worthlessness. A description of the ceremony is worth attempting, because it happened but once in the history of the regiment. The particular method by which the humiliating sentence was enforced in that instance, was this: While the men were formed for dress parade, the culprit was escorted back and forth in front of the line, followed by the band playing the "Rogue's March." Upon the return, the procession was halted in front of the colors, and Sergeant-major McAuley cut from the clothes of the victim every insignia of a soldier, including the buttons upon the cap. The escort then wended its way, keeping time to the same dolorous strains, to the gate of the camp, whence the prisoner was incontinently "fired out" into the world, and the places which once knew him, knew him no more. By the body of the regiment the punishment was considered dreadful, but in view of the contemptuous gestures made by Pounds as he was disappearing down the road from camp, a reasonable doubt exists whether in his case it brought forth fruit meet for repentance.

No history of this body of men would be complete did it not preserve some facts regarding the different elements which entered into its composition and gave it character. As before stated, some companies were largely recruited by Methodist ministers, and naturally such companies were strongly imbued with that pioneer faith. They fully trusted in Providence, but always kept their powder dry, and sang psalms, and prayed and fought with a consistency and persistency worthy of Cromwell's Roundheads. While in no sense a regiment of foreigners, many Germans were scattered



through the ranks and, as they always do, made superb soldiers, and often valuable officers. Here and there along the line a space was amply filled by an Irishman, who honorably maintained the pugnacity of his race. There were a few Swedes, mainly in Company C, admirable representatives of that blond and warlike race. Other nationalities were occasionally represented, but were so blended in the mass as not to present distinct characteristics.

Colonel Stuart took little part in actually drilling the regiment, and it may be justly remarked in passing that herein was his first mistake, inasmuch as he failed to keep abreast or ahead of the rank and file in the acquirement of a knowledge of tactics; and when on occasion he sought publicly to exercise the functions of his high office, his lack of technical training generated a species of contempt always fatal to the respect due a field officer. No like body of men ever learned quicker to distinguish a proper from an improper command, or to appreciate justly the capacity of its officers, than this same Fifty-fifth Illinois. Another characteristic of Colonel Stuart early began to manifest itself—one which is apparent throughout his whole military career. This was his unbounded faith in the military skill and inspiration of the lieutenant-colonel and distrust of his own ability in that direction. As to the former, most of the regiment and its officers, for good reasons, differed with him; and as to the latter, a little self-reliance, coupled with moderate industry, would soon have brought all to his feet in respectful admiration for his unquestioned ability. He justly took great pride in the splendid organization forming under his command—the more so as it opened anew the portals of fame to what seemed to be a defeated ambition, and gave promise of triumph over the enemies who had been at his throat. All this was commendable, inasmuch as the strides of his new-born aspirations led toward the front to meet the enemies of his country. A little more industry and sincerity, added to a reasonable conception of the rights and worth of the officers and men under him, would have placed upon his brow an unfading wreath.

When the clamors of the War Department made speedy



organizations necessary, it became certain that no more time would be allowed to recruit the multitude of nominal companies. Consolidation of the various fragments into ten complete companies appeared to be, and probably was, the only feasible expedient if the men were to be saved for another regiment of the Douglas Brigade. To that end numerous combinations and transfers took place. Thus Company I was made up from two sections of recruits, one from La Salle and one from Grundy county, both having originally been intended to be independent organizations. Both had brought to camp abundant aspirants for commissions. This consolidation having resulted in a surplus of men, a number were transferred to Company D, and with them Lieutenant Shaw. As a proper adjustment of honors in Company I, the captaincy was awarded to La Salle and the two lieutenants to Grundy county. Similar procedure, of which the above will serve as an illustration, was followed in many instances, but as the men were mainly of excellent disposition and looking anxiously for a chance to go to the front, such shaking-up was followed by no unhappy results. New chums and new associations soon replaced the old, and the men settled into the new order of things with scarce a ripple of discontent.

A full company had of course positions for but three line officers, and up to the period referred to each fragment had as many so acting. Their ambition had generally been confirmed by the men through the forms of an election. It followed, therefore, that the number of commissioned officers must be reduced to the actual needs of the ten full companies. In some instances the men, under the experience of a short term of camp life, had real or supposed reason for being dissatisfied with their officers elect. Both the colonel and the lieutenant-colonel, who themselves had been elected to their respective positions, had conceived prejudices, justly or unjustly, against some, and besides had favorites who must be provided for. All this caused a fearful withering of laurels, and many who expected to have their aspirations confirmed by commissions were left without a titled place in the race for glory. Some went home dissatisfied; others died like heroes, fighting in the ranks. Here and there one who



had been acting as captain became a lieutenant under the new order of things. Doubtless in some instances such changes worked for the good of the service; in other cases great injustice was done.

At this time began an arbitrary system of transfer and promotion regardless of the rules of the service or the rights of individuals, which was persistently pursued by the colonel during his entire career, as best suited his personal views and ends. This was unutterably unjust and subversive of subordination, for it deprived the non-commissioned officers and privates alike of the just right to promotion within their own companies, and according to rank and worth. Such course being often actuated by prejudice or favoritism, brought upon the perpetrator of the injustice its righteous penalty of opposition and unpopularity, and in the end contributed to defeat terribly humiliating. Stuart in this regard, as in others, "Sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind." The roster affords no light as to the numbers or names of the disappointed. The following letter to the governor of Illinois, and taken from the files of his office, is introduced as the contemporaneous protest of an intelligent citizen against one of the many similar transactions:

POLO, OGLE CO., ILL., Nov. 27, 1861.

HON. RICHARD YATES, Governor of Illinois.

SIR: Permit me to call your attention to a few facts and grievances connected with the raising and manner of treatment of Co. H, 55th Regiment, under the command of Col. David Stuart of Chicago.

The company was recruited by the efforts of Capt. Presson of Company A of said regiment, with the assistance of the persons who were elected for the commissioned officers of the company. These men were repeatedly told that they were to choose their own officers.

After recruiting as they thought 85 men, they had their election of officers which resulted very satisfactorily to the men. The same evening they, or a part of the company, went to Chicago and went into Camp Douglas. After arriving there and regularly enrolling the men, they discovered that they had counted some five or six names twice over—that is, they had some of the names down twice. No exception was however made to this, nor were the officers elected ordered out at any time after to get more recruits for the company.

During the time they were in camp making good proficiency in drill, the officers were requested to procure their uniforms, swords, etc.



But last week the captain and first and second lieutenants were informed by Col. Stuart that he was about to send for commissions for the officers, but that he could not ask for commissions for any of them for the offices to which they had been elected, and this after he had allowed my son, the second-lieutenant, only the day before to go to the expense of purchasing his sword, belt, sash, etc., without the least intimation but that he would need it. He and the others were told they could resign or not, just as they chose. Not wishing to make difficulty, they all did so.

My son can get certificates from the drill-master and other officers in camp that he was learning his duty very rapidly, that he gave good satisfaction to the men, and that they regretted very much that he and the captain should be thus summarily removed from the offices which they had been elected to fill, and strangers of whom they knew nothing thrust upon them. The men were very much dissatisfied and discouraged by such conduct on the part of the colonel.

These statements can be fully sustained. I respectfully refer you to Maj. Z. Aplington of the 7th Cavalry regiment in regard to my statements.

Respectfully submitted,

HAMILTON NORTON,

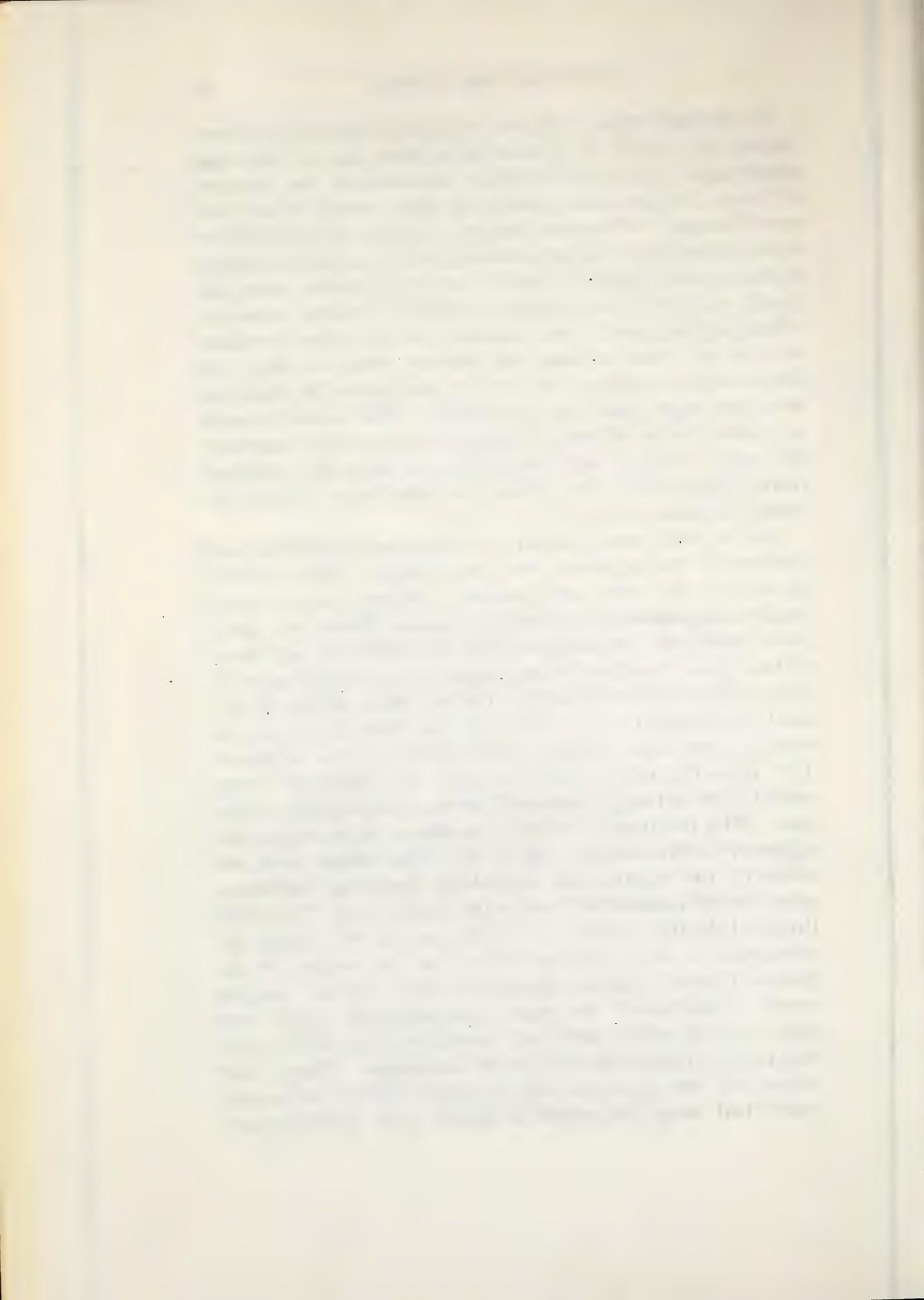
P. M. at Polo.

The company referred to in the foregoing letter is an example, though by no means the only one, of the injustice complained of. While the officers placed over it were good ones, and demonstrated that fact to the extent of death and wounds upon the battle-field, it was nevertheless true that others equally deserving and without doubt as competent, and who were in the line of promotion, were deprived of what was fairly due to them. The history of that superb company, F, affords another instance of the wrong practiced again and again. After the resignation of its first captain to become chaplain, the next three captains were successively translated from other companies, and its first orderly sergeant, an excellent soldier, died in 1863 still wearing the stripes of his lowly rank. It is to the great glory of the men that while largely deprived of the just meed of good soldiers—the right of promotion in the line of duty—they did not become demoralized, although keenly appreciating the insult. Is it any wonder that when they were called upon to re-enlist, the few war-worn veterans remaining exacted the right to elect their own officers?



In the early days of the war railroads were not so all-prevailing and travel so common as in these days of universal pilgrimage. It is not likely that one in ten of the denizens of Camp Douglas had, previous to their arrival there, ever seen Chicago. Of course this great city was then far inferior to its present imperial proportions, but it was full of strange sights to these country recruits, and its mysteries were diligently explored with an appetite born of healthy curiosity. "Running the guard" was practiced to the extent possible, and he who was vigilant and faithful when on duty was likely to be soon doing his best to circumvent the comrade who had superseded him as sentinel. This caused a world of trouble to the officers in charge, and materially increased the ranks at "sick call," but sooner or later the wayward recruit returned to duty, albeit he sometimes suffered for tasting forbidden fruit.

As the cold winter began to be felt, ample clothing and blankets of the regulation sort were issued. These articles, as well as all camp and garrison equipage, were of good quality and sufficient in quantity. Colonel Stuart was justly given credit for providing well for his regiment, and above all took good care that no imposition was practiced upon his men in those days of shoddy. The beneficial effects of constant drill began to be visible and the ranks to assume the steady appearance always characteristic of the regiment. The uncouth, militia awkwardness, so ridiculous when recruits first attempt combined movements, began to disappear. The boisterous, country greenhorn began to lose his aggressive individuality; and in his place stood erect and soldierly, the elastic and self-reliant American volunteer, never better personified than in the ranks of the Fifty-fifth Illinois Infantry. During the occupancy of this camp, the colleagues of the lieutenant-colonel in the employ of the Illinois Central railroad presented him with an elegant sword. Speeches of the most complimentary kind were made, and the whole ceremony tended to show that he was held in high esteem by his former associates. Many other officers of the regiment had a similar emblem of respect which had been presented to them with grandiloquent



expressions of good will, and which had been received blushingly with the stereotyped promise "not to surrender it to a perfidious foe." These, together with the flags before mentioned, were about the most useless trumpery which encumbered the early days of the war.

So much as precedes, it has seemed necessary to say about the Fifty-fifth in its formative period. The details are not tragic, but such as they are they have been gathered with infinite labor because no record existed. Although this prosaic period was soon forgotten in the battle-born events which followed, the epoch of organization gave tone to both fortunate and unfortunate circumstances thereafter. Doubtless as these pages are read by the dimmed eyes of the veterans for whom they are written, many other incidents will be recalled and regrets expressed that they too are not related; but a moment's reflection will convince all that twenty-five years of the hurly-burly of life must have benumbed the memory of the writer as well as that of others. The characterizations expressed have not been made thoughtlessly, and are fully justified by the facts. Any objection to such opinions from an honest difference can be readily understood. Any captious complaint emanating from sickly sentimentality need not be deferred to.

The following appears in the Chicago Tribune of Dec. 9th, and is well worth preserving here, because a complete roster of the officers and the strength of the companies are given. A pride in the compliments therein expressed is excusable, because they were deserved, and praise, if fairly earned, is both palatable and proper:

The Second Regiment Douglas Brigade, 55th Ill. Vols., Col. Stuart commanding, will leave Camp Douglas this afternoon for St. Louis, in pursuance of orders received last week. The general marching order was issued by Col. Stuart on Friday, as it was expected that the regiment would leave Saturday P. M. Unavoidable delays, however, rendered the execution of the order impossible, and the departure was deferred till today.

The second regiment of the brigade was organized on the 31st of October, and numbers 491 men. The men are mainly from the rural portions of the state, and splendid samples of the soldier, mentally and physically; they are thoroughly drilled except in the manual of arms. Short



time, however, will elapse, once having obtained arms, before they will prove efficient.

The regiment is thoroughly equipped, handsomely and durably uniformed, and takes with it a full and excellent regimental band. In the elements which make up a perfect regiment, both physically, intellectually and morally, they are excelled by no regiment in service, and will prove an honor to the state. The following is a complete roster of the regiment:

*Colonel*—David Stuart.

*Lieutenant-colonel*—Oscar Malmborg.

*Major*—W. Dennison Sanger.

*Adjutant*—George L. Thurston.

*Quartermaster*—Henry W. Janes.

*Surgeon*—E. O. F. Roler.

*Chaplain*—L. P. Crouch.

*Company A.*—Capt. Wm. A. Presson, 1st Lieut. Jacob Augustine, 2d Lieut. Casper Schleich; 100 men.

*Company B.*—Capt. Thomas B. Mackey, 1st Lieut. Albert F. Merrill, 2d Lieut. Asahel C. Smith; 95 men.

*Company C.*—Capt. R. A. Bird, 1st Lieut. D. McIntosh, 2d Lieut. S. A. Wright; 95 men.

*Company D.*—Capt. T. C. Chandler, 1st Lieut. F. H. Shaw, 2d Lieut. W. S. Johnson; 99 men.

*Company E.*—Capt. Charles E. Tazewell, 1st Lieut. Wm. H. Dixon, 2d Lieut. Wm. B. Halligan; 87 men.

*Company F.*—Capt. Milton L. Haney, 1st Lieut. Harrison Presson, 2d Lieut. Jos. W. Parks; 105 men.

*Company G.*—Capt. Joseph Clay, 1st Lieut. C. M. Brown, 2d Lieut. A. A. Whipple; 89 men.

*Company H.*—Capt. Jas. J. Heffernan, 1st Lieut. James Weldon, 2d Lieut. T. B. Burrows; 86 men.

*Company I.*—Capt. Jabez C. Crooker, 1st Lieut. Philip Seelbach, 2d Lieut. Timothy Slattery; 103 men.

*Company K.*—Capt. Joseph Black, 1st Lieut. Benj. C. Swartz, 2d Lieut. Andrew J. Gillett; 98 men.

The receipt of the order to move caused great rejoicing among the "boys," who have long been in readiness and anxious to leave the tedious routine of camp life for the more active duties of the field. Uniforms were cleaned, belts pipe-clayed, and knapsacks were filled. Every man was on the *qui vive* to say good-bye to Camp Douglas and start for the wars.

In the forenoon of December 9th, 1861, a goodly array of men marching in perfect cadence emerged from the gateway of Camp Douglas. They numbered somewhat more than nine hundred, and were splendid food for powder. This was



a Western volunteer regiment passing from the romance of war into its realities. It was the Fifty-fifth Illinois on its way to the front. They were the same men who in a few months were to stand upon the disgarnished left at Shiloh and give back war-cry for war-cry and bullet for bullet until half their number were killed and wounded. At the head of the column rode their colonel decked in the honorable trappings of his rank, proud of his success, proud of his regiment—as he had a right to be. It was a triumphal march for him, in which each man in the ranks performed an honorable part and had a humble share. The route was down Michigan Avenue, then a fashionable quarter, and through the main business streets of Chicago. From time to time the order of march was changed from the flank to platoon or company front, as was proper to give rest to the soldiers or display their evolutions. The day was bright and lovely. The bearing of the men and officers was superb, and the uniforms neat and new and rounded to the outlines of manly symmetry by the muscular forms which wore them. The sight was impressive, and upon every pavement and street corner throngs of patriotic citizens joined in hearty applause. A large escort from the various organizations recruiting in Camp Douglas added to the splendid proportions of the procession. The Chicago Tribune of December 10th, gave the following account, which includes many details of which no other record exists:—

#### GRAND MILITARY OVATION.

The departure of the second regiment of the Douglas Brigade, Col. Stuart commanding, from this city to St. Louis, yesterday afternoon, was made the occasion of a brilliant military spectacle witnessed by thousands of spectators and creating a degree of enthusiasm unparalleled in the military history of the city.

The regiment left Camp Douglas at ten o'clock in the forenoon, escorted by a detachment of Col. Brackett's cavalry; the Mechanic Fusiliers, Col. Wilson; the Princeton regiment, Maj. N. B. Page; the Lead Mine regiment, Col. Smith; the Chicago Legion, Col. Cummings; the National Guard, Col. Baldwin; Hartman Dragoons, Maj. Hartman; Lyon Color Guard, Capt. Kurth. Headed by this escort, numbering nearly four thousand men, the regiment marched through the principal streets of the city, receiving warm applause from the spectators who thronged the sidewalks, and swarmed in windows, and crowded housetops. As the escort passed the Tribune office the spectacle was unusually brilliant. Hand-



Kerchiefs fluttered from the windows of the Sherman House like doves. The air was fairly resonant with the manual applause of the eager and enthusiastic crowds. The appearance of each new regiment, with its regimental band, drum corps and banners, was the signal for cheers which culminated in a hearty and unanimous burst of applause, typical of admiration.

Good wishes and good-byes followed, as the gallant regiment, with drums beating, colors flying, knapsacks on back, marched by with a steady, firm step and closed up ranks. Every one noted the genuine martial bearing and elastic, dashing air which marked every company in the corps. We have previously in these columns given full details of the equipment, growth and organization of this regiment. It is now sufficient merely to add that the uniforms and other equipments are of the very best quality, and finished in a serviceable and durable manner; that the ranks are most proficient in drill and camp duties, and that the men are stout, able-bodied and hardy, recruited as they are from the ranks of the farmers and working men of the state.

It is but justice to say of Col. Stuart that in the successful organization of the two regiments of the Douglas Brigade, which is mainly due to his personal exertions, involving much labor and expense, he has performed a highly patriotic service for which he is entitled to the thanks of his fellow-citizens.

In the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment Mr. Oscar Malmborg, who, during the absence of Col. Stuart in Missouri with the 1st regiment of the brigade, had charge of the organization of the 2d regiment, we are quite sure our citizens will be glad to know we have an officer with a thorough military training. Lieut.-Col. Malmborg is a native of Sweden, graduated at the Swedish Military Academy at Stockholm after six years' study, and served eight years in the Swedish army. On the breaking out of the Mexican war he came to this country to tender his services to our government, when finding himself embarrassed from not readily speaking our language, he volunteered as a private in the artillery corps, and served twenty-one months at Fort Brown on the Rio Grande—a position which, much to his chagrin, withheld him from more active service in the field. He is a cultivated gentleman of high honor and integrity, and a more thoroughly loyal man has not drawn his sword in defence of our cause.

Among the company officers and in the ranks are two or three ministers and several exhorters, and one captain has personally recruited and brought into the regiment 350 men. During their sojourn in Camp Douglas they have held their prayer-meetings and other religious services regularly, and have exercised a marked influence upon the morals and discipline of the corps. The men have been recruited mainly from our rural population, and have entered the contest from a high sense of duty, not only to maintain the laws and to defend and perpetuate the Union, but from a deep conviction that under Providence they are to be instrumental in *washing out a great national sin*; and with their prayers upon their lips they are ready to do and die.



The foregoing, written with the free hand of a newspaper reporter, is especially valuable as giving the only account attainable of the previous history of the lieutenant-colonel. That it is so elaborate, is sufficient evidence that the victim gracefully submitted to the process of being interviewed. In his former lack of knowledge of the English language, and his unfortunate suppression in garrison upon the Rio Grande, it is possible that we have found the reason why the Mexican war lasted so long.

It may be interesting for a moment to refer to the different organizations acting as an escort on this occasion. Colonel Brackett's cavalry alluded to became the Ninth Illinois Cavalry, while the Princeton regiment and the National Guards were consolidated to make the Fifty-seventh Illinois Infantry. Major Page died gallantly at its head about three-quarters of a mile to the right rear of the Fifty-fifth at Shiloh. Colonel Baldwin became commander of the regiment, and after commanding a brigade at Corinth was cashiered for various offences. The Lead Mine Regiment became the famous Forty-fifth Illinois Infantry, and its colonel the reliable Major-General John E. Smith, now upon the retired list of the regular army.

While the Ffty-fifth marches along the streets of Chicago toward the railroad station, it may be proper to review some of the peculiarities of its make-up. It had, perhaps, less local sentiment clinging to it than any like organization which left the state in those warlike times. It represented no one county or district as was usual; but its elements had been gathered from almost all northern Illinois. At the same time the feeling in Chicago against its colonel prevented any great display of pride in it as representing that city. It was never, therefore, the especial object of neighborhood sympathy, and had no local historians to embalm its deeds in the florid newspaper literature of that day. When a great battle came and the Fifty-fifth contributed its best blood, as it often did, there were scarce any two sorrowing mothers at home near enough together to mingle their tears. In this may be found the principal reasons why the traditions of this regiment are so widely scattered and



so poorly preserved. Company A was mainly from Fulton County; B from Ogle and De Kalb; C from Winnebago; D from Fulton; E from Kane and Du Page; F from McDonough; G from La Salle and McDonough; H from Ogle; I from LaSalle and Grundy; and K from Knox. Thus it will be seen that the regiment had within its line considerable bodies of recruits from nine different counties, and each company had also men from contiguous territory, some having been drawn even from neighboring states. Upon the original rolls of Company B are found twelve names set down as enlisting at Marysville, Ky. Some recruits, and not generally of the best quality, had been acquired around Chicago. The transfers before alluded to had contributed much to the mixed character of the different companies.

Fully one-third of the officers had been selected from strangers outside the regiment, or had been summarily transferred from one company to another, to suit the peculiar views of the commanding officer. The men were cheerfully granted the right to express their wishes through the usual election; but such election never had any particular force in deciding who should ultimately occupy the place. The regimental commissioned and non-commissioned staff, as well as the headquarters clerical force, had been selected by Stuart, as he had a right to do, and were mainly from Chicago. They embraced such names as Roler, Janes, Thurston, McAuley, Fisher and Nourse, and were all young men and efficient officers of good business attainments, who earned frequent promotion. Of the forty field and line officers and non-commissioned staff but two were natives of Illinois, a fact then not singular, considering the newness of the state. As near as it can be ascertained from the roster, five were Irishmen, two were Germans, one an Englishman and one a Swede. The colors were borne aloft by a huge sergeant six and one-half feet in height, who soon succumbed to the toil of actual service, and demonstrated that usefulness in the field was not measured by either length or breadth.

The line of march terminated at the Chicago and Alton Railroad station. Ample provisions had been furnished by the



good citizens, and were distributed under the management of the over-worked commissary sergeant. A feast was given to the officers at a hotel, while the rank and file, happy in starting towards the front, were contented with sandwiches and coffee. The march from Camp Douglas to the station was orderly and creditable, though here and there a wayward recruit fell by the wayside. Such were not lost, however, though they had fallen, for wagons had been kindly provided for just such an emergency, and a lenient police assisted the weary, who arrived in due time. During the day the baggage had been loaded, and towards evening two trains of cars departed for St. Louis, bearing with them the Fifty-fifth to take its part in the thrilling events which soon followed. About fifty, mainly sick with the measles, were left in Chicago.

The journey was devoid of incident, at least so far as can now be recalled. At Alton the regiment embarked upon the steamer David Tatum, for St. Louis, and towards night-fall landed at the levee. A march of four or five miles after dark brought the tired column within the limits of "Camp Benton," or "Benton Barracks," the place of rendezvous and instruction for a month to come. The barracks were reached about eight o'clock in the evening of December 11th, and during the night the baggage arrived in charge of the quartermaster and the customary details. In the morning the camp was aroused by the notes of the wonderful Indian bugler who attended to that sonorous duty, and the newly arrived Illinoisans stepped into line for roll-call and gazed for the first time upon this notable camp-ground. The quarters consisted of numerous barn-like structures, surrounding a square of huge proportions used as a drill and parade ground. Each company had a room built of unpainted, rough boards, unbattened, and there was nothing about these apartments to interfere with the biblical assertion that "the wind bloweth where it listeth." The dimensions were ample, and a huge stove in each room supplied a reasonable degree of warmth. Tiers of rough bunks and scanty blankets, with straw, furnished sleeping accommodations, and feather beds and white sheets are not remembered as entering into the comforts of this epoch.

The Fifty-fifth immediately began a severe course of com-



pany and battalion drill, under the chief direction of the industrious but mercurial lieutenant-colonel, while the colonel, although seeming anxious that the regiment should succeed, did not appear to take much part in either teaching or learning. Schools and classes for officers were established in order that they might acquire knowledge in advance, to be transmitted in due time to the common soldiers, who sometimes thought that the second-hand knowledge thus acquired had suffered serious dilution in course of transmission. The weather was clear and cold, alternating with rains, which with the ceaseless marching to and fro, reduced the parade ground to a sea of mud. Considerable sickness prevailed of the usual camp character, but taken all in all the experience at Benton Barracks was neither unprofitable nor altogether unpleasant. The privations which soon followed made its little hardships seem like luxuries. There were about eighteen thousand men in the camp and vicinity, all pursuing the methodical routine of camp, and trying to acquire the technical rules laid down in "Hardee," by which sign it was then expected to conquer. The department was under the command of General Halleck, who was just beginning to bring order out of the chaos of corruption and confusion left by General Fremont.

Soon after the arrival of the Fifty-fifth at Benton Barracks, there appeared an unassuming individual dressed in plain clothes and wearing a black slouch hat, and neither clothes nor hat were new. He wore no insignia of rank other than a row of gilt buttons upon the coat, and his quiet, alert movements at first excited no attention beyond an occasional inquiry as to what chaplain that was. It soon appeared that this was one Brigadier-General Sherman, recently placed in command of the camp. Of course he was then gazed at with a wild eyed wonder, for at that time few in the regiment had seen a real general, and this one with his lack of fuss and feathers, who bestrode no war horse and bellowed no commands, scarce came up to the ideal standard of romantic volunteers. He did not even swear within the hearing of the soldiers, and altogether there was a lack of pomposity and ferocity at variance with tradition. It was rumored that



he was crazy, and it was only known that he was a regular-army officer who had been relieved from a command in Kentucky and had been placed over this camp of instruction. There was a vigilance, a nervous decisiveness about his movements and speech that was at once felt to the uttermost parts of the enclosure. Good order and correct discipline followed, and all troops there or thereabouts soon learned to appreciate the master mind. To the acute and observing young soldiers no mental obliquities were apparent, and the madness, if there at all, had a beautiful method in it. This same lunatic, William Tecumseh Sherman, the Fifty-fifth followed to the end of the war. From Benton Barracks to the Grand Review was a long and arduous journey. Along the bloody route, campaigns were episodes and great battles mile-stones. It was a lurid pathway through many rebellious states, but the Fifty-fifth followed the plume of "Uncle Billy" until the end came. No other organization staid with him and near him so long. From the time he was "Crazy Sherman" until the greenest laurels of the nineteenth century were placed upon his brow, this regiment followed his footsteps in each particular organization commanded by him in every instance, except the Meridian raid.

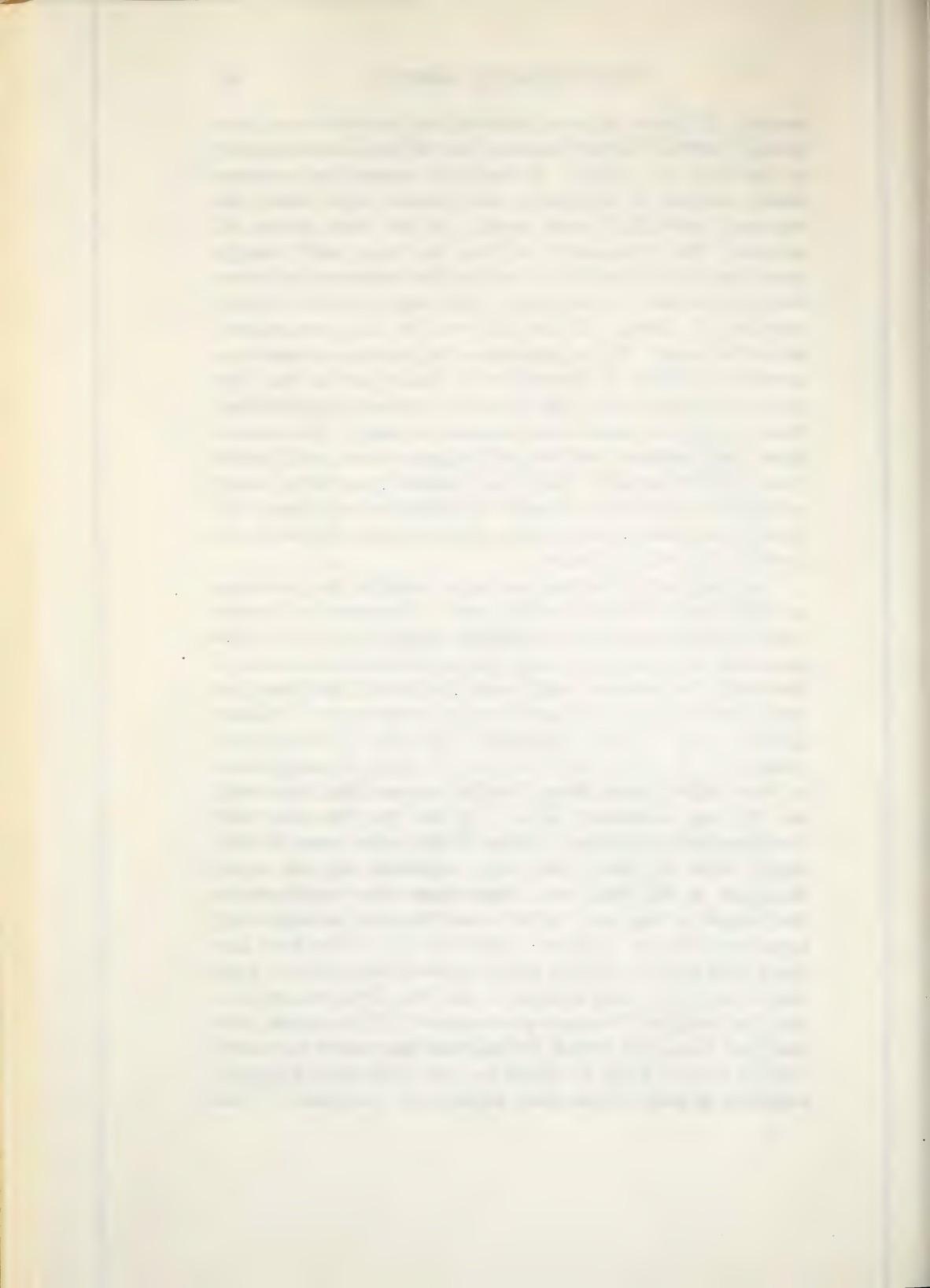
During the interval spent at this post the Fifty-fifth took part in its first brigade drill, under command of Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut of Illinois, who had recently been relieved from a command in Missouri. Rumors were flying about of his previous bad conduct, drunkenness and the like, but nothing to his discredit appeared at this time. As we shall see later, he commanded the celebrated Fourth division at Shiloh, and brought it through in better shape and better organized than any division engaged in the terrible first day's battle, and thereafter made a report which stands at the head of the literature of the engagement. On December 21st, new clothing was issued, and the regiment was as well equipped and clothed as any body of men in the service:

Up to this time no arms had been drawn, and the officers and men had devoted their entire attention to squad, company and battalion drill. No time had in consequence been expended in the more romantic motions of killing



people. It is now apparent that this long interval of military training without manual exercises was of incalculable benefit to the men as a whole. It was this unremitting practice which resulted in steadiness, and forever after made the regiment practically panic proof. At the time spoken of, however, the philosophy of this was not well enough appreciated to reconcile the men to the monotony of weary marching to and fro, and they had long clamored for the weapons of death. At last the day so long impatiently waited for came. The regiment in a high state of expectancy marched to the U. S. Arsenal in the lower part of the city, and each soldier took a gun from the immense quantity there stored, when the march was resumed to camp. For months these fiery patriots had longed for guns which would make them soldiers indeed. They had coaxed, grumbled, swore and howled after the manner of Western volunteers for deadly rifles and glittering bayonets, and now the wish was gratified, but only in theory.

Language fails when attempting to describe the grotesque worthlessness of these so-called arms. They were of foreign make having scarcely the similitude of guns, and had been purchased at great cost during the reckless administration of Fremont. No excuse could exist for such a purchase, for they were too crude in construction to be deceptive. A bare glance ought to have convinced any one of their sham character. It would have been a wild freak of imagination to have called these things deadly weapons, for they could not by any possibility injure any one but the user and his immediate neighbors. Many of the tubes were of solid metal, while in other cases tube, cylinder and all would disappear at the first fire. Often times they could not be discharged at all, and again would persist in exploding, regardless of time or place. The first trial volley fired into the woods back of Benton Barracks disabled dozens of guns and some men. The records of the War Department show that the reign of Fremont was a carnival of corruption, and that fact was never better exemplified than in the pot-metal effigies carried back to camp by this tired and disgusted regiment in place of the long anticipated "revolvers." The



air was fairly sulphurous with gorgeous profanity uttered in the effort to do justice to the occasion. It is said that the "Armies swore terribly in Flanders," but if the blasphemy used on that occasion exceeded in quantity or quality that used by the Fifty-fifth, it was because language was more flexible in those days than in the early days of the rebellion. All the glorious dreams of romantic sharpshooting disappeared instantly, and a feeling of intense disgust, expressed in howls of uproarious protest, swept through the regiment. The whole length of the barracks was continually echoing with cries of "Here's your d——d sanctified Methodist revolver!" having scornful reference to the promises of the reverend recruiting officers before referred to. Whenever it became necessary to carry the guns upon parade or guard, the indignant volunteer was heard to casually remark, "Here goes another sanctified Methodist sharpshooter." It was likewise insisted with many rhetorical embellishments that the man who shot the gun was the "revolver," which was often true, for the recoil when the doubtful explosion did take place was terrific. One exasperated soldier, afterward a valuable officer in the regiment, proposed to seek relief at high quarters and appealed directly to Governor Yates. His letter is so vigorous and so thoroughly good that its discovery is considered fortunate, and it is given in full:

CAMP BENTON, January 5, 1862.

GOVERNOR YATES.

HON. SIR: I saw in today's paper that you had procured eighteen thousand stand of arms, six thousand of which were to be distributed among Illinois troops which have inferior arms. Thinking our arms as inferior as any to be found, I thought it might avail us something by writing you. The men would have as much faith in killing secesh with alder pop-guns as they would with the guns they have. If you wish your best Illinois men killed off by not having guns to defend themselves with, let us go as we are. If not, please provide us with good guns—that is, if we are not out of your jurisdiction. For God's sake remember us in mercy, for the men cannot and will not fight with such guns. It is impossible; they have no faith in them. They would surrender before they would fight. We were enlisted under the pretence that we would have revolving rifles. Since we cannot get them, all we ask is good single barreled guns, and we promise you (if occasion permits) as good fighting as can be done. I am respectfully yours,

H. H. KENDRICK, *Sergt. Co. K, 55th Ill. Vols.*



This trustful and beseeching epistle does not appear to have had any effect, although boldly signed by a sergeant. It was of course impossible to compel or induce the men to take any care of such unspeakably worthless arms, and they were thrown about and thrown away until replaced by others which, although not "revolvers," were satisfactory.

While here Colonels Stuart and Malmborg, and some other officers, had their sabres ground so as to be prepared for future emergencies. The report for the closing month of the year shows an aggregate of 988 upon the muster rolls, of whom 53 present and 26 absent were sick. W. H. Howe, commonly called "Waukegan," joined the regiment as principal musician at Benton Barracks, and while it is not probable that his mellifluous fife did as much towards suppressing the rebellion as he sometimes thought, the good which he did lived after him, for his little son, Orion, became the pet hero of the war.

During all this time events were shaping towards important results. Whatever may be said of General Halleck's timid and inefficient conduct in the actual presence of the enemy, there cannot fairly be denied him certain powers of organization and efforts at grand strategy which resulted in the concentration of magnificent armies and the delivery of well aimed blows. As the symptoms of approaching campaigns began to appear, no regiment was more anxious to get at its bloody harvest than this same Fifty-fifth. It was imbued with genuine patriotism and entirely weary of the monotony of endless drill and camp life. Orders were anxiously hoped for and daily expected which would point to the desired end. They came on the afternoon of Sunday, January 12th, and were to the effect that the Fifty-fifth would embark on board a transport on the next morning with all baggage and three days' rations. When the morning of the 13th came the weather was extremely cold for that latitude, the thermometer standing at about zero, and the wind was penetrating. Bright and early all equipage was loaded, and the regiment, with all the "pomp and circumstance of war," marched from the barracks through the city to the point of embarkation. There were about eight hundred men, includ-



ing all officers, actually present, and about seventy men were left sick in hospital. The entire day was spent in loading the endless piles of baggage. This was perfectly characteristic of the way of doing things at that time. Such duty was of course very harassing to the overworked commissary and quartermaster-sergeants, who in this travail were hoarding up experience for after usefulness.

With the exception of the details employed by the quartermaster, the troops had nothing to do but to stand idle in the ranks, subject to as much control as practicable. This was intensely disagreeable in the severe cold, and many an unfortunate ear paid painful tribute to enforced exposure. From time to time through the day men escaped and secured in various ways quantities of that soul-searching liquid called thereabouts "Mississippi tanglefoot," of which tradition said a small portion would "kill forty rods and around a corner." About dark such of the regiment as were able filed on board the D. A. January, and those who had fallen were carried, dragged or led along, in any way that seemed easiest. The surface of the river was a mass of floating ice. Everything about the boat was enveloped in a cloud of steam—damp, cold and disagreeable. The rank and file were assigned to various places upon the different decks. The officers fled beyond the howls of the drunken and disgusted privates, into the warmth of the cabin, to which shoulder-straps alone had access.

Under any circumstances the crowding of eight hundred men, with unlimited baggage, upon a boat of moderate size, would have been disagreeable. In the present instance, with the intense cold and gathering darkness, it resulted in actual suffering and privation, all aggravated by the shrieks and howls of hundreds of drunken and pugnacious men. Upon the bow of the boat there was a barrel of "commissary," guarded by that excellent but bibulous old soldier, Carl Dhelo, of Company I. Although ordinarily trustworthy, the temptations of the day had overcome poor Carl, and while he was calmly sleeping upon one end of the barrel, other soldiers drew off all its contents into canteens, which were quickly distributed through the regiment, to the great confusion of



the quartermaster's accounts. The bar of the boat had been closed by official order, but the fat old chambermaid established an agency at the rear, where vile whisky was vended from a tin wash-boiler at the rate of a dollar for a tin cupful. The bad men of Company G, E and I in particular were especially uproarious and bent on settling old scores, and in the darkness hit a head, whether they could see it or not. Some turned to vent their rage upon the despised guns which were piled promiscuously upon the bow of the boat. Pratt, a highly educated but drunken character, of Company I, deliberately put in his time in dropping them overboard one by one, until interrupted by official intervention. That excellent and reliable soldier (afterwards captain), Kays, threw overboard at least twenty-five of them, in a fit of wrath.

Just after dark the D. A. January — called later, "Whoa January" — swung loose from the levee into the sea of ice, and with it floated down the stream. A paymaster was on board and proceeded to utilize the time by paying off the regiment that night. The companies, one by one, were assembled as far as possible, and taken to the cabin for that purpose. The line looked as battered as though it had been through a riot, and many a weary patriot had to leave his financial concerns to his captain. One end of the cabin was devoted to hospital purposes, and Dr. Roler was kept busy in patching up the injured from the scrimmages below. The scattering recollections remaining after an eventful quarter of a century cannot so fairly present the unpleasant events of this voyage as a well written cotemporaneous account. From the quite voluminous literature of that character kindly furnished by the comrades, the following letter, written at the time by a well-known member of the regiment, is selected:

\* \* \* \* \* Monday night and Tuesday we crept down the stream at snail's pace passing over in thirty hours seventy miles — or about half the journey we expected to finish in twenty hours, supposing Cairo to be our destination. The men, all this time exposed more or less to cold and damp, began to fall ill and the floor of the ladies' cabin was speedily covered with the sick stretched on mattresses and blankets.

The country we passed through was chiefly a wilderness, rocky on the Missouri and flat on the Illinois side. The way grew wofully tiresome after the novelty of getting aground and swinging or sparring off had



worn away. On Tuesday evening the officers relieved the tedium of the voyage by the mock trial by court-martial of a captain of the regiment, who was charged with "riding a borrowed horse, sitting backwards upon him and using the tail as a rudder"—with "swallowing the surgeon's probang while having his throat operated upon," etc., etc. About nine P. M. when the mad fun was at its height, the boat struck heavily upon a bar and thenceforth the history of the expedition may be concisely set forth in two lines of that poetical arctic romance in the reading-book of our school days:

"Six days and nights, the record stood,  
Had they been in the ice and wanted food."

Wednesday we awoke to find ourselves "cabined, cribbed, confined" in the wilderness—twenty miles from anywhere, the weather severely cold and one day's provision aboard for over eight hundred men, women and children—the river falling to still "lower depths," and a hostile shore twenty rods away. The spars were worked incessantly, the engines roared, and the mate swore enough to melt the ice within hearing distance of his resonant voice, but the boat clung to the sand. Two men were sent ashore in a skiff and dispatched across the country to Cape Girardeau, the nearest town, for assistance. Thursday one strong man died in the cabin. Our last rations were dealt out and the quartermaster landed to search the neighborhood for cattle. Towards evening our messengers returned with a wagon load of provisions and the promise that a boat would come, if possible, to our relief. Friday the quartermaster pressed into service the steamer Belle Memphis, lying in winter quarters not very far from the scene of our disaster. She got up steam and tugged at us forwards, backwards and sideways, all to no purpose. Consultations of the officers were frequent, but no plan of extrication from our difficulty could be agreed upon as feasible. We could disembark and make a forced march to Cape Girardeau or to Jonesboro', Ill., but we must abandon baggage and boat to the mercy of the river and the secessionists who knew of our mishap; and moreover the roads were reported hardly passable. The Memphis could take us on board but, being a heavy-draft boat, could not go over the next bar a mile ahead. It was finally decided to unload and march for Jonesboro', first sending to Cape Girardeau for mules and provisions. The messengers were dispatched, and the D. A. January disgorged her wealth of military stores and men upon her sister boat.

The Surgeon and his assistants knew no rest night nor day. The officers were in constant anxiety lest the secessionists, hearing of our situation, should come upon us in force. The men were becoming rapidly demoralized by hunger, fatigue and exposure. The clouds never broke and the wind blew bitterly chill from the north-west, while the muddy river forcibly reminded me of that stream in Dante's Purgatorio angrily rushing—\* \* \* \* "on with the brown, brown current under the shade perpetual, that never ray of the sun lets in nor of the moon." Saturday we landed and set the mess fires blazing on the Missouri rocks.



Cattle and hogs were slaughtered, and the band, stationed on the hurricane deck, struck up merry tunes. Towards evening a ferry-boat from Cape Girardeau crept up to us through the fog. The rain poured in torrents during the night, but only made the river muddier, not more navigable. Sunday we began the transferring of men and indispensable baggage to the Illinois shore with the purpose of marching to the nearest point on the Illinois Central R. R. One load had reached the opposite bank, when a ringing cheer from the deck of the Memphis awoke the echoes. The D. A. January had by sparring vigorously been loosened from the grip of the sand-bar and visibly swung as on a pivot in the current. At one P. M. she was free, steamed up the river for wood and coal, returned, and before dark regiment and freight were again on board.

Monday morning the men were landed to march a mile or more while the boat, lightened of their weight, safely passed a formidable sand-bar near some singularly castellated cliffs that overhung the river's edge. Another troublesome shallow, overlooked by the "Devil's tea-table," compelled a second disembarkation a few miles further on. The boat dragged with difficulty over, received her living freight again and the pilot cheerfully announced that our troubles were at last ended. But not so! In less than an hour we were fast upon another bar and only got off after four hours' diligent work, when, it being dark, we tied up for the night with our consort, the ferry-boat. Tuesday morning at eight o'clock we started again, and struck a snag at nine, but slid off from it; the ferry-boat, less lucky, was sunk in our wake. Arriving at Cape Girardeau, we were ordered to disembark and encamp. Having become by this time expert in transferring freight, before ten o'clock the regiment had everything piled upon the levee and was just taking up the line of march for camp, when orders arrived for us to embark at once and proceed to Fort Holt *via* Cairo. At half-past four P. M. we were away to the tune of Dixie. Commerce, Mo., was reported occupied by Jeff. Thompson and a small Confederate force, but we floated by undisturbed in the darkness and tied up for the night a little below that place. Wednesday the back-water, caused by the swollen Ohio, ended our troubles in navigation. At half-past one P. M. we reached Cairo, ten days from St. Louis. Having nearly depleted that city of its supplies of apples, gingerbread and newspapers, about four P. M. we steamed up the Ohio under orders for Paducah. Thursday morning we deserted the D. A. January, and marched with the pleasant sunshine of a May-like day to the music of bluebirds and our band playing Yankee Doodle, and pitched our tents in an oak grove near where the Tennessee pours its waters into the Ohio.

The journey so well described in the foregoing letter terminated on January 23d. It was an adventure of real hardships, the more so as the men were yet unaccustomed to exposure, and lacked the experience and skill which ultimately made them equal to anything. The soldier whose



death is mentioned was Albert Washburn of Company G, who thus early died of diphtheria. Dr. Roler, by his unremitting kindness during this expedition, earned the love and esteem of the rank and file, which ever after remained unwavering—fully deserved and freely given.

On the day of arrival at Paducah the regiment disembarked, and marched about two miles to a place of encampment upon high ground and among innumerable stumps. Here for the first time tents drawn at St. Louis were erected, being of the Sibley pattern, just then in vogue. Sheet-iron stoves were also issued by the quartermaster. They were cylindrical affairs, which stood upon the ground like a barrel upon end, and attached to them was a pipe, making its exit at the top of the tent. These contrivances answered moderately well for the purpose of heating, but were useless for cooking. There were fourteen women with the regiment, wives of officers and men, nearly all striving vaguely, and in the main uselessly, to do something as hospital nurses, laundresses, or cooks.

For a time after landing the weather remained warm and pleasant. On January 27th camp was removed to a point nearer town, and contiguous to the brigade of General Lew Wallace, in which were the fantastically dressed and fancifully drilled Eleventh Indiana and Eighth Missouri. The removal took place in a driving rain and snow storm, and was followed by freezing cold weather. There was no material for bedding other than the single blanket and overcoat belonging to each soldier, and no means of flooring the tents, which were pitched upon a coating of several inches of snow, underlaid by slush. Much suffering and consequent sickness followed. On the approach of evening a few men entered a barn near the camp-ground and confiscated certain small bundles of corn fodder to eke out their scanty bedding. The owner at once appealed to the colonel who, furiously enraged, rushed to the front of his tent, and at the top of his strong voice proclaimed that he would "turn grape and canister" upon the men—that he "would slaughter them" before it should be said that he "commanded a regiment of thieves and vagabonds." All this and much more was repeated over



and over again, in the loudest possible tones, and garnished with an infinite variety of oaths. This exhibition of ungovernable rage to the men, who were suffering fearfully from the inclemency of the weather, was wholly unwarranted by the occasion, and was a foretaste of the abuse and tyranny which increased from day to day as the distance from the restraints of civil life enlarged.

During the early part of the service the orderly sergeants were held accountable for nearly everything. It was much safer to curse and lecture them than it was the commissioned officers, who sometimes resented insults, and were supposed to have certain rights. Not so with the hard-worked orderlies, who suffered daily and hourly vicariously for everybody's faults, and if nothing specific could be discovered, were cursed on general principles by the field-officers, and grumbled at by the company officers and men. It may be that the names of these lowly personages who toiled and suffered so much are worth preserving in these pages. They were:

Company A, William F. Cootes.	Company F, James F. Shreves.
" B, Parker B. Bagley.	" G, Peter Roberts.
" C, Ambrose E. Partch.	" H, James McCready.
" D, Charles E. Burnap.	" I, Lucien B. Crooker.
" E, Jonas L. Buck.	" K, Charles K. Ensell.

Subsequently three of these men became captains, after filling lower grades. One became second-lieutenant, and was cashiered for cowardice. One was discharged for wounds received at Shiloh. Two died, one in battle and one of disease, after both had justly earned promotion and been unjustly denied it. One was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps for disability, and nearly all received wounds.

One pronounced trait in Colonel Stuart's character was a penchant for making speeches on every possible occasion. He was an orator of fine action and much dramatic force, and however uncalled for, his florid declamations at the time excited admiration. It should be remembered also that this was the epoch of speech-making, and that the most popular stump orator was apt to be considered the most deserving officer. In the light of later experience Stuart's orations now seem extravagant, if not ludicrous. Somehow they did



not appear so then, probably because the inexperienced listeners had not yet learned to distinguish between a rhetorical fusilade and practical warfare. Just after dark, on the cold night of the before-mentioned "grape and canister" episode, the orderlies' call sounded, whereupon those humble but useful non-commissioned officers trotted off to the quarters of Adjutant Thurston, and were there told by Clerk Nourse that the colonel wished to see them. They ranged themselves in the tent occupied by that dignitary, looking deeply impressed and as soldierly as possible. Stuart sat behind a small pine table, upon which was a candle "dimly burning," and at once launched out into an oration. The first words uttered were literally as follows: "I am a man of somewhat damaged reputation, as you all well know, and I came into the army solely to retrieve that reputation; and I depend upon this regiment to do it." Following these remarkable words he assumed an upright position, and with the graces of diction and gesture he knew so well how to use, proceeded to lecture the orderlies for the space of an hour upon the extent of their duties, when they were allowed to retire and wonder how so many responsibilities happened to rest upon men having so little honor and such small pay. The qualifications named by the speaker as necessary for an orderly-sergeant would have been cheaply purchased by the government at the expense of a major-general's salary for each of them. In the peculiar language above quoted is undoubtedly found the chief incentive to Stuart's action, and this is confirmed by much that he said and did afterwards.

It was apparent from the massing of troops about the mouth of the Cumberland and Tennessee that important operations were about to take place. Of course the details were beyond the scope of the vision of the rank and file. In connection with these movements the troops encamped adjacent to the Fifty-fifth took their departure, and on the sixth day of February camp was moved a few hundred yards to the ground just abandoned by the Eleventh Indiana. It was regularly laid out in graded streets, with comfortable log-cabins for guard and cook-rooms, and after the removal



the Fifty-fifth found its condition much improved. All sorts of rumors were rife relating to attacks and counter attacks, and details for guard and picket duty were quite heavy. Squads were daily taken from the regiment to work upon the fort being constructed around the Marine Hospital, which afterwards served a purpose in the memorable defence of Paducah by Colonel Hicks of the Fortieth Illinois. Some of the men took lessons in artillery practice at this fort; and the knowledge so acquired was put to valuable use during the closing incidents of the first day's battle of Shiloh.

The large round tent used by the sutler had been set up adjacent to the camp, where "sutler's chips," the representative of value in all the poker games thereabouts, were sold to all desiring them, who had money or credit. Phillip Seelbach, first-lieutenant of Company I, was a German of some capacity, plenty of good nature, and bibulous proclivities. It was a rare day indeed when this easy-going officer was not symmetrically drunk by night-fall. Just after dark, one rainy night, he wandered into the sutler's tent in search of congenial companionship and the other luxuries likely to be found there. The fire was comfortable and the company all that could be expected, and with the overwhelming dignity of a drunken man who is bound to conceal his condition, the lieutenant seated himself upon a camp-stool within the charmed circle. Further refreshments of the liquid sort, combined with the warmth, soon overcame him, and he slid off the camp-stool into the saw-dust beneath, "whereupon the proceedings interested him no more." Captain Tazewell, Quartermaster Janes and others waggishly inclined, at once proposed that Seelbach should be buried with the honors of war, since he had fallen upon the field. They proceeded to completely bury him in the saw-dust, and fire loose cartridges all over and around him, and when the entertainment closed, trundled him home in a wheelbarrow, and left him, like Pickwick, to be gazed upon and scoffed at by the rabble. When the orderly of Company I reported to him the next morning, he lay in a heap, covered with mud and saw-dust, with eyebrows and hair singed off, without doubt the hardest looking warrior in the Western department.



Owing to the frequent rumors of attack the sutler, a nervous individual, was in a state of constant alarm lest he and his stock should be captured. Knowing this, certain officers pursued him with blood-curdling stories of danger. On a certain warm, foggy evening, one officer after another, according to a pre-arranged plan, dropped in upon him, and each in turn showed a lot of cartridges filled with saw-dust, cursing loudly the villainous fraud, especially as an attack was bound to come that very night. When the sutler's fears had been wrought up to the proper pitch, the quartermaster dropped in and told in a highly excited way that he was ordered at once to send to the river for a supply of good ammunition, to replace the worthless stock on hand. He furthermore complained that all his teams were a mile away, and asked the sutler if he would not take his sleek span of mules near by and go upon the errand. Of course that individual was only too glad to go for ammunition which was to be expended in the protection of his person and property, and armed with a fictitious requisition upon a fictitious officer, located upon a boat equally mythical, set forth at once. As soon as the sutler disappeared, the whole regiment was taken into the secret, and turned loose to fortify the tent. Hundreds of willing hands were instantly busy in digging a ditch and throwing up breastworks to that end, and when done, all the old stovepipes and barrels around camp were mounted thereon to represent artillery. A circle of brush was dragged around outside the whole, and all retired to await results. When the sutler returned, his rage and fury in storming the works around his own tent more than satisfied all that the labor was well expended.

February 2d several thousand troops passed up the Tennessee, leaving the Fifty-fifth behind, much to the disgust of its members, who were kept busy about guard duty, unloading steamboats, and other such irksome labors. As is now well known, this movement of the Union forces opened the heart of the Confederacy through the conquest of Forts Henry and Donelson. It was understood at the time that the Fifty-fifth was left in the rear on account of the utter worthlessness of its arms. That they were useless was finally



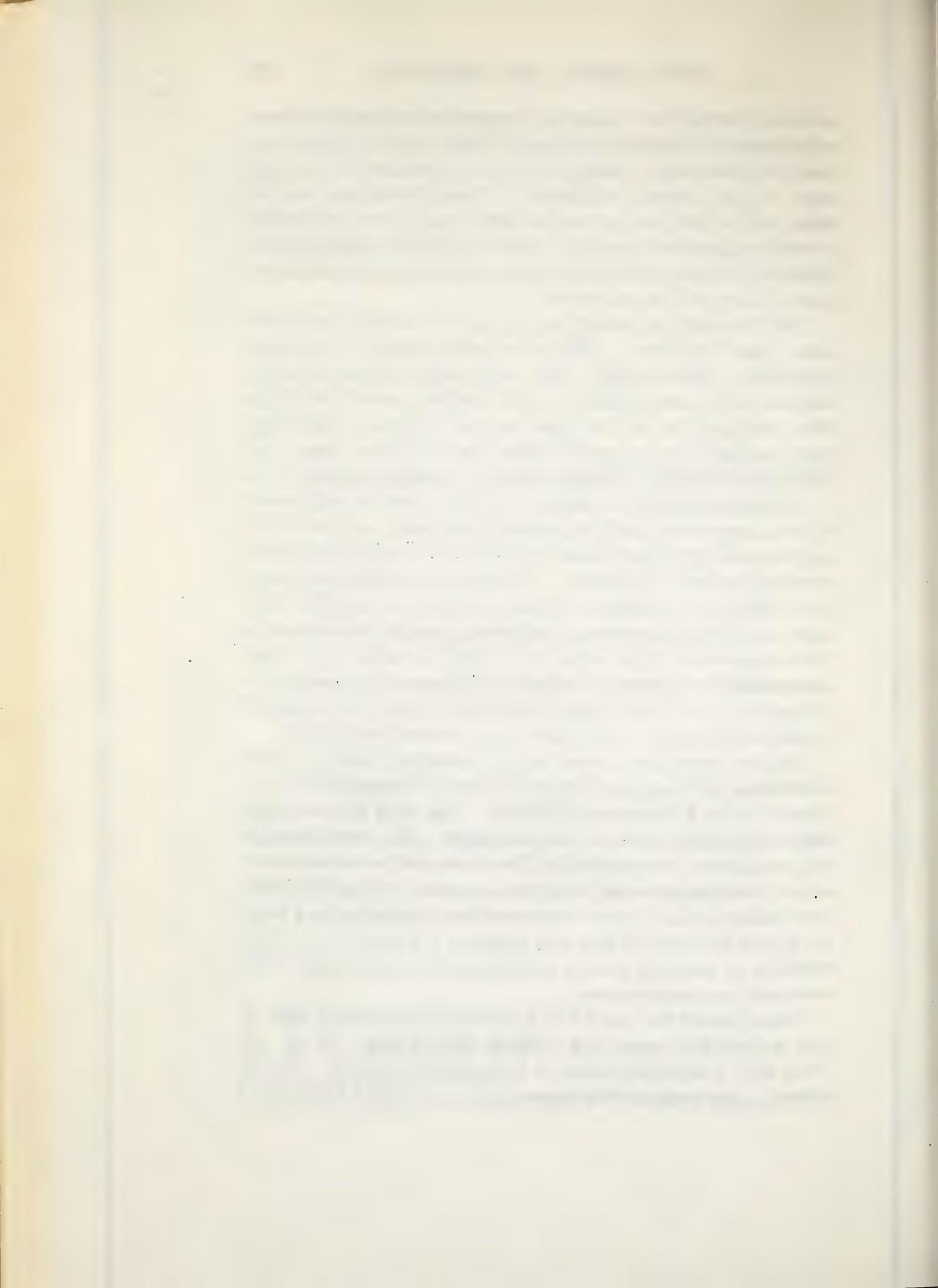
judicially settled by a board of inspection, who sagely determined what everybody had long known, and to that fact is due what was then conceived by the members of the regiment to be a great misfortune. After Shiloh the luck of being left in the rear in case of battle was always submitted to with resignation, though it must in truth be confessed that chances for such self-denial did not often occur in the subsequent history of the regiment.

On February 6th, much to the joy of the men, new arms were issued to them. They were heavy guns of 58 calibre, called the "Dresden rifle," were long range and accurate, and adapted to the conical ball. In all battles in which the Fifty-fifth took part, up to the close of the Vicksburg campaign, they were efficient weapons in the hands of brave men, and did their full share of bloody work on numerous battle-fields.

The almost bloodless capture of Fort Henry was followed by the sanguinary conflicts around Donelson, and on February 16th and 17th large numbers of Federal and Confederate wounded arrived at Paducah. Churches and other buildings were taken as hospitals, and large details of the Fifty-fifth were kept busy in moving and caring for the unfortunates. The streets were filled with the slightly wounded, each one surrounded by a group of admiring listeners, and not one of the gaping crowd but would have gladly taken the wound if a share of the glory could have been transmitted with it.

As the expedition passed up the river by Paducah, John Armstrong of Company I went on board a transport to visit friends in the Fifty-seventh Illinois. The boat left suddenly and John became a part of the campaign. He passed through the outskirts of the conflict at Donelson, and so accidentally earned the distinction of being the first man of the Fifty-fifth ever under fire, and upon his return was looked at as a hero, to whom the god of war had granted a great favor. It is needless to add that shortly such honors became more common and less conspicuous.

Some writer has used the far-fetched expression that at this period the army was clothed with music. If so, the Fifty-fifth had its full share of harmonious apparel. In addition to the irrepressible drum corps, a splendid brass band



had so far been connected with the regiment. Although the men liked well enough to listen to their music and march to its rhythm, the members of the band had always erected their tent in the field-officers' row, and held themselves somewhat aloof from the common soldiers. As their duties were somewhat of the dress-parade order, they were the victims of many rough jokes. If the term had then been invented, they would have been called military dudes. In accordance with a general order this band was mustered out on February 1st, and forever after the regiment had to rely on such rattling strains as "Waukegan" could coax or scold out of Joe Edwards, "Betsey" Sherman, Orion P. and Liston D. Howe, and their youthful but insubordinate fellows.

In the latter part of the sojourn at Paducah many changes occurred among the line officers. Some were unfitted for the positions they occupied, either in fact or in the opinion of the colonel, who assumed the most arbitrary control over their official existence. Although nothing but garrison duty had been encountered, some had endured enough of the hardships of war to exalt the family altar above the much eulogized altar of the suffering country. Still others, and by far the greater number, were chafing under the unstable policy of the colonel, and the ill temper and abuse of the lieutenant-colonel, and as the most practicable means of escape tendered their resignations. The major was well liked, but when two superiors are present, the major of a regiment is a good deal like the proverbial fifth wheel to a coach. Few if any commissions had yet been issued to the officers of the Fifty-fifth, which was entirely the fault of the colonel, as will be seen later when it becomes necessary to allude to it at greater length, as a potent cause of dissension. Since the records of officers in the Adjutant-General's office of the state of Illinois are kept in what is known as a Commission Book, and the reports from that office are made up from such book, many of the names of the first officers of the regiment appear nowhere in the archives of the state. No commissions having been called for by the commander of the regiment, none were issued, and therefore the records of the Adjutant-General are, and for no fault of his own in that particular, incomplete.



To illustrate this point, the case of T. B. Burrows may be cited. He had served as second-lieutenant of Company H since the muster-in of the regiment, and died at Paducah; but his name nowhere appears in the Adjutant-General's report. At this distance, and principally for the reasons above given, strict accuracy as to the names of the officers leaving about this period is impossible. The following is offered as perhaps an imperfect statement, in that connection: William Presson, captain of Company A, resigned March 13, 1862; Asahel C. Smith, second-lieutenant of Company B, resigned March 5th, 1862; Thomas B. Mackey, captain of Company B, resigned December 28, 1861; William S. Johnson, second-lieutenant of Company D, resigned March 5, 1862; William H. Dixon, first-lieutenant of Company E, resigned March 13, 1862; William R. Halligan, second-lieutenant of Company E, resigned March 5, 1862; Milton L. Haney, captain of Company F, resigned March 5, 1862; Jabez C. Crooker, captain of Company I, resigned February, 1862; Phillip Seelbach, first-lieutenant of Company I, resigned March 5, 1862. One L. P. Crouch, whose name does not appear at all in the Adjutant-General's office, and who had been striving in a feeble way to fulfill the duties of chaplain, also tendered his resignation. As previously mentioned, Lieutenant T. B. Burrows of Company H died in hospital at this post. From the above it appears that more than one-third of the officers originally mustered with the regiment disappeared from its rolls before the danger of actual battle was reached.

On February 27th, 1862, Colonel Stuart assumed command of the Second brigade of Sherman's division. Here began the association of the Fifty-fifth with the excellent and brave Fifty-fourth Ohio Zouaves, so long companions in the rebellion struggle, and neither regiment were ever ashamed of the association. The Seventy-first Ohio, so utterly disgraced at Shiloh, was the remaining member of the brigade.

It was well understood in military circles that the recent conquest of Forts Henry and Donelson had pierced the rebel line of defence, and the abandonment of Columbus, the "Gibraltar of the West," was anticipated as likely to follow. For the purpose, possibly of hurrying that result, an expedition



was organized, consisting of a battalion from each of the three regiments above named. At Cairo the gunboat fleet, with the Twenty-seventh and Forty-second Illinois, joined, and the whole proceeded down the Mississippi to the immediate vicinity of the rebel stronghold. It was found that Columbus was evacuated, a fact not however at once apparent from the river. Finally thirty men of Company I embarked with General Sherman upon a tug-boat, which steamed direct to the water batteries at the foot of the bluff. Captain Slattery was the first Federal soldier who stepped on shore, followed quickly by the general and others present. Everything capable of destruction was a smoking ruin. The strongest fortifications ever erected in the West were wholly dismantled. The innumerable "shebangs" and "dug-outs" for may thousands of men were wholly or partially destroyed; and the ruins were objects of untiring exploration during the short Federal occupation. For the only time during the war the Fifty-fifth acted in conjunction with its former colleague of the Douglas Brigade. As was nearly always the case during its history, no reports were made for the regiment, and it is difficult to state precisely what portion participated in this expedition. Most comrades when asked say that the whole regiment was included. Lieutenant Hartsook, than whom there is no better authority, is certain Company F was not present. In the opinion of the writer, Companies A, F and G did not go. Besides, large details from other companies were left at Paducah. General Cullum, Halleck's chief-of-staff, who was present, reports that a battalion of the Fifty-fifth, under Major Sanger, accompanied the expedition.

One of the very few regimental monthly reports which have been found is that of February, 1862. It is valuable as showing the exact condition of the Fifty-fifth just before it went to the extreme front, and only five weeks before it participated in its first and greatest battle. By such report it appears that on the last day of February there were 6 field and staff, 19 line officers, and 764 enlisted men present for duty, being an aggregate of 789 in all grades. This is what would have appeared in the Confederate reports as the effective total. There were 73 men present, but sick—in



other words, in regimental hospital or excused by the surgeon from duty; 32 enlisted men were absent sick—that is to say, away from the care of regimental surgeon. There were in arrest two enlisted men, both from Company G, and one man had died during the month. Pursuing the examination further, it appears that there were 954 names upon the roll of the regiment. There was a loss from all causes during the month of 32. These were mainly by resignation and the muster out of the band; one, however, was a deserter from Company E.

The Fifty-fifth returned from Columbus to Paducah on March 6th, where all was "hurrying to and fro," and everything in a state of unrest, foreboding a speedy departure. The city, the river bank, and the numerous steamboats in sight were crowded with blue-coats, betokening extensive concentration and an eventful future. On this day Hugh Muckle, a soldier of Company B, was accidentally killed by a musket shot. Scarcely had the Fifty-fifth reached camp when orders were received to strike tents and join the procession. The regiment had by this time acquired a gorgeous array of baggage, mules and wagons. One authority places the number at twenty-six six-mule teams. This would make a melodious aggregate of one hundred and fifty-six of those humble but useful animals, all of which had had their tails twisted and been lashed into an uncertain state of subordination by the intellectual soldiers detailed for that purpose. The soul-searching strains of disapproval arising from the corral about these times did much to console the men for the recent loss of the brass band. For the purpose of destroying sleep and jarring upon the nerves of a sick man they almost equaled the drum corps which made life a burden to "Waukegan." All baggage and equipage was upon the same magnificent scale, and it may well be supposed that moving was a laborious proceeding. March 7th was devoted to that duty, and after dark the Fifty-fifth filed on board the steamer Hannibal, which was to be its home during the journey up the Tennessee. During that night the boat remained at the levee, but early on the morning of the 8th dropped down the river for coal; and when the fuel was on board, tied up at an



adjacent island, surrounded by a large number of steamers, each bearing a like burden of boisterous patriots.

The day was warm and genial. The buds of the willow and water maple were fast opening to the kiss of the southern sun. The bluebirds and other feathered harbingers of spring were flitting about, undisturbed by the warlike pageant spread out before them. Steamboats covered with swarms of blue-coated soldiers were moving from place to place, while here and there black gunboats were anchored in sullen silence. Altogether the scene was a gorgeous panorama, as inspiring as was ever pictured on this continent. Evidently a historic climax was approaching.

Since the resignations which had recently occurred, much speculation had ensued as to who should succeed to the vacancies caused thereby. Ordinarily, and in a regiment where the accepted rules of the service governed, this would not have been a matter of either difficulty or speculation. If the parties who had been found reasonably well qualified had been promoted according to rank, the whole problem would have been solved according to well established rules of justice. But this was not for a moment intended, and for weeks the "caucus plan" had been in operation, wherein all sorts of influence, prejudice and favoritism had a full hearing. Just before departure from Paducah some had been quietly notified of their intended promotion, and had *ad interim* been so acting; but no uniforms or insignia of rank had as yet been authorized to designate such elevation, and no order had been issued definitely recognizing it. Thus it was that when the Fifty-fifth marched on board the Hannibal many vacancies in fact existed in its roster of officers, and the hopes and fears of a dozen or more ambitious soldiers were dependant upon the colonel's future and final action. An order in precise terms of military brevity would have fulfilled all legal requirements, and have been in accordance with army usage. More ostentation, however, ushered in the glitter of these new shoulder-straps. In the presence of the adjacent thousands it was determined to promulgate the various promotions in the most public manner, and the colonel proceeded



to that task early in the day lest the sun should go down before it was completed. The spirit of oratory was again upon him. The waters of his great intellectual deep were troubled, and the wind must spend its force before they would again be calm. The hurricane deck of the peaceful steamer Hannibal was cleared for action. Then Company A was formed on the lower deck, "armed and equipped as the law directs," and marched to the upper deck, where each promotion, whether commissioned or non-commissioned, was announced by the colonel, and each new officer, blushing with his new honors, then and there assumed his proper place, to "be respected and obeyed accordingly." These proceedings were interrupted and garnished with bursts of eloquent admonition about the duties of each grade, with hints upon deportment, military ethics, and the war generally. Thus in alphabetical order each company was in turn marched to the same place, and a like libation of euphony poured upon it. On this auspicious occasion, and in like grand manner the writer was lifted from the humble position of orderly-sergeant of Company I to the exalted (as it then seemed) office of first-lieutenant of the same company, and some of the rhetorical gems scattered for the delectation of that company, still linger in the chambers of memory. Colonel Stuart was magnificently dressed, and walked the deck like a king. His fine form and bearing was the cynosure of thousands near by. If the reason for his declamatory flux was somewhat far-fetched, his manner was in the highest degree attractive and dramatic. The inexperienced and wondering listeners were not wont to grow weary under it, besides who could then tell but what the walls of the Confederacy might not be vulnerable to huge blasts of noise, like unto those of Jericho of old.

After Company I had "right dressed," Lieutenant Slattery was first addressed and his promotion to the captaincy announced, with congratulations and good advice. The orderly was next taken in hand and a section of an oration delivered "suitable to his condition in life," when his gun was taken away and he marched just the regulation number of paces in rear of the left flank. This course was pursued in the regular



order, and finally ended with the rescuing of a "high private" from the obscurity of the ranks and elevating him upon the exalted pedestal of an eighth corporal, when the company marched away in a blaze of glory.

A large share of the lecture was devoted to denouncing the evils of intemperance, and as an inducement to forego the seductive fluids, it was promised that when we got to New Orleans at the end of the war we would all get drunk together. All through the day there stood upon the bottom of an upturned yawl on the upper deck a woe-begone soldier holding an old cavalry sabre over his shoulder. This was one Welch of Company B, who was suffering in the flesh for having been drunk the night before. Not being one of the fortunate ones selected for promotion, and his place of immolation being close at hand, he had an admirable opportunity for listening to the entire series of speeches, and he occasionally served the purposes of illustration. While the colonel was delivering a torrent of invective against the evils of intemperance, he suddenly turned to the culprit and vehemently remarked: "There's Welch; he got drunk last night, fell into the river and lost his gun. He is a perfect walking moral philosopher of the evils of intemperance; he is his own horrid example." Addressing Welch directly he said, "Welch, you were drunk last night, weren't you? Speak up like a man, and own up." Welch lugubriously replied, "Yea, about half-drunk." Whereat the colonel yelled out, "Half-drunk, d---n you, why didn't you get whole drunk like a man?" In this formidable and ponderous way about one-half of the officers of the regiment were created, or in some way changed their positions. It is not likely that any other similar organization ever underwent such an official revolution at one time, before experiencing a necessity for it by the casualties of battle. Certainly such a large number of changes in the roster of officers had an important bearing upon its history, and the manner in which it was done throws certain side lights upon the character of those responsible for the method used.

The list of promotions following is tentative and given as the nearest correct attainable. Henry S. Nourse was pro-



moted to adjutant. He was from Lancaster, Massachusetts, and had come West at the request of Stuart to enter the service as engineer, in which direction he was especially educated. This promise, like many from the same source, was broken, and so far he had acted as clerk to his friend the adjutant, drawing neither pay nor rations and not enlisted. He brought to his new office the first fruits of his youthful talents and splendid education. Fortunately he survives so that we can gather riper fruits from the same source to be stored within the covers of this volume. The members of the regiment never knew how he wrought and suffered for it in an unassuming way while under the rasping domination of superior officers. Captain Milton L. Haney was promoted, if it may be called promotion, to be chaplain. That he was the best officer of that grade in the service every survivor of the Fifty-fifth is yet willing to maintain. In Company A, Jacob M. Augustine was promoted from first-lieutenant to captain and Second-Lieutenant Casper Schleich to first-lieutenant. Taking into account the splendid ability and character of these two officers, together with the tragic death of both of them in battle, it is fair to place them highest upon the lengthy roll of honor belonging to the Fifty-fifth. William F. Cootes, orderly-sergeant, was promoted to the second lieutenancy of the same company. Adjutant George L. Thurston was made captain of Company B. He was a man of high attainments and soldierly qualities, and his early death from disease and privation was as true a sacrifice as though he had gone down in the flame of battle. Elijah C. Lawrence, who nominally belonged to Company K, was made second-lieutenant of Company B. Sergeant Theodore W. Hodges, killed in one month's time, was promoted to be second-lieutenant of Company C, while Sergeant Josiah E. Keys of the same company, was transferred and made first-lieutenant of Company E. Orderly-Sergeant Jonas L. Buck of that company was raised to its second-lieutenancy. Second-Lieutenant Squire A. Wright of Company C, whose life was also soon to go out in fierce conflict, was elevated to be captain of Company F, and Second-Lieutenant Joseph W. Parks made its first-lieutenant,



and Sergeant John B. Johnson of Company A made its second-lieutenant. To Company H, Corporal Nicholas Agesen of Company C was transferred for its second-lieutenant. In Company I Orderly-Sergeant Lucien B. Crooker and First-duty Sergeant Charles A. Andress were made first and second-lieutenants respectively. The best information at hand would indicate that Second-Lieutenant A. J. Gillett of Company K, was promoted to be its first-lieutenant, and Sergeant John H. Fillmore to be its second-lieutenant. As before intimated the Adjutant-General's report for the state of Illinois is utterly unreliable in this connection.

By an order dated March 10th, Major W. D. Sanger was placed upon the staff of General Sherman and the regiment thereby forever deprived of his services. He was a bright, genial and efficient officer, who in his somewhat uninfluential position had been subjected to frequent humiliation at the hands of the lieutenant-colonel. He had studied three years at West Point, and had added to that experience by serving both upon government surveys and upon the ocean. During the period of his staff duty, the reports of his commanding general abound with accounts of his good conduct.

All will remember Charles A. Andress, who subsequently commanded the regiment, and who at this time was made second-lieutenant. No one will for a moment question but that he was entitled to his promotion according to grade; yet the tenure by which men there held their rights was so slight that he came near missing it. Just as Company I was marching to the upper deck to receive its baptism of declamation before described, the colonel suggested to Captain Slattery that his brother, Edward Slattery, second sergeant, be promoted to second-lieutenant over the head of Andress. To the eternal credit of that stalwart soldier and good citizen, Captain Tim Slattery, be it said that he utterly refused to permit his brother to profit by such methods. The writer is indebted to the sense of justice and firmness of the same person for his own promotion according to rank, and whatever of egotism appears from the statement herein may be



credited to the grateful recognition of an obligation long existing.

Toward evening the grand movement began to assume practical shape. From the levee, from the river banks, above and below, from out behind islands, here and there, one steamer followed another—more than three score in all—and like a gigantic blue serpent the long line glided into the Tennessee. At five o'clock in the afternoon the Fifty-fifth was moving towards the heart of the Confederacy. Behind were happy homes and the hopes and fears of the loyal North. Before was the unconquered and defiant rebellion. In God's own time these same heroes met the hosts of this rebellion upon their chosen ground and struggled mightily and prevailed.

As morning dawned the beautiful Kentucky scenery on either hand was visible. The progress of the fleet up the swollen river was a sight not to be seen twice in a lifetime, and never to be forgotten. The river itself was beautiful, barely six hundred yards in width, with high, well-wooded banks, but adorned with few marks of advanced civilization. The black smoke from more than a hundred tall pipes rolled away in clouds over the forest, verily a "cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night," to mark the progress of liberty. The journey up the river was fraught with no great interest aside from its novelty and the magnificent spectacle of the expedition itself. Fort Henry was soon passed, and its water-soaked ruins viewed with some curiosity. Stopping occasionally for wood, or in the language of the commissary sergeant, to "cramp stave bolts for fuel," the Hannibal arrived at Savannah about five o'clock in the afternoon of March 11th. This was the shire town of the county in which the then obscure Pittsburgh Landing was embraced. It was a pleasant country village, the prominent feature from the river front being then as now the fine residence subsequently used by General Grant as headquarters, where he sat at breakfast when the vibrations from the first shots at Shiloh fell upon his ear. This mansion belonged to a Mr. Cherry, a name worthy of preservation because he was the leading Union man of that vicinity. As night approached patrols were sent out through the town



from the Fifty-fifth, consisting of parts of Companies A and I, and perhaps others. The next day battalion drill with knapsacks took place, while the steamboats were purified, Captain Bird of Company C acting as major. Wagons were dispatched into the country a short distance, in charge of Commissary Sergeant Fisher, for forage. Considerable Union sentiment was discovered, and numerous persons who had been in hiding from oppression came in and enlisted in some of the Ohio regiments. It is gratifying to know that this county is now a Republican stronghold with officers of that ilk, and that a prosperous Grand Army post exists at Savannah.

At the hour of noon on March 14th a fleet, consisting of nineteen steamboats and one gunboat, carrying twelve regiments of infantry, six companies of cavalry and one battery, started up the Tennessee River from Savannah. It was Sherman's division of the army of invasion, and with it of course was the Fifty-fifth. The expedition had for its immediate object the destruction of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad at any attainable point within reach of the river, between Corinth and Iuka. A few miles, and Pittsburgh Landing was passed, but two days' carnage had not yet happened in its vicinity to make it an object of notoriety. The head of the floating column reached Tyler's Landing at seven in the afternoon, and at eleven o'clock at night the cavalry, and with it Major Sanger of the general's staff, started to reach Burnsville, nineteen miles inland. During the night it began to rain as though the windows of heaven had opened. At four o'clock in the morning Stuart's brigade disembarked in the driving rainstorm. The river was rising rapidly, and a bayou, the head of which was immediately above the landing, was already flowing with the inrushing water. Just as daylight appeared the troops went plunging through this midleg deep, but in no wise deficient in enthusiasm. After wallowing and wading across the muddy bottom, the bluffs were reached about a half mile away. Three miles out messengers were met, who reported that the creeks in the interior were impassable and rapidly rising. Upon such news being confirmed by Major Sanger in person, obedience was grudgingly yielded



to the elements, and the column countermarched. Arriving at the point overlooking the river bottom a lake intervened between the bluff and the boats. The battery first essayed to cross, but was obliged to cut the traces to save the horses, and the guns were left in the water, from which they were finally recovered by the use of long ropes. It was utterly impossible for infantry to march through the intervening mass of raging waters. During the day yawl-boats were brought from the steamers, and with the aid of gang-planks a precarious bridge was constructed, over which the troops passed to the landing. Had not the unexampled flood interfered with the expedition it is almost certain that the rebel troops from Burnsville and Iuka would have been met. In that case Chalmers and his Mississippians would have grappled with the stout men of the Fifty-fifth, as they did a few weeks later at Shiloh. The river rose fifteen feet in twenty-three hours, and the whole country from the mouth of Yellow Creek to Pittsburgh Landing was under water. General Hurlbut, although exercising no authority, was upon the boat occupied by the Fifty-fifth. "Where two or three are gathered together," like Stuart and Hurlbut, the spirit always descended, thus fulfilling a promise evidently not intended for their benefit.

General Sherman having personally ascended the river as high as Eastport, and finding the railway unapproachable, the whole fleet dropped down, on the night of March 15th, to a point nineteen miles below Tyler's Landing. The place of halting was the now historical Pittsburgh Landing.



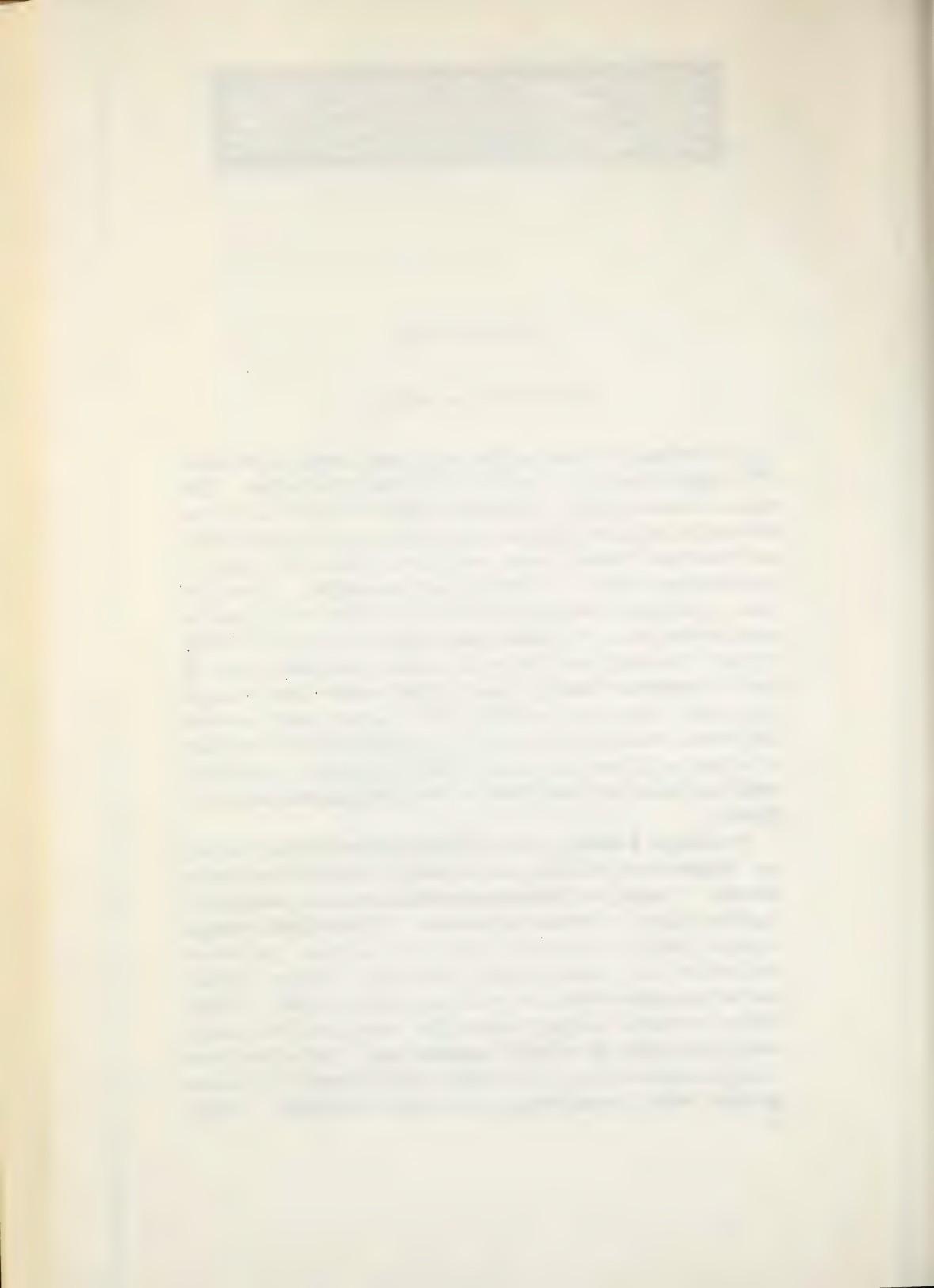


## CHAPTER II.

### THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

AT Pittsburgh Landing the high bluffs came to the river bank, affording a good foot-hold for debarkation. This natural conformation of worthless ridges of land is accountable for the pregnant fact that it became a point of occupation, and that the Federal army was placed within the reach of the dashing strategy of Johnston and Beauregard. From the river at this place various roads ran into the country, and as poor as they were they made such places as Corinth, Purdy, Bethel, Hamburgh and Crump's Landing accessible, and all had an important bearing upon thrilling events close at hand. The roads, ridges and ravines which marked and furrowed the interior became land-marks in a great battle, a description of which, so far as they affected the Fifty-fifth, is postponed until we meet that regiment in the sulphurous flames of Shiloh.

Pittsburgh Landing, now so famous, then excited nothing but disgust and ridicule, and indeed it deserved no better tribute. A small, dilapidated storehouse was the only building there, having reference to business. Up the bluff through a ravine ran the miserable road from the river, its course marked by the unfathomable yellow mud of that region. Just at the right, where the road ascended the hill, a small field was located, sloping toward the water, and in it was a double log house of uncouth construction. There had been a slight skirmish here a few weeks before between a Federal gunboat with a small force, and a rebel regiment. In the



field before mentioned, exposed by the action of the recent rains, could be seen the ghastly remains of two or three Confederate victims of that conflict. This same field has now resting in its bosom the remains of 3590 brave, loyal soldiers. They are sleeping in a state over which rules a governor who lost a limb in the same battle where they lost their lives. He is living and is honored among men because he was a rebel. They lie dead, and mostly in unnamed graves, because they were patriots.

About the landing many boats were grouped containing the elements of Hurlbut's and other divisions, but no encampments had as yet been established. It appears from some of the orders issued that it was at first intended to keep Sherman's division on board steamboats to act as a movable column in seeking a place along the river where the railroads might be vulnerable, but the unprecedented high water defeated any farther attempt, as it had already one, to that end. Sunday evening of March 16th the Fifty-fifth, with the rest of the brigade to which it belonged, filed up the hill into the woods west of the landing. The weather had become clear and frosty, and in the thick woods about three-quarters of a mile away, the regiment passed its first night without shelter. On the following morning, with three days' rations and forty rounds of cartridges, the march was slowly resumed over what afterwards became the battle-field. It was found to be an uninteresting tract of country, cut up by rough ravines and ridges, and for the most part covered with oak timber. Here and there an irregular field and rude cabin indicated a puny effort at agriculture. The course taken by Stuart's brigade carried it along what was then as now known as the Hamburgh road, which turned to the left from the main Corinth road about one mile from the river. From the point of divergence this road circles around the heads of the rugged gullies, and so far as possible following the high ground, makes its way to Hamburgh, an insignificant landing place four miles above Pittsburgh. About three miles out a small branch of Lick Creek crosses the road. Upon this branch, called thereabouts Locust Creek, the Fifty-fifth slept the night of March 17th, and at a point about eighty rods



east of the little peach orchard, which was its encampment at the opening of the battle.

On the next day the brigade went to the boats, and with its teams and complete outfit returned to the former bivouac, and without shelter endured a heavy rainstorm all night. The Tennessee woods were fast putting on the garb of spring, and the peach trees thus early showing their pink flowers. This was a sort of tropical revelation to these lusty Northern soldiers, who were stretching their thews and sinews in the bracing air of the next morning. It was a striking contrast to those who had been accustomed to the blustering, cold winds of March, as they rush to and fro over the prairies of Illinois.

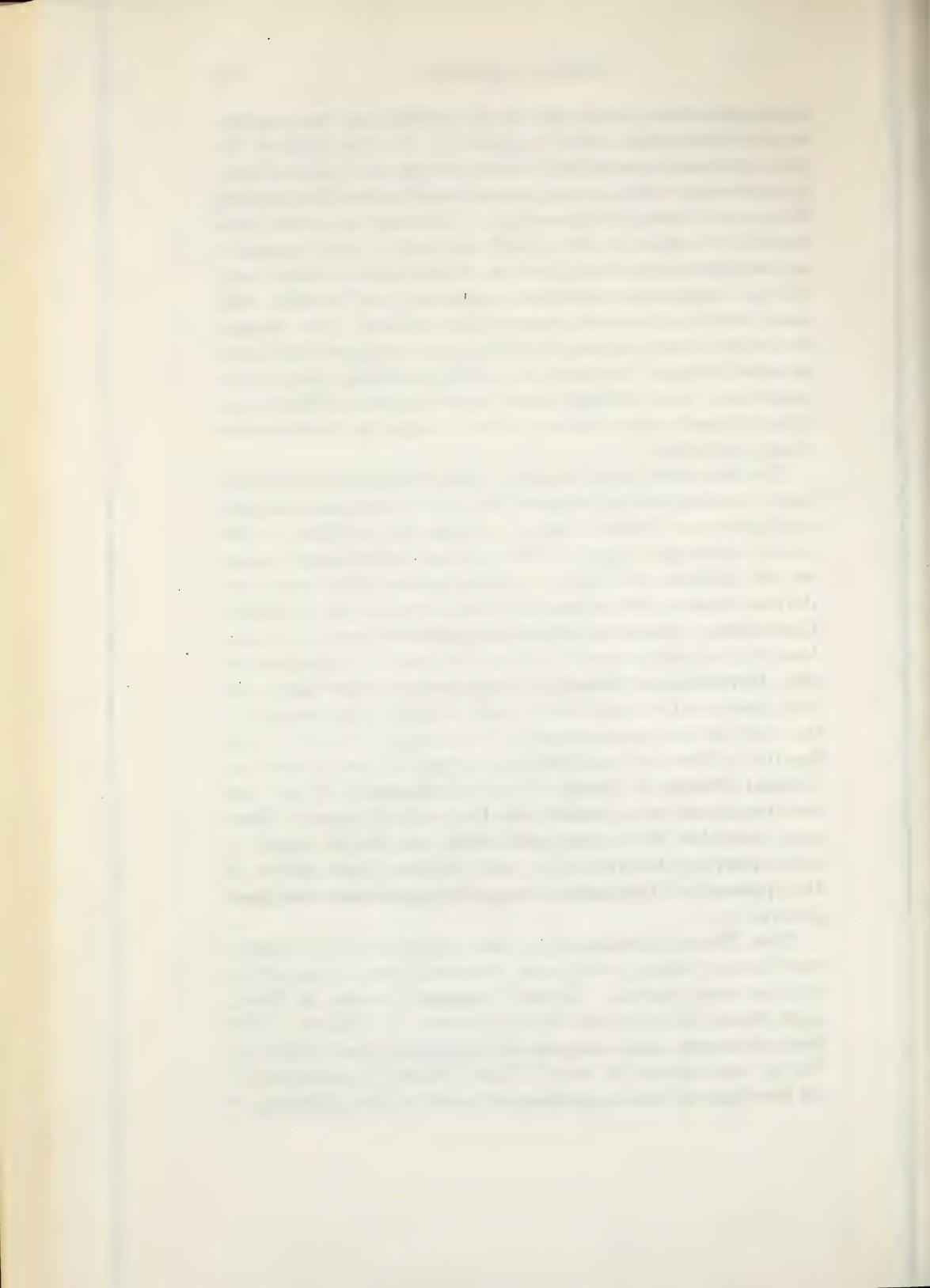
In selecting and preparing camping-grounds, a beautiful little peach orchard fell to the lot of the Fifty-fifth. Next to the right and in the oak thickets, was the Fifty-fourth Ohio, and beyond it and just at the junction of the Hamburg and Purdy roads, encamped the swift-footed Seventy-first Ohio. All were south of the Hamburg road, there trending a little southeast on its course to the river. Immediately south of all the camps of the brigade, and within easy distance—say a hundred yards from the color line—rippled Locust Creek, running due east, and soon absorbed in the greater volume of Lick Creek. Upon the opposite side of Locust Creek, and near the camps, uprose a rugged line of bluffs, dominating all the country in the vicinity. At the left of the Fifty-fifth there was a group of three or four log cabins, aforesome squalid domiciles of certain human beings held as chattels by a tenure fully recognized in the morals, religion and statutes of the South. Across the road, at a point about midway between the camps of the Fifty-fifth and Fifty-fourth, Colonel Stuart located the brigade headquarters in a white, frame dwelling-house of some pretension for that region. Pittsburgh Landing was about one mile and three-quarters away, in a direct line north. The road to that place, however, formed a semi-circle for the purpose of finding an easier route around the terrific ravines running to the river, so that about three miles' travel was necessary when going to the steamboats. All the ground which the brigade occupied



belonged at that time to one Noah Cantrill, and has now descended to his heirs, who live upon it. To the right of the Fifty-fifth was a pretty little ravine running into Locust Creek at right angles with it, along which were located the cooking devices and ovens of the soldiers. Due east was about one-quarter of a mile of field, bluff and ravine, and beyond it another quarter of a mile of muddy bottom, which reached to the river. All the camps were beautiful, convenient and healthy, with wood, water and parade ground close at hand. The scenery abounded in deep ravines, sparkling waters, rugged bluffs and beautiful foliage. In short, as a soldier's abiding place it was admirable. In a military sense, as to its defensibility when attacked, and in its relation to other troops, the location was simply atrocious.

The remaining three brigades of the Fifth division, in their route from the landing followed the Corinth road, and stopped contiguous to "Shiloh church," a little log building in the woods, where the people of the vicinage were wont to meet on the Sabbath and listen to sermons about the beauties of African slavery, and to pray for the success of the Southern Confederacy. Stuart's brigade was just about two miles away from the nearest troops of its own division. The purpose of this distribution of Sherman's forces was to guard the whole front between Owl and Lick Creeks, leaving space enough in the rear for the cantonments of subsequent arrivals. The location of the forces at Pittsburgh Landing was ordered by General Charles F. Smith. The establishment of the line and its tactical arrangement was the work of General Sherman, and that the subsequent battle was fought under its accompanying disadvantages, and with so little notice of the approach of the enemy, is equally due to the same great general.

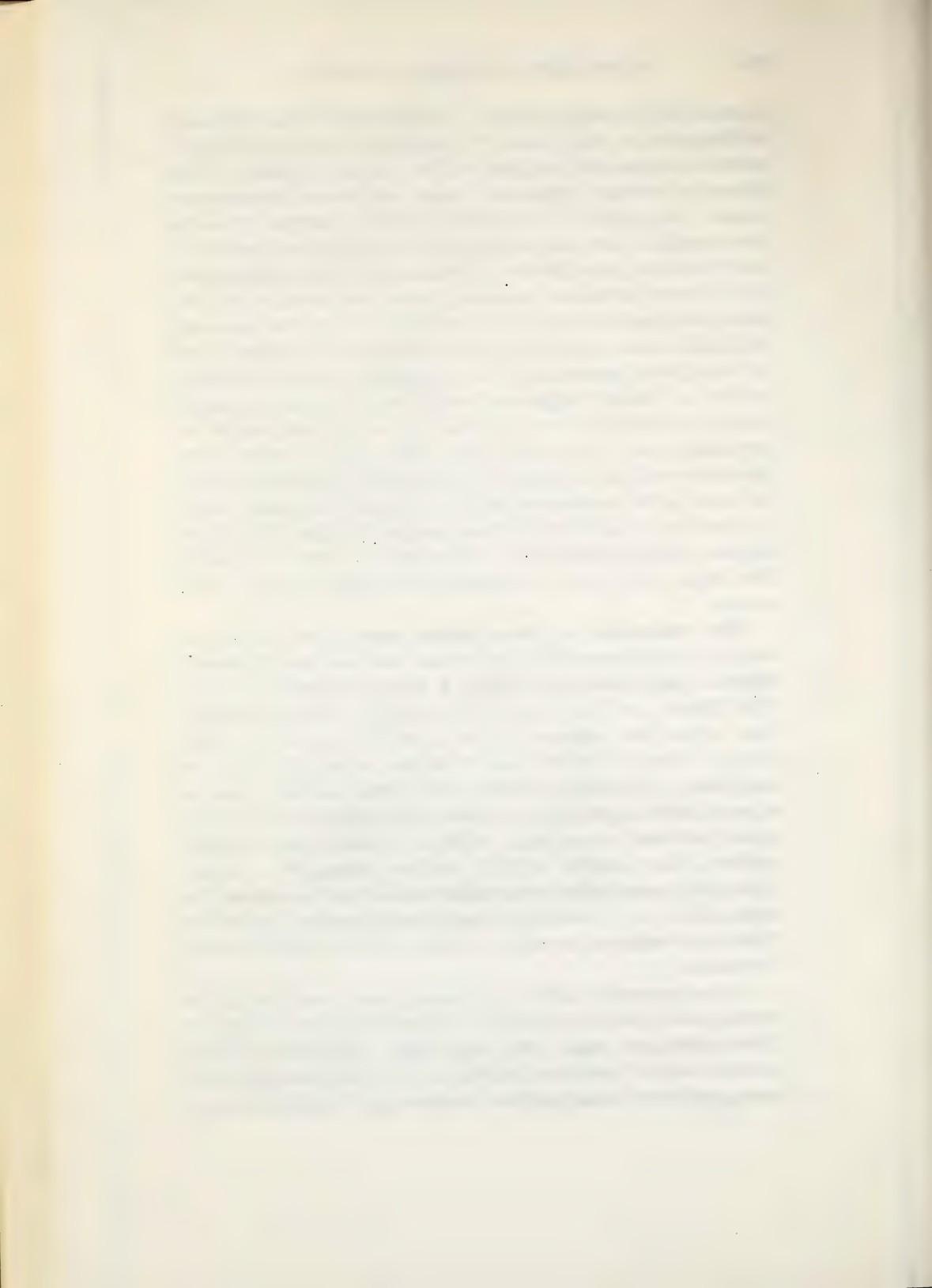
Near Stuart's headquarters, and assigned to the brigade, was Stone's battery, which was removed, however, before its services were needed. General Sherman's order of March 19th stated, in regard to Stuart's troops, as follows: "The Second brigade will camp on the Hamburg road where the Purdy road comes in near Colonel Stuart's headquarters." At the close of the order above referred to, the following is



directed to the whole division: "Each brigade must encamp looking west, so that when the regiments are on their regimental parades the brigade will be in line of battle. The intervals between regiments must not exceed twenty-two paces." In point of fact, Stuart's brigade camped so as to face exactly south, and an interval of one hundred paces existed between its different regiments, and the encampments of its three battalions occupied, from one extreme to the other, over one-half mile of sacred soil. If on the morning of Shiloh these troops had been attacked as suddenly and with as little opportunity for preparation as was Prentiss, neither of Stuart's regiments would have been in its proper place in the brigade, nor its flanks connected with any other organized body. A curious and thoroughly characteristic illustration of the unsoldierly carelessness of the time may be found in the statement that, by General Sherman's order of March 9th, the Fifty-fifth was assigned to the right of the brigade, while its camp was on the extreme left of it, and in the battle which soon followed, the regiment was in the centre.

The elaboration of these details may seem tedious to some, but they were then important and are now historical. On this very ground and within a few days' time the Fifty-fifth Illinois and Fifty-fourth Ohio stood, a stalwart obstruction across the pathway of the grand left wheel by which Albert Sidney Johnston sought to sweep away the army of the Union. Exactly upon this part of the field the issue of a great battle impinged upon these two regiments; and there alone, without experience, without generals and without artillery, they fought mightily for the saving of a nation. Then the ground which was under the feet of these men, the trees which waved over them, and the rills which rippled by them are worthy of an abler pen than will be likely to touch the theme.

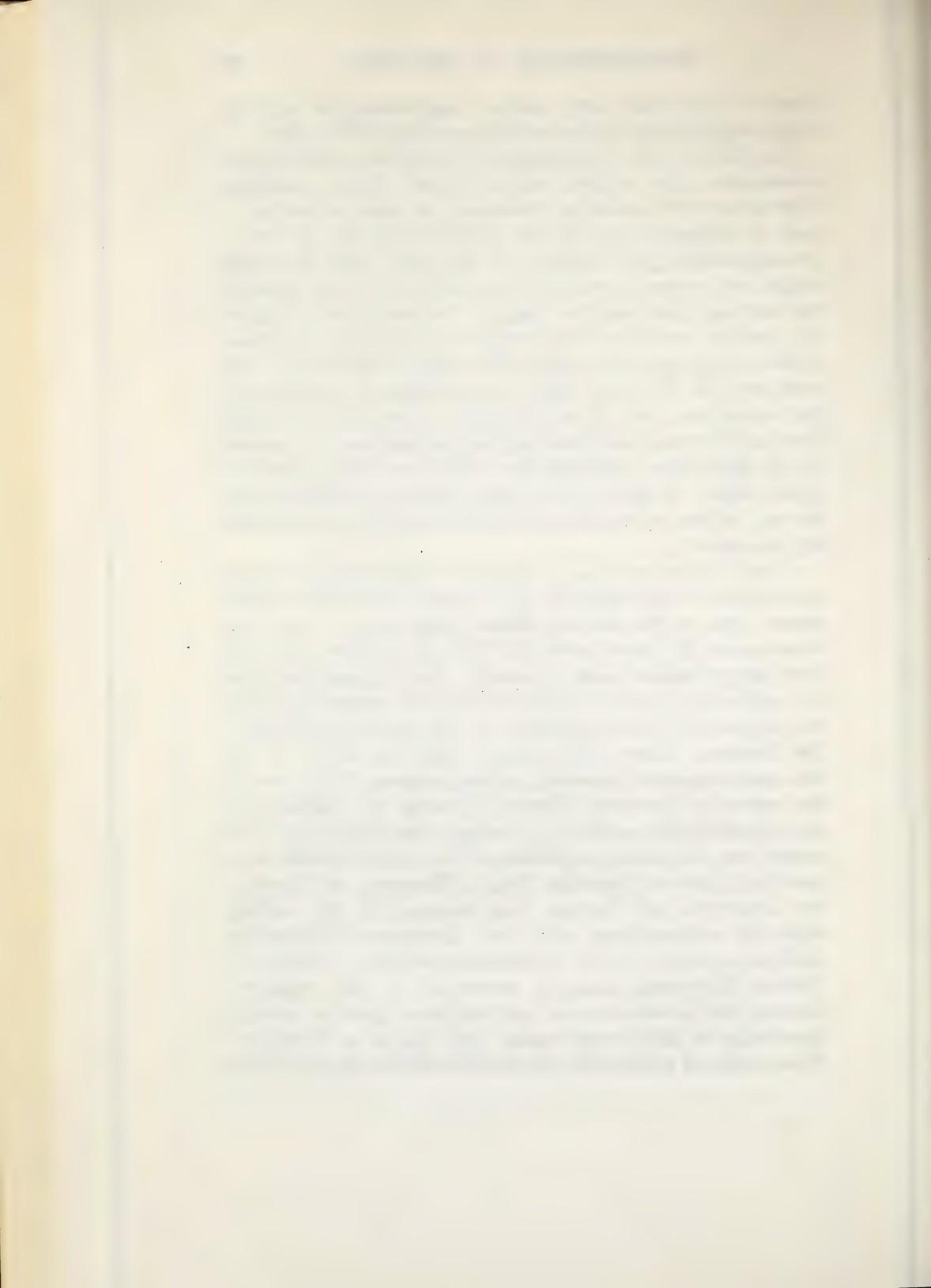
In the agreeable labor of preparing quarters in this sylvan retreat, and at moderate drill, the next four days were spent. The details for guard duty were light. The most distant pickets on the front were located not over one hundred yards away, and were under the bluff on the opposite side of Locust



Creek. They could have seen no approaching foe until directly over their heads and within gunshot of the camps.

On March 24th, in pursuance of orders from the division commander, the brigade, under Colonel Stuart, marched directly toward Corinth to Monterey, an interior hamlet—a sort of half-way point to the rebel stronghold. It was a reconnoissance, and a tramp of ten miles over the rough ridges and across the muddy creeks which intervene between the starting place and Pea Ridge. The weather was delightful, but the twenty miles of travel was sufficiently tiresome to the troops, unaccustomed as they were to marching. The rank and file of course had no knowledge of the object of the expedition, and clamored lustily to be led to Corinth. General Sherman, upon hearing these pugnacious expressions as he passed by, remarked that there were sixty-thousand rebels there. In this he was greatly mistaken, but there were enough to have overwhelmed Stuart's brigade, notwithstanding its conceit.

From the notes of C. C. Davis of Company G, who was postmaster of the regiment, it is learned that Chicago daily papers cost at the landing fifteen cents each. From the same source it is ascertained that Orderly Roberts, who had been left at Paducah sick, returned to the regiment on April 2d, and so by a narrow margin of time his company gained the presence of that fine soldier for the approaching battle. On Tuesday, March 25th, Captain Clay was officer of the day, and succeeded in making his only capture for the war in the person of Sergeant Henry Augustine of Company A, who incurred his suspicion of being noisy after taps. The matter was laboriously adjudicated by a court-martial, composed of Captains Chandler, Wright, Thurston, and Lieutenant Lawrence, and Captain Clay censured by the verdict, while the sergeant went scot free. Company and battalion drill were practiced with considerable industry, Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg being in command of the regiment. Captain Bird acted as major, and had more than the average knowledge of drill found among line officers at that time. Few combined movements occurred to afford any test of the



capacity of the brigade commander, although he looked right gallant when mounted and surrounded by his staff.

General Prentiss was given command of an embryo division on March 26th, and, as new regiments arrived, he began the organization of it to the right and front of Stuart's location, and nearly one mile away. The remaining divisions occupied, irregularly and without much system, the ground to the right and rear. Directly to the rear of Stuart's brigade was a space of rough country stretching inland from the Tennessee somewhat more than half a mile, and entirely unoccupied by troops all the way to Pittsburgh Landing. In other words, had this brigade been removed, or had it run away upon the approach of danger, a broad way was opened to flank the entire army and capture the base of supplies. If this had happened, the battle order of the Confederate commander would literally have been complied with. It is deliberately recorded, and with a full knowledge of its historical significance, that the Fifty-fifth Illinois and the Fifty-fourth Ohio were the only armed obstruction in the way of the execution of that order, so far as it related to the extreme left flank of the Union army, during the first of the two days' battle of Shiloh. The order spoken of, or rather the portion of it referred to, is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, {  
CORINTH, April 3, 1862. }

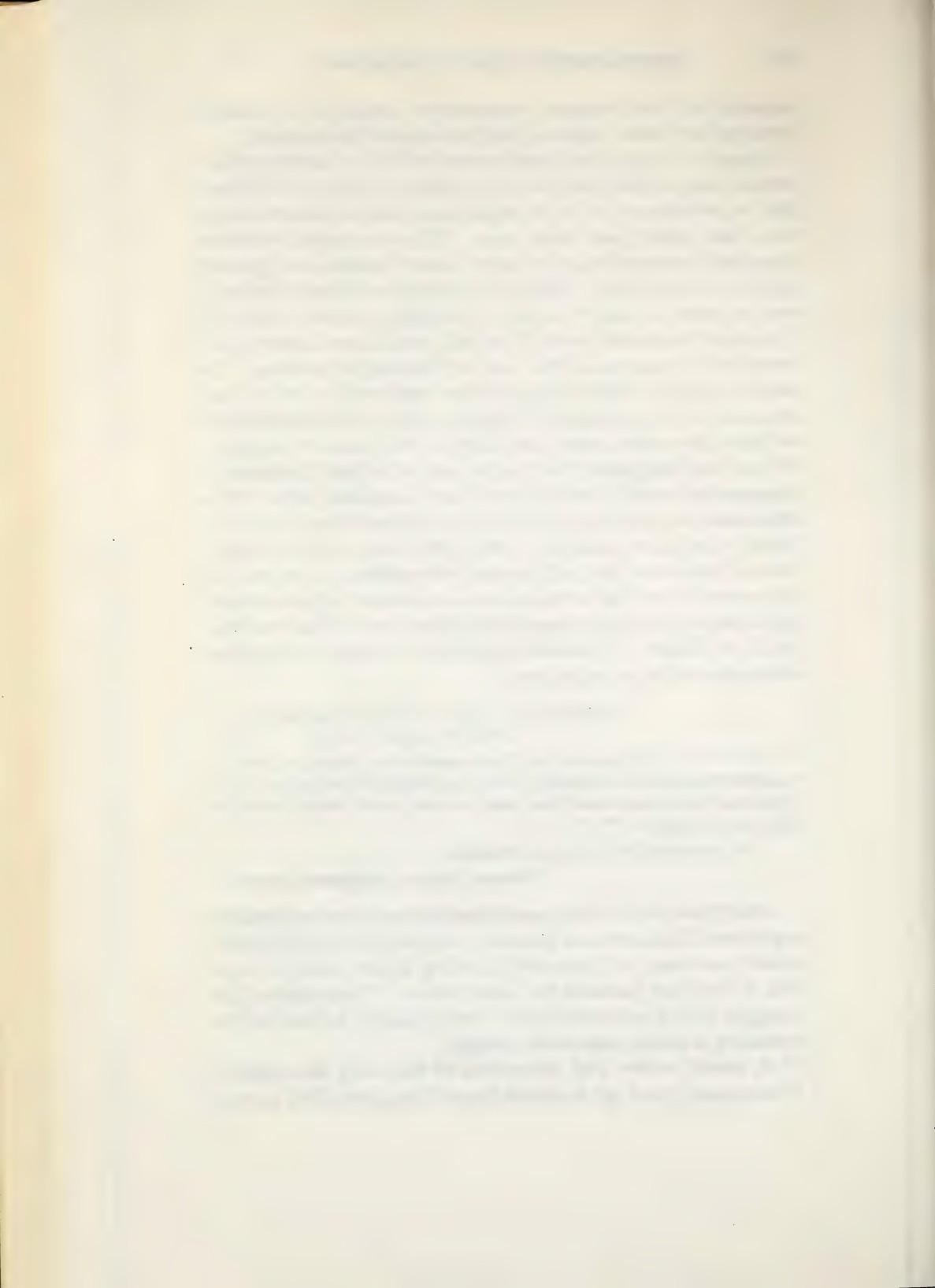
\* \* \* \* \* In the approaching battle every effort should be made to turn the left flank of the enemy so as to cut off his line of retreat to the Tennessee River, and throw him back on Owl Creek, where he will be obliged to surrender. \* \* \* \*

By command of Gen. A. S. Johnston.

THOMAS JORDAN, *Adjutant-General.*

Had it not been for the manful resistance of two of Stuart's regiments, Chalmers' and Jackson's brigades of the rebel army could have been at Pittsburgh Landing before noon of April 6th, if they had pursued the direct route. The details of the struggle which prevented this dire calamity belong to the events of a battle soon to be related.

A grand review and inspection of the army occurred on Wednesday, April 2d, in which Stuart's brigade filled a space



along the Hamburgh Purdy road about two miles west of its camps. On Friday, April 4th, forty men, partly from the Fifty-fifth and all under the direction of the first-lieutenant of Company I of that regiment, worked through the day repairing a road across Locust Creek. The talk then was that Buell's troops were going to land at Hamburgh, and that the road was for their benefit. The first use it was put to was to smooth the way for Clanton's cavalry to reconnoitre the Federal left on the morning of April 6th. On the evening of April 4th, just after the dress-parade, firing was heard to the right and in the direction of Shiloh church. The customary drum signal of danger "rolled" along the front of the army and the men quickly got under arms. It was a slight affair of one of Buckland's regiments accidentally colliding with the advance of the Rebel army, and should have been accepted as notice of peril by the generals at the front. It served no such purpose, however, though Stuart's brigade, too far away to be lulled into security by the soothing assurances of superiors, sent out strong reinforcements to its pickets. A terrific rain followed during the greater portion of that night and demonstrated to the officers on duty the wonderful adaptability of the little Zouave caps then worn, for pouring an uninterrupted stream of rain-water down the spinal column. It was this storm more than anything else which delayed the concentration and deployment of the Confederate army in time to bring on the battle Saturday, as was intended.

On the next day, Stone's battery, hitherto located upon the extreme left, took its departure in accordance with orders emanating from the Army Commander. No other was sent to replace it and that flank was therefore left to such protection as the infantry could afford. All through the pleasant Saturday the routine of drill and camp was pursued without alarm or suspicion. The sound of the drums which called the Federal troops to the parade ground fell with almost equal distinctness upon the ears of a mighty opposing host crouching in the woods beyond. Along the disintegrated Union line, from McDowell's brigade on the right to Stuart's brigade on the left, not one act took



place indicating preparation to meet an attack. All the numerous and usual means at hand for testing the approach of a hostile army seem to have been in a state of "innocuous desuetude." So this day which preceded one of the greatest battles of modern times, passed in contentment. As its hours slipped into eternity they were fully utilized by the Confederates in deploying two lines of battle between Owl and Lick Creeks, with reserves close at hand, almost within cannon shot of the Federal camps. After having methodically completed these fateful preparations, the day being too far spent to proceed with the assault, all the Major-Generals of the rebel army met in council under the trees within less than two miles of General Sherman's headquarters. Indeed, when looking at the serene dispatches of Saturday, one is led to the conclusion that the Federal army was there for sanitary purposes, and the country roundabout Pittsburgh Landing was a health resort.

Lest these statements seem extravagant, a few quotations are made from such dispatches, all of which may be found in Volume X, parts I and II, of the Official Records of the Rebellion, and were written less than twenty-four hours before the death-grapple commenced. General Grant, in writing to General Halleck, says: "I have scarcely the faintest idea that an attack (general one) will be made upon us;" and again:—"General Nelson's division has arrived. The other two of General Buell's column will arrive tomorrow or next day. It is my present intention to send them to Hamburgh, some four miles above Pittsburgh, when they get here. From that point to Corinth the road is good and a junction can be formed at almost any point. Colonel McPherson has gone with an escort today to examine the ground about Hamburgh, and lay out the position of the camps, if advisable to occupy the place." In another dispatch he says: "The main force of the enemy is at Corinth, with troops at different points east." This reassuring statement is followed by the further assertion in the same dispatch, that "the number of the enemy at Corinth and within supporting distance of it cannot be far from 80,000." On the same day and at a time when every man of the rebel army was within six



miles of Shiloh church, and most of them nearer, General Grant dispatched from Savannah to General Buell as follows: "I will be here to meet you tomorrow. The enemy at and near Corinth are probably from 60,000 to 80,000." General Ammen, who commanded the first of Buell's brigades to arrive at Savannah, states in his diary of events filed with his official report, the following as occurring on Saturday: "About three P. M. General Grant and General Nelson came to my tent. General Grant declined to dismount, as he had an engagement. In answer to my remark that our troops were not fatigued and could march to Pittsburgh Landing if necessary, General Grant said: "You cannot march through the swamps. Make the troops comfortable. I will send boats for you Monday. There will be no fight at Pittsburgh Landing; we will have to go to Corinth, where the rebels are fortified."

It should be stated in extenuation of the delusion of General Grant, however, that he received from the extreme front, and from his trusted subordinate, General Sherman, on the same day the following words: "All is quiet along our line now. We are in the act of exchanging cavalry, according to your order. The enemy has cavalry in our front, and I think there are two regiments of infantry and one battery about two miles out." This latter statement is now known to be an under estimate of the enemy "about two miles out" of more than forty thousand. That the cavalry was being exchanged "according to order," is a sufficient statement that the "eyes of the army" were closed by official action. In another dispatch of same date General Sherman said: "I have no doubt that nothing will occur today more than picket firing."

While these placid remarks were passing to and fro, and almost at the precise hour, Generals Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Hardee, Polk and Breckenridge were discussing the plans of the impending battle within one and one-half miles of General Sherman's own tent. To their right and left, eight hundred yards apart, stretched two compact lines of battle, with reserves close in rear. At that conference, as is now well known, General Beauregard suggested a retreat to



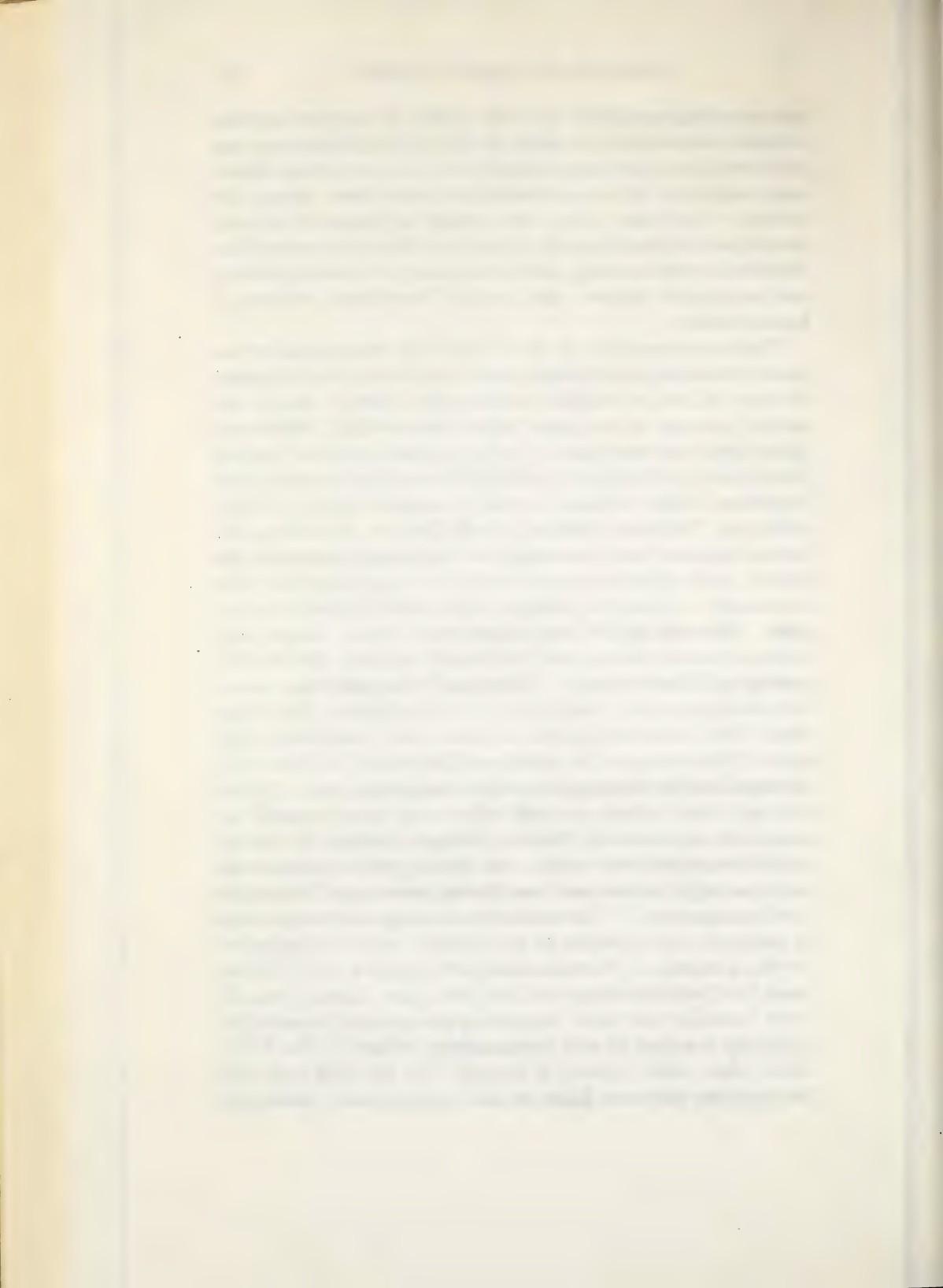
Corinth, because in his opinion the Confederate movement of three days had been too slow to render a surprise possible. His reasoning was based upon sound military principles, and was in accordance with all human probabilities. He did not know the sublime indifference the inspiration of genius sometimes has for practical facts. Can any inference be drawn from the above consistent with vigilance on the part of the Union commanders? Was not the terrible onslaught, born of the desperation of Albert Sidney Johnston, a "surprise" in the broadest military sense? Can there be any doubt but that when General Sherman came to write his report of the battle of Shiloh, and said, "about eight o'clock A. M. I saw the glistening bayonets of heavy masses of infantry to our left and front in the woods beyond the small stream alluded to, and became satisfied for the *first time* that the enemy designed a determined attack on our whole camp," he designated the precise moment when first he appreciated the magnitude of the occasion? Is it not clear from his own words, that as he sat upon his horse on the point of bluff in front of the Fifty-third Ohio, where his orderly was shot beside him, and looked over across "Shiloh branch," that he then came down from the clouds of speculation and his great genius condescended to notice the practical fact that a great battle had commenced? But it was too late to make combined and well-ordered movements. It was too late to use generalship. It was too late to send any words of advice or encouragement to Stuart's detached brigade two miles away, and General Sherman turned to his men close at hand to do such duty as the lack of forethought left possible.

Through the endless discussion since the war certain historical conclusions have been definitely arrived at. Chief among them are these: that the great surprise of the war in a military sense occurred then and there; that a Confederate army of over forty thousand men, moving in three days' time less than twenty miles, compelled the opposing army to accept battle upon terms dictated by them and strictly upon the defensive; that the shock of battle was so unexpected by the Federals that every separate and separated organization of it was compelled to fight according to circumstances and



not according to design; that the battle of the first day was without combination or head, so far as the Union army was concerned, and soon degenerated into a *mélée* wherein almost every regiment of it was flanked at some time during the conflict. On these points the verdict of history is as well settled as it is that Generals Grant and Sherman atoned for it by living and learning, and subsequently becoming trusted and successful leaders, and, under Providence, saviors of human liberty.

The exact condition of the Union front when attacked on Sunday morning involves the entire question of due diligence to meet it, and an explicit statement of facts is herein inserted, because of its great value historically. Moreover, these facts nowhere appear in the reports, and the leading participants in the battle, who have since become its chief historians, either mislead or fail to answer inquiry in that direction. Without claiming credit for or describing the minute personal work necessary for the ascertainment of the details, such details are given with the assurance that they are correct. Upon the extreme right was McDowell's brigade. Next to the left, but a quarter of a mile distant, and across a heavy ravine, was Buckland's brigade with its left resting at Shiloh church. Hildebrand's brigade then came, with its right at the church, but its left regiment, the Fifty-third Ohio, detached across a ravine, two hundred yards away. The troops so far mentioned belonged to Sherman's division, and his headquarters were close in the rear. To the left and front, about one-half mile away, were located the seven raw regiments of Prentiss' embryo division, all having recently received their arms—one having got its ammunition only the night before, and one having none at all when the battle commenced. The interval to the right of Prentiss was in point of fact enlarged at the opening of the engagement by the advance of Prentiss about one quarter of a mile to meet the Confederate assault, and the space almost immediately assumed still more dangerous proportions through the cowardly conduct of the commanding officer of the Fifty-third Ohio, who ordered a retreat. To the left rear and forming the extreme flank in that quarter, were encamped



Stuart's three regiments, at a distance of more than three quarters of a mile from Prentiss. By Stuart's movement to the left and the departure of the Seventy-first Ohio from his right, the interval last described was increased to one full mile.

A route touching these various positions would be circuitous and much longer than a direct line from Owl to Lick Creek. Less than one-half of it was occupied. It was an imaginary line, like the equator. It was not a formation of troops separated by occasional spaces. It was a space with bodies of troops located at uncertain and distant intervals upon it. It is unnecessary to describe the exact location of the troops in the rear, which embraced all the experienced men in the army, for not one organization reached the front line, but picked up the fight in a desultory manner as the Confederates pursued Sherman and Prentiss to the rear of their camps. The flanks of the army, as a whole, could not have been better protected than they were by the waters and marshes of creeks. The flanks of its different sections could not have been more exposed than they were by the nature of the ground and lack of continuity. Every unoccupied space became an immediate point of danger, through which the rebel hosts poured, and flanked each separate body of Federal troops. The attack came so suddenly and unexpectedly that the gaps could not be filled from the rear. A compact, connected line of Confederates, followed by a second eight hundred yards in the rear, met a disintegrated Federal line, and the natural consequences followed. Herein is found the substance and shadow of the "surprise" at Shiloh.

Why the Fifty-fifth Illinois and the Fifty-fourth Ohio bore such a heavy burden on that occasion grows out of the facts above stated. A recital of them, therefore, becomes necessary, in order that this work may be historically correct and fairly just. Enough has been written to indicate the conclusions of the author, and assuredly enough has been quoted to justify such conclusions.

Saturday night of April 5th came, and brought with it no sense of danger. Stuart's brigade, sharing in the delusion common to all, retired to rest unmindful of the harvest of



death to be reaped on the morrow. The few hours of uneventful sleep which followed bring us face to face with the actual details of the great battle of Shiloh. A description of the part performed therein by the Fifty-fifth Illinois may properly be introduced by the report of Colonel Stuart, its brigade commander:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, FIFTH DIVISION,  
CAMP SHILOH, April 10, 1862.

SIR:

I have the honor to submit a report of the part taken by Second Brigade of General Sherman's division in the engagement of the 6th and 7th instant:

The brigade, composed of the Fifty-fifth Illinois, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg; the Fifty-fourth Ohio, Col. T. Kilby Smith, and the Seventy-first Ohio, Col. R. Mason, occupied the extreme left of the advance, General Prentiss' division on my right and front. In obedience to General Sherman's orders I kept a company at and in the vicinity of the Ford of Lick Creek, on the Hamburg road, and another on and in the vicinity of the Back road (coming in on the hills opposite and southeast of the encampment), as picket guards, and on his order on Saturday, sent six companies out on the Hamburg road, with a squadron of cavalry sent forward by General McCleernand, to reconnoitre beyond Hamburg. The disposition of my pickets was reported to and approved by General Sherman.

At 7.30 o'clock on Sunday morning I received a verbal message from General Prentiss that the enemy were in his front in force. Soon after my pickets sent in word that a force, with artillery, were advancing on the Back road. In a very short time I discovered the Pelican flag advancing in the rear of General Prentiss' headquarters. I dispatched my adjutant (Loomis, of the Fifty-fourth Ohio,) to General Hurlbut, who occupied with his division the rear in the center, to inform him that General Prentiss' left was turned, and to ask him to advance his forces. The reply was that he would advance immediately. Within fifteen minutes General Hurlbut sent forward a battery, which took position on the road immediately by Colonel Mason's (Seventy-first) headquarters. A regiment (the Forty-first Illinois, as I remember,) formed in line on the right of this battery.

Observing these dispositions, and expecting that the remainder of General Hurlbut's division would be up quickly, I established my line of battle accordingly, with the right of the Seventy-first Ohio resting opposite the eastern extremity of the camp of the Fifty-fifth Illinois, the Fifty-fifth regiment next, on the left, and the Fifty-fourth beyond, facing the south. I had two companies of the Fifty-fifth Illinois and two companies of the Fifty-fourth Ohio detached as skirmishers on the hills opposite and



across the creek or ravine where the enemy was endeavoring to plant a battery, covered by a much larger force of skirmishers.

From a convenient position on the brow of the bank north of the creek, with my glass I could observe all their movements. Having succeeded in planting their battery in a commanding position they opened a fire of shell upon us, under cover of which the infantry advanced upon us diagonally from the left of Prentiss' division, and also from the right of their battery. I hastened in person to the battery I had left half an hour before in front of Colonel Mason's tent, to order them farther east, in front of my headquarters, where they would have had a splendid fire as well upon the enemy's battery as upon the advancing infantry. The battery had left without firing a gun, and the battalion on its right had disappeared.

For above a quarter of a mile to my right no soldier could be seen, unless fugitives, making their way to the rear. A large body of the enemy's troops were advancing due north toward Mason's camp, and I saw that the position of my brigade was inevitably flanked by an overwhelming and unopposed force.

Hastening back to my brigade, I found the enemy rapidly advancing on its front. The Seventy-first Ohio had fallen back, under the shelling of the enemy's guns, to some position (as I am informed by Colonel Mason) about 150 yards in the rear, and re-formed on a ridge of ground very defensible for infantry, but I could not find them, and had no intimation as to where they had gone. Before I could change position the Fifty-fifth Illinois and the Fifty-fourth Ohio were engaged, but as soon as possible I withdrew them to a position on the brow of a hill, and formed a line which, extended, would intersect my first line diagonally from northwest to southeast.

At this point I had not to exceed 800 men of the Fifty-fifth Illinois and the Fifty-fourth Ohio. I saw nothing more of the Seventy-first Regiment through the fight. The enemy's force of five regiments of infantry and a battery of four guns, which had been moving on our right flank, were here brought to a stand, and formed a line of battle. A body of cavalry ~~were~~ sent off on our then right toward our rear, to harass or cut off our retreat. A part of the force which had attacked our first front was disposed with a view of flanking us on our present left. Against this latter force (moving through a ravine, which had its mouth just below and in the rear of our extreme left) I sent a detachment of four companies of Zouaves, Fifty-fourth Ohio, under Major Fisher, by whom they were held in check during the fight. This engagement opened, the enemy's line and ours being established at a distance of about fifteen yards apart. At this point we fought, and held them for upwards of two hours. The enemy's lines were within the edge of a grove, pretty well defended by trees; the space between us was an open, level and smooth field. The disposition of their forces was made deliberately, and occupied fully fifteen minutes after we came upon the ground.

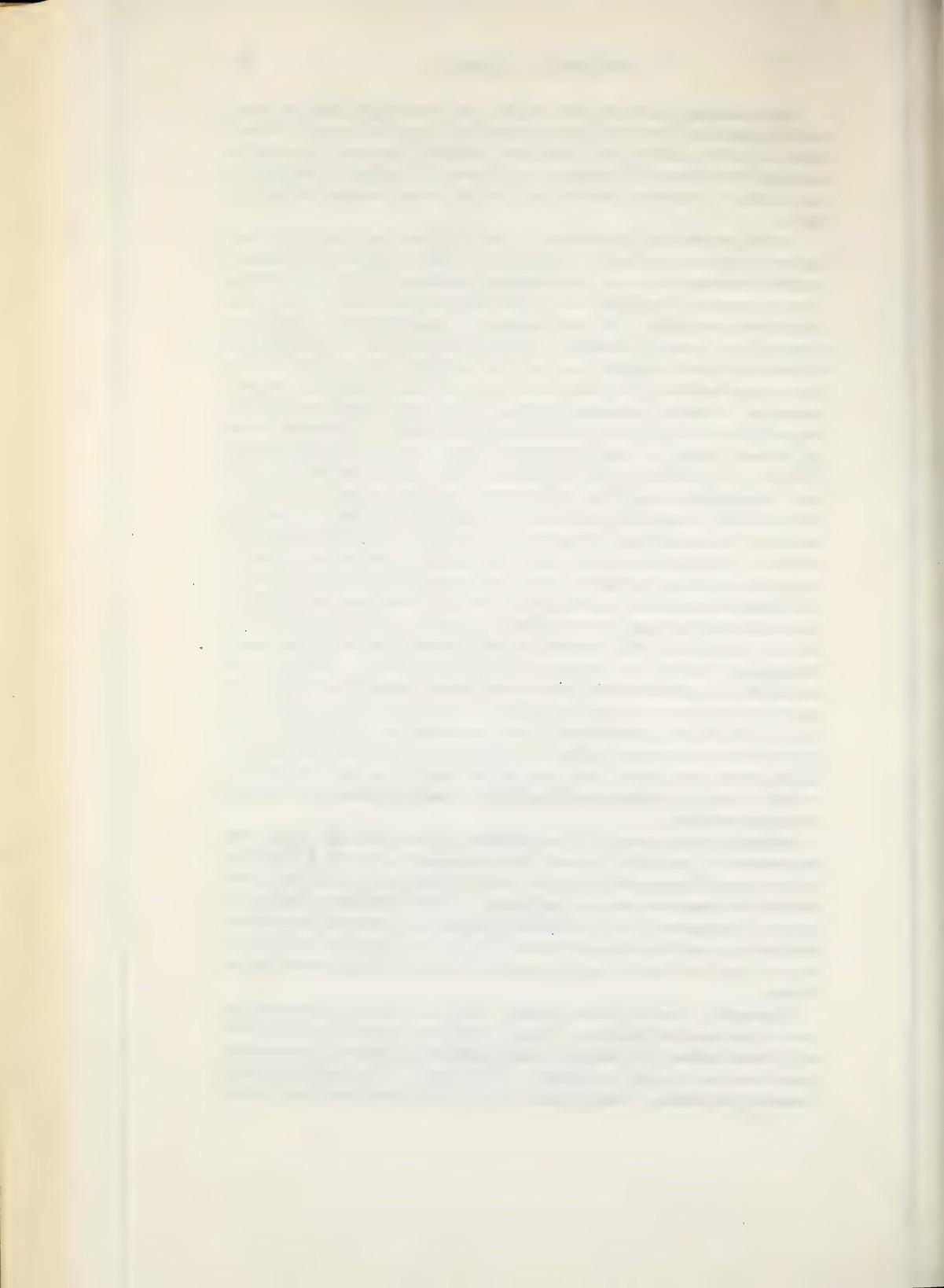


Inadequate as I knew my force to be, I was encouraged to fight it and hold my position, first with the object of detaining the enemy's forces from advancing toward the river, and secondly because I received a message from General McArthur, who appeared in person somewhere in my vicinity, to hold my position, and that he would support me on my right.

I could not find the Seventy-first Ohio Regiment, and had less than 800 men under my command. During the action we observed a battery planted southeast of us, in a commanding position, to enfilade our line. It was, however, employed with little beyond threatening effect, the firing being too high. We had received no support on our right, as promised by General McArthur. We had emptied the cartridge-boxes of the killed and wounded, and our ammunition was exhausted. Our fire was so slackened from this cause and our losses that I was apprehensive of a forward movement by the enemy, who could easily have overwhelmed us and thrown us into ruinous confusion. With the advice of Colonel Smith, of the Fifty-fourth Ohio, and Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg, commanding the Fifty-fifth Illinois, I gave the order to fall back through the ravine and re-form on a hill to our right. I led the remnant of my brigade in good order to the point selected. When we reached it the enemy had advanced on our left with their battery and were on a commanding position within 600 yards. They opened a fire of shell upon us, which compelled me to move on still farther, sheltering the command as well as possible by ravines and circuitous paths, till we reached a cavalry camp, where the brigade was re-formed. On our way we were joined by a small remnant of the Seventy-first, under command of Adjutant Hart, of that regiment (some 17 or 18 men). Finding I was beyond the line of the enemy, after consultation I ordered the brigade to march to the rear, toward the landing, in preference to sending for ammunition, which I apprehended would not reach us. Within a quarter of a mile of the batteries the brigade was halted by an officer of General Grant's staff, who stated that ammunition was being sent back, and ordered that every fragment of regiments moving toward the landing should be stopped.

Suffering from a wound I had received in my shoulder before the termination of our fight, I turned the command over to Col. T. Kilby Smith, of the Fifty-fourth Ohio, the next in rank, and proceeded to the landing to learn the extent of my injury. Colonel Smith left the command to Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg temporarily, while he returned to find and unite with the brigade the left wing of his regiment, which had become detached from us in their defense of our left flank, under Major Fisher.

Meanwhile General Grant, passing, ordered Colonel Malmborg to form a line near the batteries. Major Fisher soon came in with his men and joined the line. Through Colonel Malmborg's efforts a line of over 3,000 men was formed, composed of remnants of regiments moving towards the landing. Major Andrews, of the Seventy-first, here came



up with a portion of the left wing of his regiment, about 150 men, whom he had led to the bank of the Tennessee, where he hailed the gun-boats, informing them of the approach of the enemy. So much of the brigade were in the last engagement near the batteries.

On Monday morning the brigade took the field, under the command of Colonel Smith. Its conduct was under the observation of the general himself. I was not able to do more than to make an effort to excite the enthusiasm of the men and lead them to the field when they were ordered forward into action. I turned the command over to Colonel Smith soon after. The experience of Sunday left me under no apprehension as to the fate of the brigade, if coolness, deliberation, and personal bravery could save it from loss or disgrace. Colonel Smith, from the beginning to the end of the engagement on Sunday, was constantly at his post, rallying, encouraging, and fighting his men under incessant fire, regardless of personal safety.

I was under great obligations to Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg, whose military education and experience were of every importance to me. Comprehending at a glance the purpose and object of every movement of the enemy, he was able to advise me promptly and intelligently as to the disposition of my men. He was cool, observant, discreet, and brave, and of infinite service to me. Adj't. Charles Loomis, of the Fifty-fourth, who was my only aid, discharged his duties with the utmost promptness and gallantry. He was intelligent, brave, and is a very meritorious officer.

It is my duty to make special mention of Adjutant Hart, of the Seventy-first Regiment, who, having lost his own regiment, sought a place in the ranks of the Fifty-fifth, and with 17 men of that regiment fought there bravely from first to last. Every captain in the Fifty-fifth did his duty, with one disgraceful exception, and he is under arrest. The same is true of the lieutenants, with one exception, and he also is arrested.

The following named officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates are reported to me by Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg as meriting notice especially: Captain Wright, Co. F, who was wounded; Captain Heffernan, Co. H; Captain Chandler, Co. D; Captain Slattery, Co. I; Second-Lieutenant E. C. Lawrence, Co. B, who was wounded; Second-Lieutenant Hodges, Co. C, killed; Second-Lieutenant J. R. Roberts, Co. D; First-Lieutenant Weldon, Co. H, badly wounded; Second-Lieutenant Aagesen, Co. H, badly wounded; First-Lieutenant Crooker, Co. I, badly wounded; Sergeant Glass, Co. A; Corporal Williamson, Co. A, wounded; Corporal Simpson, Co. A, wounded; Corporal Erickson, Co. A; Private Hebb, Co. A; Sergeant Elliot, Co. B, badly wounded; Sergeant Huntington, Co. B, badly wounded; Corporal Payne, Co. B; Private Sullivan, Co. B; Private Bradford, Co. B; First-Sergeant Partch, Co. C, badly wounded; Sergeant Curtiss, Co. C; Corporal Shultz, Co. C, badly wounded; Corporal Oliver, Co. C; Private Mahan, Co. C, badly wounded; Private Kettleson, Co. C, badly wounded; Sergeant Smith, Co. D, badly wounded; Corporal



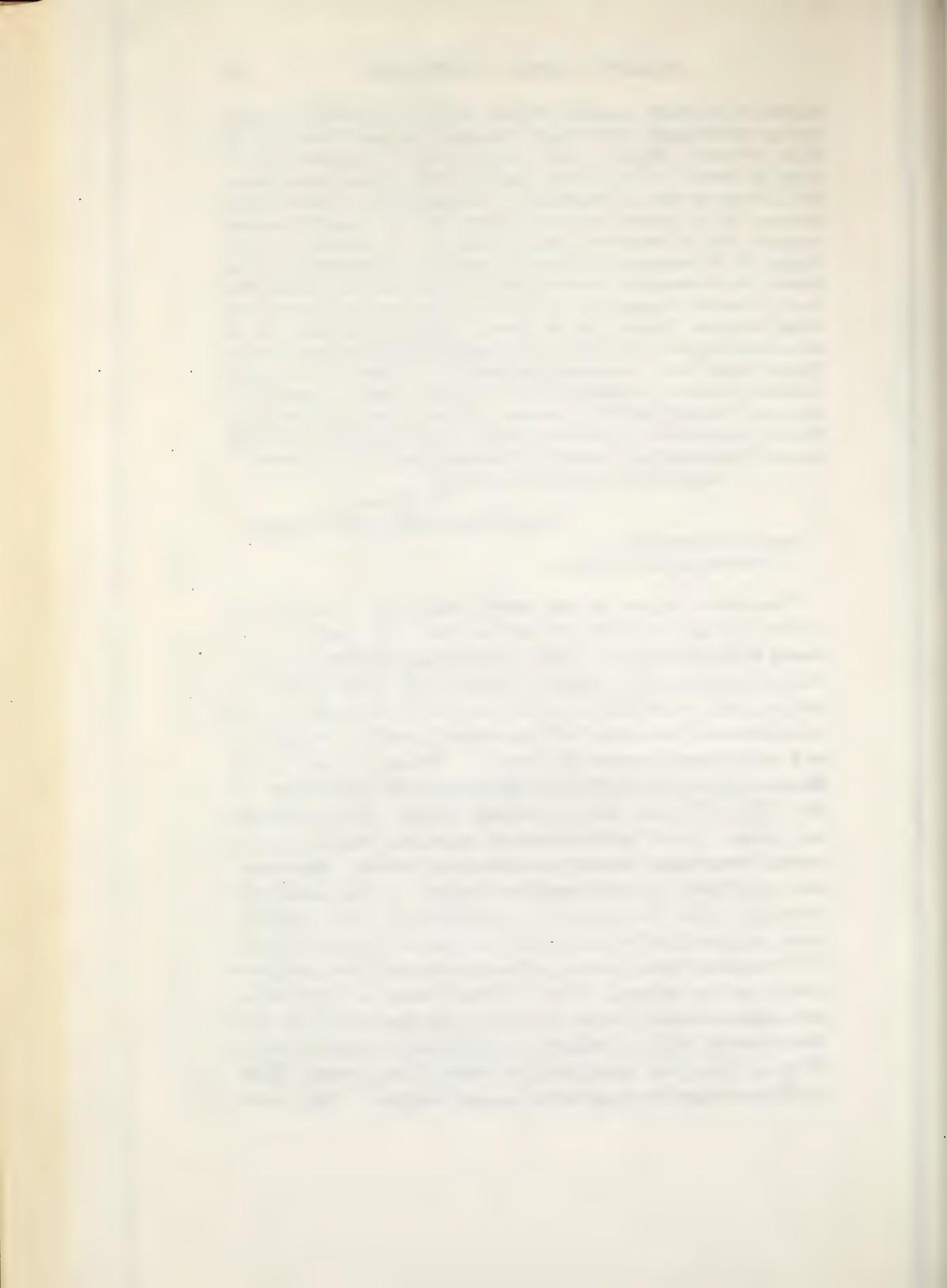
Harrell, Co. D, badly wounded; Private Burk, Co. D, badly wounded; Private Rodenbaugh, Co. D, badly wounded; Sergeant Porter, Co. E, badly wounded; Sergeant Short, Co. E; Corporal Campbell, Co. E; Corporal Merrill, Co. E; Private Arndt, Co. E; Private Boltinghouse, Co. E; Sergeant George Sanford, Co. F, wounded—dead; First-Sergeant Shreves, Co. F, wounded; Corporal Haney, Co. F, wounded; Corporal Ferguson, Co. F, wounded; Private Bone, Co. F, wounded; Private Keffler, Co. F, wounded; Corporal Davis, Co. G, wounded; Corporal Newell, Co. G, wounded; Private Hawk, Co. G, wounded; Private Mix, Co. G, wounded; Sergeant McCready, Co. H; Sergeant De Wolf, Co. H, killed; Sergeant Crouch, Co. H, killed; Corporal Richardson, Co. H, wounded; Corporal Healey, Co. H, wounded; Private Adams, Co. H; Private Beers, Co. H, wounded; Sergeant E. T. Slattery, Co. I, badly wounded; Sergeant Armstrong, Co. I, wounded; Corporal Lynn, Co. I, wounded; Corporal Lull, Co. I, wounded; Private Peters, Co. I, wounded; Private Kimberk, Co. I, wounded; Sergeant Kendrick, Co. K, wounded; Corporal Hanthorn, Co. K, wounded; Corporal Rouse, Co. K, wounded.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. STUART,  
Colonel, Commanding Second Brigade.

Capt. J. H. Hammond,  
Assistant Adjutant-General.

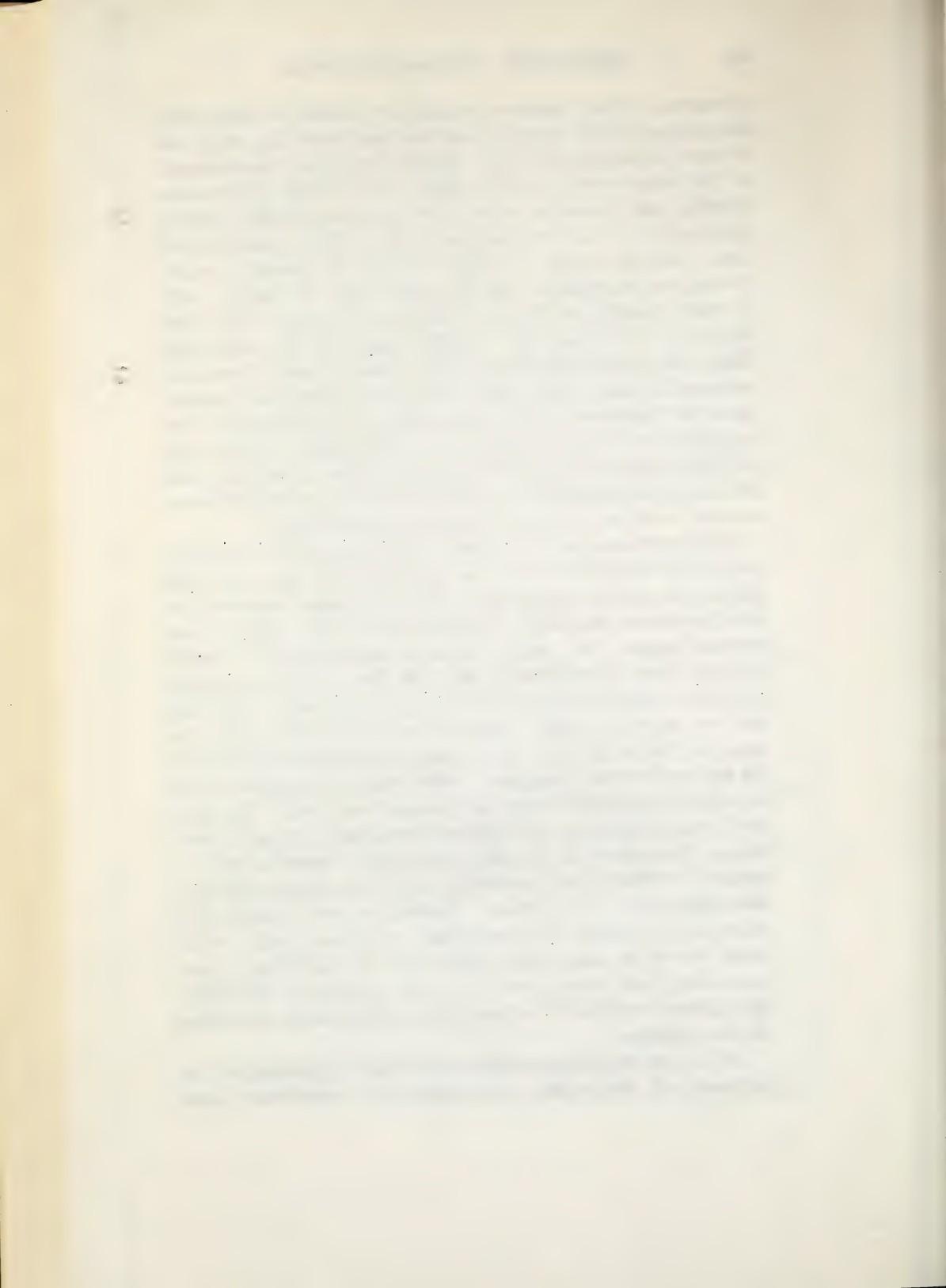
The above report, as was every thing said or written by Colonel Stuart, is brilliant and forcible. No fault can be found with its diction. Like a large share of the literature which purports to be official, belonging to that conflict, it fails to state or explain a great deal which took place. No relation could have been full and explicit without amounting to a serious arraignment of superiors. The report of Colonel Stuart does not pretend to detail minutely the movements of the Fifty-fifth, and, being a brigade report, perhaps should not do so. An official document emanating from the regimental commander should have attended to that. It is needless to add that no such narrative exists. At the outset the foregoing takes the form of an argument to show due diligence in guard, picket and patrol duty in watching the front. This would not have been at all necessary had there not been doubts on the subject. That Colonel Stuart or any of his subordinates were derelict in this particular, and that such short-coming had any influence on the battle, has never been alleged. The first attack did not come from toward Hamburgh, nor upon the front of the second brigade. Any recon-



noissance in that direction would have failed in developing the designs of the enemy, from the fact that they were not on that portion of the field. The first aggressive movements of the rebels were all to the right and in front of Generals Prentiss and Sherman, where, as has been already shown, they had been manœuvring with their whole army for two days. To the front of Stuart would be directly south. Corinth was southwest, and the high range of country, with all roads leading to the rebel stronghold, were in the same direction, and from that quarter marched the assailants. When the attack did finally come upon Stuart, it was not because he was in the track of its first design, but because upon the discovery of this extension of the Union left, two brigades were disjointed from the rebel right, and sent east full three-quarters of a mile for the purpose of meeting and defeating, what was then supposed by the Confederate commander, to be an attempt to flank him on his right.

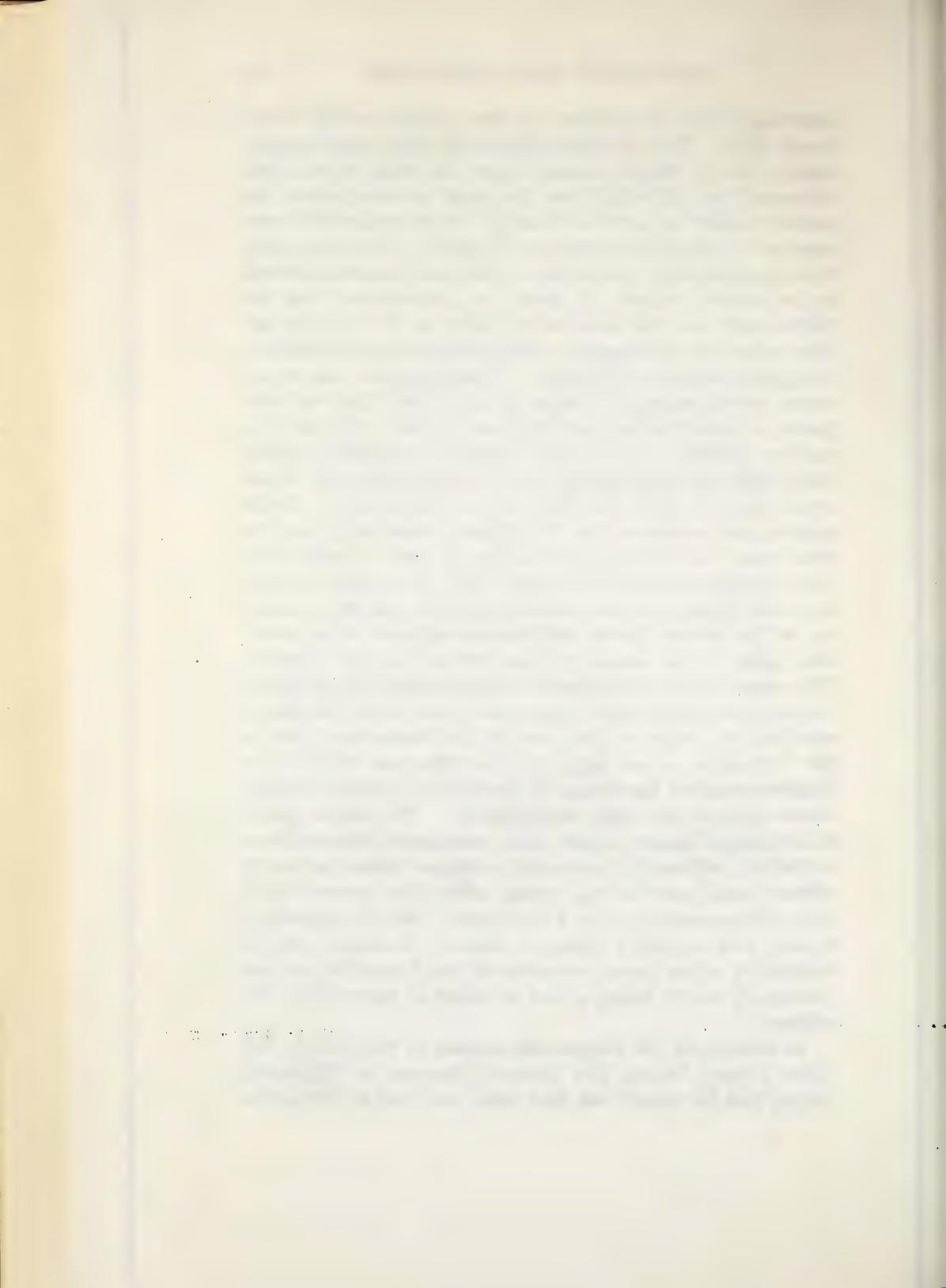
The determination of Colonel Stuart to hold the extreme left at all hazards reflects the highest credit upon him, and places him in the front rank of the subordinate commanders who fought on that field. It may be that in the light of subsequent events the tactics used to accomplish his noble purpose were somewhat faulty, but they were necessarily tentative, and the efforts of an inexperienced officer who had not one word of advice from his superiors, who were educated in the art of war. From any stand-point his methods do not suffer when compared with most of the movements of other commanders upon that tumultuous field. The chief merit was in fighting, and fighting desperately; that, Colonel Stuart determined to do, and out of his resolution grew an isolated conflict which probably saved the battle, and possibly the unity of the nation. Nothing in this statement is intended to belittle the importance of other points or the valor shown in maintaining them, but all would have been unavailing had Stuart faltered in his purpose, or the Fifty-fifth Illinois and the Fifty-fourth Ohio failed in the execution of that purpose.

In the cotemporaneous letters and diaries gathered for the purposes of this work, statements are sometimes found



reflecting upon the conduct of some portion of the Fifty-fourth Ohio. They are generally to the effect that comparatively few of them remained until the time of the final retreat of the Fifty-fifth from the main position, where the terrific conflict occurred on Sunday. It is certain that every survivor of the latter regiment will rejoice in the statement that upon the fullest examination these insinuations are found to be entirely unjust. It should be remembered that the Fifty-fourth was the smallest regiment in the brigade, and that before the supreme hour came it lost some inevitably by straggling, as did the Fifty-fifth. Turning again to the report under consideration, it is found clearly stated that four companies, or two-fifths of the Fifty-fourth, were removed from the line of battle by an order, and were performing special duty farther to the left at the time of the retreat, and did not rejoin the line until the final rally at the landing. Under existing circumstances the Fifty-fourth must have had less than three hundred men remaining in line of battle after such detachment, and a "butcher's bill" of one hundred and fifty-four killed and wounded, largely from the men remaining at the ravine, clearly entitles that regiment to an honorable place in the annals of that fearful Sunday's conflict. The removal of four companies from the short line of twenty was injudicious and unnecessary, and grew out of the inordinate fear of cavalry on the part of the lieutenant-colonel of the Fifty-fifth, whose impracticable adherence to European tradition reached the climax of absurdity in forming a hollow square to repel the same imaginary foe. The major spoken of in Colonel Stuart's report, who commanded this excursion to the left, will readily be recalled as Major Fisher, the active, efficient and good-looking young officer who seemed to be the chief executive of the Fifty-fourth. He yet survives, a leading and respected citizen of Denver, Colorado; and his hospitality to his former comrades of the Fifty-fifth has been generously tested during a visit in search of material for this volume.

In treating of the disgraceful conduct of the Seventy-first Ohio, Colonel Stuart, like General Sherman, is diplomatic, saying that he "could not find them, and had no intimation



where they had gone," and the like. They "had gone," as Colonel Stuart well knew, pell-mell to the landing, without having received or delivered one well sustained volley, and in that wild race to a place of safety, it is doubtful if any agile youth in the ranks out-footed their middle-aged and plethoric colonel. Several Ohio regiments of Sherman's division misbehaved, and it was probably good policy that led to a tender treatment of their short-comings, and left to future opportunity and discipline the chances of vindication. Time brought about that result in regard to the Fifty-third and Fifty-seventh Ohio, and later to the Seventy-first—all under different commanders. Colonel Rodney Mason of the Seventy-first belonged to one of the first families of Ohio, and had been Adjutant-General of that state. General Sherman is, "even unto this day," zealous to apologize for him, though General Grant, in his memoirs, names him as a "constitutional coward." In any event, the men were not so much to blame as was the generalship which placed them, raw recruits as they were, within the reach of a sudden attack, without notice and without even a connected line to give the sense of security, so essential to new troops. All strictures upon the conduct of the Seventy-first Ohio should make reverent exception, of Lieutenant-Colonel Kyle, who was shot while attempting to stem the wild wave of fugitives; and its Company K should also be honored for its conduct on the skirmish line, where it lost near one-half its men, around the groups of log buildings at the left of the quarters of the Fifty-fifth. It is further a duty, as well as a pleasure, to give full credit to its adjutant, Hart, who with seventeen men of his regiment, remained through all, and to the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed boy, named B. F. Inyartt, who sought a place in the ranks of Company I, and passed through the battle unscathed.

In his description of the movements of the first day, Colonel Stuart refers to certain events which took place near the landing, and gives to the lieutenant-colonel of the Fifty-fifth sole credit for rallying from the debris of the field a line of three thousand men. Such a statement is so extravagant as to be beyond the domain of absurdity, and the source of



it is easily traced. No student of Shiloh will assert that General Grant had over fifteen thousand organized troops in line at the landing, and the statement that Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg controlled one-fifth of that number requires contradiction only because such a statement was made officially. The lieutenant-colonel of the Fifty-fifth was simply entitled to the credit of being one of the brave men who staid by his colors, but evidences of his skill and his power over other men are entirely lacking.

No regimental reports were made for either the Fifty-fifth or the Fifty-fourth, though it would seem the brigade report, toward its close, was intended to apply especially to the former. It is proper to state also that the names mentioned as "meriting notice especially," while deserving of all the credit given them, were only a small portion of a number equally meritorious. It is not often that the adjutant of a regiment fights in the ranks with a musket, as did the adjutant of the Fifty-fifth, and it is still more rare that creditable action on his part escapes notice in the reports. The superb conduct and the terrible wound of the sergeant-major, too, causes a regret that a small portion of the report was not devoted to the good conduct of the "field and staff." But this yearning for the praise of deserving comrades must be suppressed, lest it include nearly the whole regiment. From the general credit given to the officers, two are excluded as disgraceful exceptions. These were Captain Joseph Clay of Company G, and Second-Lieutenant Jonas L. Buck of Compay E. Both were given subsequent opportunities, and both again failed, and were accordingly cashiered.

In the very elaborate report of General Sherman, who commanded the Fifth division, to which Stuart's Second brigade nominally belonged, is found the following meagre allusion to the latter:

My Second brigade, Colonel Stuart, was detached near two miles from my headquarters. He had to fight his own battle on Sunday, as the enemy interposed between him and Prentiss early in the day. Colonel Stuart was severely wounded, and yet reported for duty on Monday morning, but was compelled to leave during the day, when the command devolved upon Colonel T. Kilby Smith, Fifty-fourth Ohio, who was always in the thickest of the fight, and led the brigade handsomely.



The above is all the official recognition at the hands of the division commander received by the Fifty-fifth, except here and there an allusion to its existence. A few general phrases only, which lead up to a compliment for Colonels Stuart and Smith. Not one word of commendation for the two regiments which fought on the ground where they fired their first volley until after two o'clock in the afternoon, and for hours after the two brigades in his presence had gone to pieces. No inference can be drawn as to whether the Fifty-fifth fought well or ill, or why it lost more men than either of the brigades which he put into action and commanded in person.

A natural result of this sin of omission is that the general histories of the war are nearly silent as to the desperate struggle on the extreme left flank at Shiloh. In point of fact, that bloody episode was one of the most notable and heroic of the war, and entitles all concerned to a conspicuous place in the line of patriots who have faced death in the various exigencies of national tribulation.

Early impressed by this hiatus in the reports and histories resulting from official disregard, and actuated by a natural desire that justice should be done, much time and study has been devoted to unravelling the details of the disorderly tumult at Shiloh. In pursuit of such purpose, nearly every thing written, both official and unofficial, has been examined. Two visits have been made to the field for the purpose of acquiring information by personal examination. Some humorist has remarked that Shiloh is the best contested battle *since* the war. In this wordy discussion the writer has not been altogether silent, but has taken part wherever and whenever the vindication of the Fifty-fifth Illinois and the Fifty-fourth Ohio seemed to make it necessary. One of the results of effort in that direction was an essay, called at the time, "A Section of a Battle," and read at the first reunion of the Fifty-fifth, on October 31st, 1884. It was designed to be a history of the operations of Stuart's brigade during its defence of the extreme left flank in the first day's battle. It bears the impress of some feeling, and is in form somewhat controversial; but all writings that get beyond glittering generalities on this subject are, and must be, controversial. The more



recent study devoted to the topic, and many days since spent upon the field, confirm every position taken in that essay. Although it has now no claim to be called new, after much hesitation it has seemed best to make it a part of this narration. Its use in this connection materially lightens the sum of gratuitous labor necessary to the work in hand, of itself no small matter. There is pith also in the suggestion of a literary friend, "that an attempt to re-write it might hammer some of the temper out of it." It should be remembered that out of the confusion and surprise of Shiloh comes the chief glory of the Fifty-fifth. It fought so well and suffered so much, without the aid of generalship and the rules of military science, that to do it anything like justice full reference must be had to the lack of those needful and useful elements of a battle. It is not proper that this opportunity pass without making the vindication of Stuart's brigade full, so that historians in the future need not, as they have in the past, lack material to do simple justice. "A Section of a Battle" is therefore again presented, to be followed by such further observations as seem needful for elaboration:

#### A SECTION OF A BATTLE.

It is perfectly well settled how the battle of Shiloh came to be fought. The grand strategy of that campaign is no historical secret. The maps of the country made it plain that the proper place to attack the rebel line in the west was in the centre, obviously by the navigable channels of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. To General Halleck belongs the credit of first grasping this idea--at least, of first announcing it. It is hardly to be imagined that so simple a problem escaped the thoughts of the great embryo captains, Grant and Sherman, of the same department. The first effort in pursuance of this line of attack had been extremely rich in results, embracing the occupation and capture of Forts Henry, Donelson, Nashville, Columbus, Bowling Green, with intervening and contiguous territory.

The next step in this sweep of grand strategy culminated in the battle of Shiloh. In the new line assumed, after the fall of Donelson, Corinth became a point of the first moment. The rebel centre being broken, and its wings without connection, concentration at that point followed. The natural way to reach this was by continuing up the Tennessee river, so that all the advantages of water navigation, safe communication and naval protection could be secured. Pittsburgh Landing was selected, apparently without much consideration, because it was convenient; because the ground was high; and again, because its ridges led into the



interior and furnished good camping grounds. Its selection, fortunate or unfortunate, was the act of General C. F. Smith, then in command.

While General Grant's army was lying scattered over these ridges, waiting for the arrival of General Buell, preparatory to an advance on Corinth, the rebel leaders concluded to attack that portion of the army already at Pittsburgh Landing. Thus simple were the steps which led to this great battle.

A word here may not be out of place as to the character of the combat. It was, beyond controversy, among the bloodiest in history. In all the sanguinary battles of our late war, it was for those who staid at the front, one of the most terrific. The Count of Paris in his very able history of the rebellion quotes General Sherman as saying that it was "the most terrible that he had witnessed during his career." Badeau, in his "Life of General Grant," speaks of certain portions of this battle by referring to them as embracing several hours of as desperate fighting as ever was seen on this continent. He again remarks that "it was the severest fight of the war west of the Alleghanies, and in proportion to the numbers engaged equalled any contest during the rebellion." He quotes Sherman as saying that he never saw such terrible fighting afterwards, and Grant compared Shiloh only to the "Wilderness." All Confederate writers, and there are some able ones, agree in giving to this contest a desperate character seldom equalled. An examination of the losses, placing them to the proper credit, fully bears out this statement. The weight of authority shows that, exclusive of General Lew Wallace's division, General Grant had at the landing and upon the field from thirty-two thousand to thirty-three thousand men on the first day. Eliminate over three thousand cavalry, who lost in killed and wounded only twenty-four men, and who for various reasons not discreditable to them were of little if any use; count out also runaway regiments, stragglers, musicians, camp details, camp sick, wagoners, etc., who contributed nothing to the loss of this conflict; and it will be found that not over twenty-four thousand men did the fighting and suffered the loss on the first day. This number lost, in killed and wounded alone, nearly eight thousand. Allowing one thousand for the loss in the second day's fight, it will be found that the killed and wounded in the first day's battle almost doubles the ratio of the "butcher's bill" at Gettysburg. These same men, with little thought that they were making history at such a rate, suffered in one day's battle a per cent. of loss in killed and wounded almost or quite equal to that of our army during the entire Atlanta campaign.

It is not the purpose of this article to give any general history of the battle of Shiloh. That has been a fruitful subject for many able pens. For obvious reasons it has been, and bids fair to be, a theme of acrimonious discussion. Aside from the controversy growing out of the manner of the commencement, the ending, and the results of this battle, it was a series of detached conflicts, involving many changes and great confusion, all difficult to describe.



It is the distinct purpose of this paper to give an account of the operations of the Fifty-fifth Illinois Infantry, as connected with the first day's contest. I have always felt, in common with my fellow soldiers, that justice has never been done to this regiment for what it did and suffered on that occasion. No effort will be used to make this a chronicle of personal anecdote or adventure. It might in that case be more graphic, but it would be of less value as history.

There will be no cavil against the statement that the Fifty-fifth Illinois was one of the best regiments among the many good ones that went from Illinois to participate in our great struggle. It gathered from our farms, shops, offices and school-houses as fine fibre of blood, muscle and brain as ever was laid upon the altar of any country. It is also true, beyond controversy, that its career is among the bloodiest. In all that in warlike parlance goes to make "glory," it reaped a rich harvest. Its blood watered the soil of many states. This much is claimed for and will be readily conceded to the Fifty-fifth Illinois. Yet its literature was all through the war, and is now, of the slightest, both in quantity and quality. Its fame was never properly recorded. It had no one to blow its trumpet. Somehow it never got its name inscribed upon monuments. No newspaper correspondent wrote up its events with common justice, let alone the rhetorical exaggerations so often used.

In looking back through the years that have intervened, I can assign some, at least, of the reasons for this great injustice. It was a regiment organized in Chicago from many fragments, from different localities. It did not represent any particular location or nationality. It was not the pride or pet of contiguous territory. Its mourners were not concentrated. It was the silent tear in many hamlets that paid tribute to its dead. Another, and perhaps main reason, was the character of its first field officers. These officers were for many reasons, not wise selections; especially so with reference to perpetuating the fame of, and creating a literature for the regiment. Social causes before the war, and personal habits, temper and temperament during the war, sufficiently account for this to all who are acquainted with the facts. Since the parties referred to are now dead and the fame of the regiment to its survivors is above all things sacred, elaboration of details on this topic is not desirable. So, from these causes, and others I do not choose to mention, the history of the Fifty-fifth Illinois remains practically unwritten. Its record is preserved for the most part, if at all, within the now aging memories of its survivors. The highest duty of this and other reunions should be to rescue from oblivion the glorious deeds of this grand old regiment. I hope I may be able to state and to prove the important part it performed in withstanding the tremendous sweep of the Confederate army at Pittsburgh Landing. This is especially appropriate since its division commander, General Sherman, first left it off two miles, detached from his division—left it during the battle, without artillery, without his orders, and apparently without a thought, and left it in his report, with a mere allusion never after corrected or elaborated.



To properly characterize the relation of the Fifty-fifth Illinois to the battle of Shiloh, an allusion to the physical features of the field becomes necessary. It is embraced within the borders of Lick creek on the south, and Snake creek on the north, which enter the Tennessee river on nearly parallel lines about four miles apart, and from the general direction of southwest. Inland or up stream, a short distance from the mouth of Snake creek, enters into it from the side of the battle-field Owl creek, which from that point becomes the limit of the field upon the right flank. The general scope of the battle-field is the high plateau between these creeks. This plateau, or ridge, is cut up by innumerable ravines and small creeks, at times dry, tributary to the larger creeks or the river. Those emptying into Lick creek and the river below the mouth of that creek are terribly deep and rugged, but quickly terminate toward their upper end and blend into the general level of the centre of the battle-field.

The general sweep of the rebel line of attack was down this plateau, with a line of battle reaching from Owl creek on their left to Lick creek on their right. The Confederate tactics seem to have been to first attack and break the centre at and to the left of Shiloh church, then make a general left wheel, somewhat *en echelon*, turn the Federal left, drive the army away from the river, and capture the landing and as much of the army as possible. It was in pursuance of this plan, so successfully begun by early breaking through Prentiss and Sherman, and fully set forth in the reports of Chalmers, Jackson and Withers, that the rebel right encountered the stubborn resistance of the Fifty-fifth Illinois and the Fifty-fourth Ohio.

It may be worth mentioning that the first Confederate scheme was to attack and turn the Federal left by crossing Lick creek from Hamburgh. This plan was abandoned upon General Chalmers' report of April 2d that the crossings of Lick creek were not practicable, except by cavalry. This prevented Stuart's brigade from being the main and first point of attack. What in that case the result would have been, belongs to the domain of speculation. Taking into account what the Fifty-fifth Illinois and the Fifty-fourth Ohio did when attacked, no law of probabilities is violated by stating that they would have done much better work than did Hildebrand's or Buckland's brigades. In the light of experience it is a curious commentary upon the generalship of this battle to state that more than one good road was left without pickets, and unguarded all the way from Corinth to Hamburgh.

The rebel formation for attack was in three lines. The front was commanded by General Hardee, the next by General Bragg, and the third by General Polk, with reserves under General Breckinridge. It was generally reported and believed among us after the battle that our brigade was opposed to General Hardee's men. This was not so. At the time of the rebel advance for attack it was found that Hardee's line was not long enough to fill in the space between Lick and Owl creeks, and as this space began to widen Withers' division of Bragg's corps was



used to extend the rebel right, which ultimately came in contact with the Federal extreme left.

The Second brigade of the Fifth (Sherman's) division was composed of the Seventy-first and Fifty-fourth Ohio and Fifty-fifth Illinois. It was commanded by Col. \*David Stuart of the Fifty-fifth Illinois. It formed the extreme left flank of the Federal army, being to the left and somewhat in the rear of General Prentiss' line—especially so with reference to the direction of the attack, which was oblique to the Federal line,

The arrangement of the whole Federal army has been properly characterized by able writers as "loose." This was particularly true of Stuart's brigade, which was some two miles to the left of the balance of the Fifth division and its commander—the Sixth, or Prentiss' division, intervening. There was a wide interval between Prentiss and Stuart, and no troops between the latter and the river, somewhat more than half a mile away. As expressed by General Sherman, "It was the extreme left guarding the ford over Lick creek." It seems to have been so placed before the arrival of other troops, and when General Sherman was covering the whole front. Why, after the arrival of other divisions, they were not extended to cover this point, and Stuart's brigade changed to connect with its division, belongs to the grand aggregation of official stupidity going to make the strategy and tactics of this campaign. As one writer forcibly expresses it, "this brigade was doubly let alone, both by the commander of the army and its division commander." Referring to the general location of the army, the Count of Paris, after commenting upon the natural strength of the position, says that "the Federals had not yet learned to avail themselves of the natural advantages of the position." Also, that they were posted at hazard, and not disposed so as to enable them to support each other, etc. Speaking of Stuart's brigade, he says it was entirely isolated upon the borders of Lick creek.

Notwithstanding General Sherman speaks explicitly of the purpose of Stuart's brigade being so located, it was not in point of fact situated to defend the crossing of Lick creek at all, but was encamped upon a tributary to that stream and more than half a mile away from the crossing. Between lay the highest ridge upon the Shiloh battle-field, with a frowning bluff overlooking Stuart's color line, and rendering all parts of such camp untenable. Then, to defend Lick creek crossing, this brigade must move more than half a mile to the left and front, crossing terrible ridges and ravines, and thereby leave a full mile of space between its right and the left of Prentiss. It is a matter of supererogation to add that no troops at the front had sufficient previous notice to go anywhere in advance, to defend anything. Ordinary human means of knowledge were not used, and inspiration does not appear to have supervened.

To defend the left flank of the army and the ground in its vicinity, it was absolutely necessary to get out from under the great bluffs overlooking its camps, as was done eventually. The camp of the Fifty-fifth



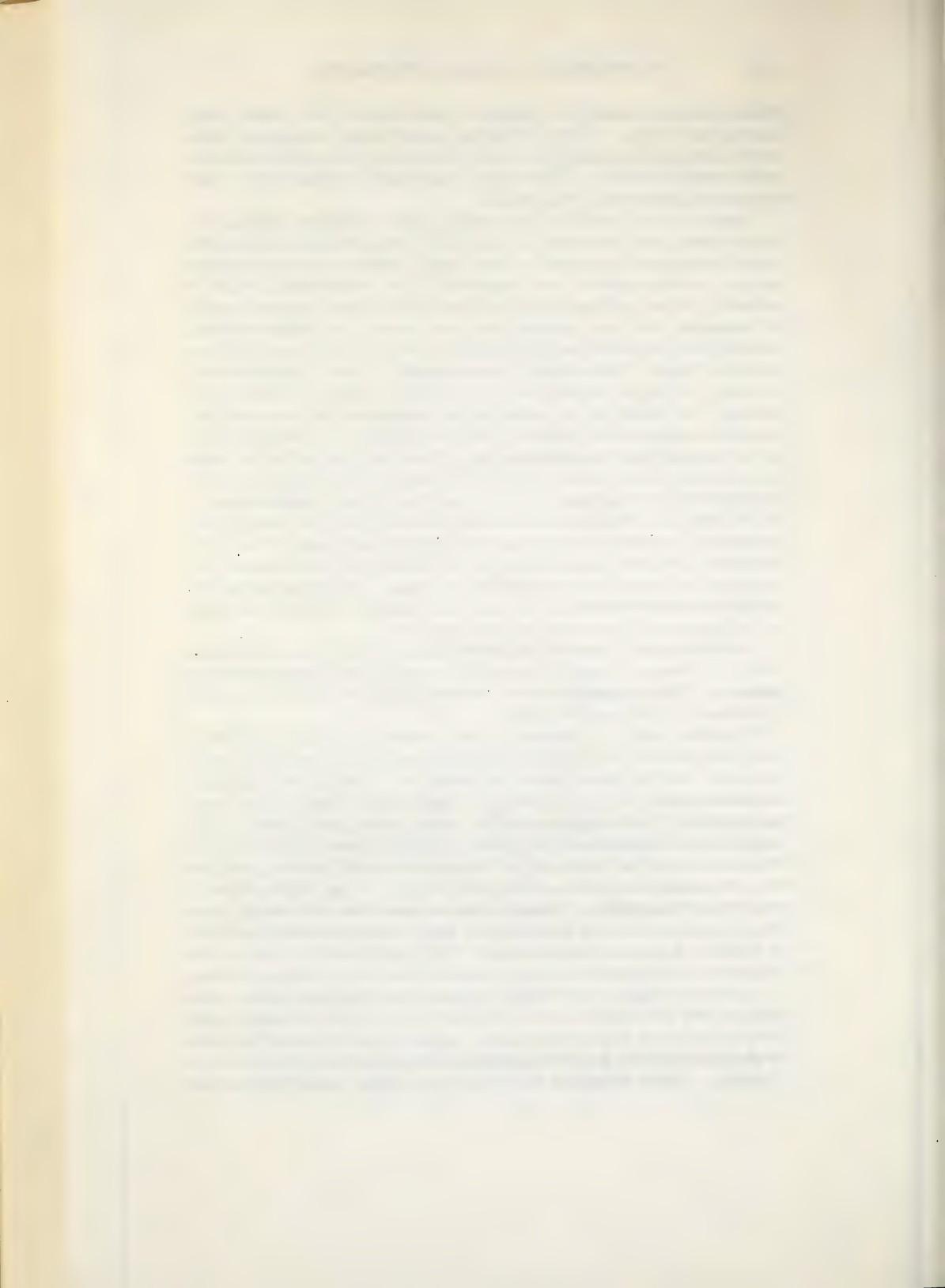
Illinois was just north of a tributary which enters Lick creek about one-half mile away. It was bordering upon the road running to Hamburgh, and about one-fourth of a mile from where such road crosses the small creek referred to. These facts have been verified by a recent personal examination of the ground.

Here, if at all, would be the proper place to discuss whether the Federal army was surprised at Shiloh. I do not purpose to add greatly to the voluminous literature on that topic. I have, however, a decided opinion. In this opinion I am sustained by an overwhelming weight of authority. I am sustained by the definite conclusion and capable thought of thousands who were present and now survive. In recently visiting the field, with near two hundred of those survivors, I did not hear one dissenting voice. That opinion, briefly stated, is that all preliminaries necessary to prepare a great army to repel the attack of another were wanting; that there was an entire lack of preparation, of concerted and necessary action, which betokened absolute ignorance of the presence of a hostile army; that the commanding officers are entitled to no credit beyond good conduct on the field after the battle commenced; that in all the essentials of a surprise it was a success for the Confederates. I deliberately state, that since war became a science, one great army never approached another with its presence so entirely unknown. It was emphatically a soldiers' fight, well put in the expression that the rebels outgeneraled us, but that we out-colonelized them. On these points the authorities are too numerous to quote, and a general reference is made to the reports and histories covering that period.

Nothing herein is intended to detract from the great fame of Generals Grant and Sherman, who did enough afterward to merit the gratitude of humanity. Their reputation is too well established to need any fantastic distortion of facts about this battle.

The latter calls it a necessary test of manhood. Granted, but yet it is a great pity that the Northern troops did not enter upon this "test of manhood" with sufficient preparation to destroy the rebel army and gain an overwhelming victory. It is a pity that, as this great historical page was unfolding, the first glimmer of its bloody import should thrust itself upon General Sherman only at eight o'clock on the morning of the battle. Then, as he says in his report, he became convinced for the *first time* that the enemy designed a determined attack. If not admitted to be true, it would seem like a romance when we state that fully twenty thousand Confederates rested for thirty-six hours within less than four miles of General Sherman's headquarters. The simple truth is, that at this stage of the war generals were in process of education as well as privates.

Gladden's brigade of Withers' division had first been taken from Bragg's line and used to extend Hardee's right, as the widening space toward Lick creek made it necessary. Jackson's and Chalmers' brigades, of the same division, had been placed *en echelon* to the right and rear of Gladden. In this formation, the attack was pushed upon Prentiss, and

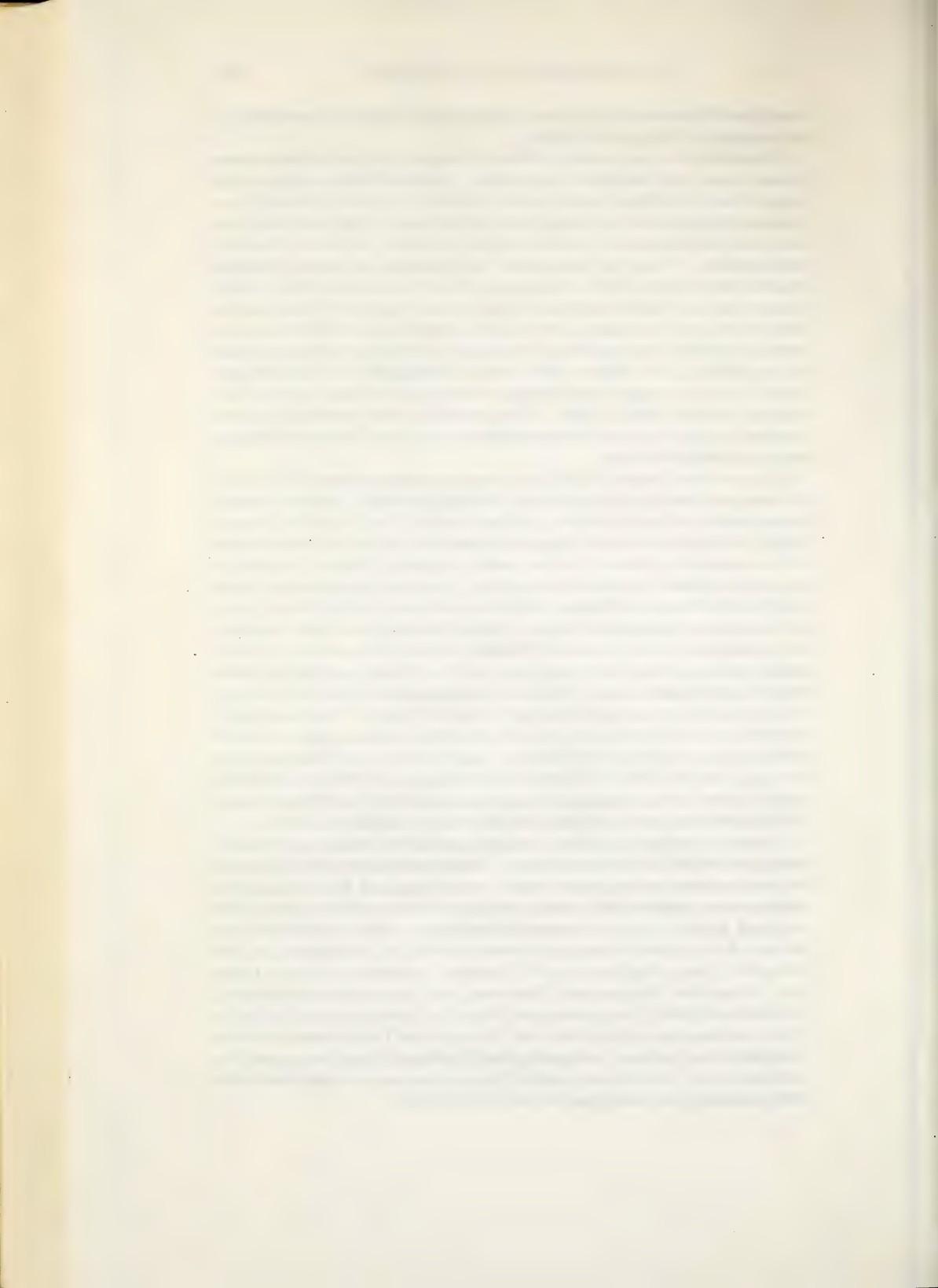


finally both Chalmers and Jackson participated, though not seriously, in the breaking of that general's line.

Meanwhile, the regiments of Stuart's brigade had at the first alarm formed upon their respective color lines. Colonel Stuart states, in his report, that at half-past seven in the forenoon, he received word from General Prentiss that the enemy were in his front in force, and that in a short time he discovered the Pelican flag advancing in rear of Prentiss' headquarters. Then he despatched his adjutant to inform General Hurlbut that Prentiss' left was turned. Stuart also states that, within fifteen minutes, Hurlbut sent one regiment (the Forty-first Illinois, as he remembers,) and a battery, which took position immediately by the Seventy-first Ohio headquarters. He expected Hurlbut's division would be up quickly. He further states that subsequently, and before any attack was made upon his brigade, such regiment and battery had departed without firing a gun. I do not find in the report of General Hurlbut, or that of any of his subordinates, or of the Forty-first Illinois, anything confirming this.

It is true that General Hurlbut at once promptly advanced his whole division, until met by the fugitives of Prentiss' division. He was at least three-quarters of a mile to the right and rear of the Fifty-fifth Illinois. While his division was well fought and handled, as the very able report of its commander shows, it in no sense supported Stuart's brigade, or protected its flank from any direct attack. It appears also that the Ninth and Twelfth Illinois, of Wallace's division, were sent to the left and front, with a view to supporting Stuart. Before reaching any such position, they were met by the debris of Prentiss' broken line, and the Confederates following them, and were involved in a bloody conflict, in which they did their whole duty. While it is not clear just where they fought, it is certain they never got within half a mile of Stuart. The first line of battle formed by this brigade was with its right resting opposite the left of the camp of the Fifty-fifth Illinois. The Seventy-first Ohio was upon the right, with the Fifty-fifth Illinois the centre and the Fifty-fourth Ohio upon the left. From this point two companies each of the Fifty-fifth and Fifty-fourth were sent as skirmishers across the creek in their front.

Several changes in position occurred, not all of which are remembered, and which had no significance. Great uncertainty prevailed as to the precise direction the attack would come from, and these changes of position were doubtless intended to establish a line parallel to that of the expected attack, or with a view to defensibility. As an incident of this portion of the battle, it may be mentioned that the skirmishers of the Fifty-fifth Illinois fired into one of Chalmers' regiments as it was forming. It was the Fifty-second Tennessee, and was so stampeded that, with the exception of two companies, it took no further part in the battle. It is a strange coincidence that the Seventy-first Ohio, commanded by that globule of adipose pomposity, Col. Rodney Mason, was upon the same portion of the field stampeded in the same way, not even one company remaining to participate further in the battle.



The skirmishers were unable to prevent the planting of a hostile battery upon the high bluff across the small creek. This was Gage's battery, highly complimented by its brigade commander. At this time the position of the Fifty-fifth Illinois, with the Fifty-fourth Ohio upon its left, was from eighty to one hundred and sixty rods to the left, and slightly to the rear of the camp of the Fifty-fifth Illinois. The regiment had not as yet been engaged seriously. The fire it was subjected to came from the battery before mentioned. It would seem that Colonel Stuart, for some reason, here expected the attack to come from the south-east, or up the road from the crossing of the creek. A change of front thereupon was attempted, during which the Fifty-fifth Illinois broke and ran in the most inextricable confusion.

In looking over the ground since, I am astonished at the direction this "skedaddle" took. It was nearly to the right, and comparatively little toward the rear. Its course crossed a considerable ravine, and passed over about one hundred rods of ground, when the regiment halted, as if by impulse, a promiscuous, disorganized mass of men. It was then deliberately formed into line by its officers. From that day till "Johnnie came marching home," anything like a panic never affected this regiment, and this one in no sense impaired its efficiency in the conflict which followed.

According to my recollection, it was about this time that the Seventy-first Ohio broke for the rear and disappeared, as an organization, from the battle. Strange to say, a recent denial of this appears in print. I propose to state the simple fact, known to every survivor of the Fifty-fifth Illinois, that that regiment disgracefully ran away, led by many of its officers. Although this is tenderly glossed over by General Sherman, and excuse attempted by its colonel, time has not dimmed my recollection as to it. I do not propose that the laurels shall be taken from the graves of our comrades and placed at the feet of a regiment that ran away and left them to their fate. It will be hard to convince the survivors of the glorious old Fifty-fifth, who felt and heard the whistle of innumerable rebel bullets down the ravine from the right, where the Seventy-first ought to have been, that that regiment was doing its duty. Months after, six companies of the same regiment were disgracefully surrendered by the same colonel, at Clarksville, Tennessee, for which he and eleven or twelve line officers were dismissed, with proper contumely. It is needless to add that these remarks do not apply to the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Kyle, who lost his life in trying to rally his regiment, nor to its adjutant and the seventeen men who staid and fought with the Fifty-fifth. A word of praise may be also well bestowed upon a beardless, rosy-cheeked boy, named B. F. Innyartt, who fought in the ranks of Company I after his regiment had fled to the landing.

It was at this point that word was sent in by the skirmishers that cavalry were approaching from the direction of the creek crossing. Here for probably the first as well as the last time during the rebellion, a hollow square was formed in actual battle. It was shortly reduced, and



line of battle deliberately formed. An examination of the reports, recently made accessible through the publications of congress, shows this to have been caused by a detachment of cavalry commanded by Captain Clanton, and sent in that direction to discover the extent of the Union line on that flank. During the contest which followed, they went far to our left and rear, but took no great part in the combat, though they watered their horses in the Tennessee river.

As the regiment was formed in line of battle, after reducing the square, just to its rear was a deep, rugged ravine—not less than fifty feet deep—the southern edge of which became the line of battle during the terrible conflict which followed, and to reach which only a few steps were necessary. Referring again to a recent visit, I find this position to be from fifty to sixty rods to the rear, and a little east of north from the camping ground of our regiment. It was here that the Fifty-fifth Illinois and Fifty-fourth Ohio made such a glorious stand. It was here that the two regiments fought and struggled with a tenacity never excelled on that battle-field. It was here that for more than two hours the rebel right was held in bloody conflict, and the whole Union left flank protected.

I assert positively that not a foot of ground was yielded from the south edge of this ravine until after two o'clock on Sunday. All movements of our brigade, up to this point, had been tactical, either in anticipation of an attack from an uncertain direction, or in search of a proper position. All other stands or conflicts, sometimes spoken of, were of little consequence. At this time the regiment, outside of its skirmishers, had not lost ten men. Nothing but its camps were yielded, and that was necessary, from the nature of the ground. No defensible position farther to the front existed then or now. The bluffs upon the opposite side of the creek made all parts of our camp, or any extension of that line, absolutely indefensible. By accident or design, the position we assumed was emphatically the best at hand, and had our flanks been protected, we could have held it for two whole days.

It now becomes important to inquire how many men the regiment had in line at this, the supreme moment of its existence. William Preston Johnston, in his able work, showing far more research upon this topic than any Northern one, gives to the Fifty-fifth Illinois six hundred and fifty-seven men for duty. Adjutant Nourse says six hundred and fifty. Both are substantially correct, according to the rolls of the regiment. This, however, is not the correct number of fighting men gathered upon the edge of this rugged ravine. From this must be eliminated all stragglers and runaways—unfortunately quite numerous; all musicians; all heretofore killed or wounded; camp details; wagoners, etc. Captain J. T. McAuley, then sergeant-major, and who made a morning report that day, says the regiment had in line just five hundred and twelve men. That number was at the time somehow impressed upon my mind, and has not been effaced by the events of more than twenty years. While I cannot trace the source of my knowledge the fact remains clear. It is



therefore safe to assert, that at this juncture but few more than five hundred of the Fifty-fifth Illinois stood ready with flashing eyes and beating hearts to engage in the impending contest with overwhelming numbers.

Colonel Stuart iterates and reiterates in his report that he had here but eight hundred men of his brigade present. These were the men, barring the few already injured, who shed the blood and are entitled to the glory of this isolated conflict. These were the few men gathered from happy homes in Illinois who, without experience or experienced officers, without the guiding star of a brigadier or major-general, without a single piece of artillery, with only stern patriotism and forty rounds, met the great wave of secession, and for hours withstood it upon this historic ravine. When they left it, one-half their number were dead or bleeding upon its rugged border.

It here becomes necessary to a proper appreciation of this section of the battle, that we ascertain what portion of the Confederate army was opposed to the eight hundred of Stuart's brigade gathered at this point. Every history concedes that all of Chalmers' brigade grappled with us. It consisted of the Fifth, Seventh, Ninth and Tenth Mississippi, the Fifty-second Tennessee, and Gage's battery—in all, two thousand thirty-nine men. It now appears that Jackson's brigade was also engaged against Stuart's two regiments. This brigade embraced the Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Alabama, Second Texas, and Girady's battery—in all two thousand two hundred and eight men. If this be true, then these two regiments of Stuart's, without support or artillery, withstood for more than two hours, upon the borders of this ravine, the assaults of four thousand two hundred and forty-seven men and two batteries, less the trifling loss they had already incurred in the assault upon Prentiss.

Up to a recent date all writers on the battle of Shiloh, following the hiatus in Sherman's report, made but little mention of Stuart's brigade, speaking of it in general terms as opposed to Chalmers' brigade. The isolated character of the contest on this portion of the field—a part of a great battle made up of detached contests—affords some excuse for this cursory but unjust method of treatment. In view of recent congressional and other publications, it now becomes plain that in addition to Chalmers' brigade, Jackson's brigade was engaged in the attack upon Stuart.

Probably the most elaborate and complete history of the battle of Shiloh yet written is found in Colonel Roman's "Life of General Beauregard," upon whose staff he served, and from his pages I quote in proof of the above. On page 289, Vol. I., he says that "General Johnston on the right led Chalmers' and Jackson's brigades back across the ravine, three-quarters of a mile to the right, until the right of Chalmers rested on Lick Creek bottom, Jackson forming on his left, where they were halted about half an hour until the position of Stuart's brigade could be ascertained." Upon page 292, same volume, it was stated that it was scarcely ten o'clock when Stuart's skirmish line was reached,



Jackson opening the conflict under General Johnston's personal order. Speaking of the principal conflict along the ravine, he describes the ground very accurately, and says Stuart had at that time but eight hundred men, and that he maintained a creditable resistance against greatly superior numbers. He adds in a note that Stuart was without artillery, and as to infantry was greatly outnumbered. On the following page, in speaking of the position of Confederate troops at that time, the author says that on the extreme right, three-quarters of a mile from other troops, Chalmers' and Jackson's brigades of Withers' division were carrying on the attack against Stuart. Upon page 295, in speaking of a later phase of the battle, he says that these two brigades had been gradually forcing back Stuart's two regiments, sweeping with their right the Tennessee bottom, until about three o'clock Chalmers' brigade was struck by the shells of the gunboat Tyler. This not only sustains the assertion that Stuart's two regiments fought two whole brigades, but shows that such contest was kept up till shortly before three o'clock, as will be further commented upon hereafter.

An examination of the reports of Withers, Chalmers, Jackson, and their subordinates, shows conclusively that these two brigades acted together and were engaged against Stuart's two regiments. All of these reports agree that, after Prentiss' left was driven back, the two brigades in question were together taken from three-fourths of a mile to one mile to their right and our left. The slightest knowledge of the incidents of the battle shows that no troops were there for them to attack, other than Stuart's brigade. If Jackson was not so engaged, his action is totally unaccounted for. Neither of these brigade commanders or their subordinates speak of artillery being opposed to them in this portion of the battle. This is the strongest of negative testimony, because Stuart had no artillery from first to last—a fact hardly existing as to any other brigade. General Jackson, commanding one brigade, says that after the contest with Prentiss, and after the removal of perhaps half a mile to the right, he took position on the left of General Chalmers, a camp of the enemy, just opposite his centre. Prentiss' camps had before that time been captured, and this camp opposite his centre was to the rebel right half a mile. No camps other than Stuart's were ever there. Colonel Wheeler, commanding the Nineteenth Alabama, of Jackson's brigade, says that after losing a few men in the attack upon the left of Prentiss, they were marched about a mile to the right, where they were engaged the remainder of the day; that General Johnston ordered the regiment with his own lips to charge the camp of the Fifty-ninth Illinois. Now, the Fifty-ninth Illinois was not engaged in the battle of Shiloh at all. The camp of no Illinois regiment, other than the Fifty-fifth, was within a mile of that place. This was a mile or so to the left of Prentiss, and where there were no camps of any regiments other than Stuart's brigade. Hence the conclusion is irresistible that the camp he calls the Fifty-ninth Illinois was that of the Fifty-fifth Illinois. He might easily mistake the number of the regiment, or any misprint might account for



it, but that the name of the State from which it came is misstated, is not reasonable. The camp of no regiment, other than those of Stuart, or those already captured, could have been reached nearer than one mile to their left and front. As a further proof that these two brigades were acting in unison, I cite Colonel Moore, of the Second Texas, Jackson's brigade, who states that they were moved to the right and took position in the front line of battle on the left of Chalmers' brigade. Further on he speaks of the space between Jackson's right and Chalmers' left as being only sufficient for three companies, which he filled, and of advancing to the aid of the Mississippians. Every report will show that these two brigades co-operated, and were connected together in this portion of the conflict. In further support of my assertion, I appeal to the knowledge of every man of the Fifty-fifth Illinois who was present, and who escaped, for proof of the fact that more than one battery was engaged against us. Their own observation will show that the Confederate line was too extensive to be composed of only one brigade. Chalmers had but one battery, the other must have belonged to Jackson's command.

I now restate the proposition that Stuart's two remaining regiments, without artillery, engaged the whole of Chalmers' and Jackson's brigades, consisting of nine full regiments and two batteries, or four thousand two hundred and forty-seven men, exclusive of Clanton's cavalry, and assert that such proposition is proved. Most Northern accounts either fail to state how long this overwhelming force was held in check upon this ravine, or intimate that Stuart's brigade fell back about noon. Even William Preston Johnston, in most particulars so accurate, by his text infers, and by his map shows, Stuart's brigade much further to the rear at noon. The position shown in the map was *never* occupied by this brigade. On the contrary, not one foot of ground was yielded from this position, just in rear of the Hamburgh road and close by their camps, until between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. This was more than six hours after Prentiss' division and the three brigades with General Sherman were repeatedly driven from their positions, and were far to the rear of their first line.

Using every means of knowledge within my power—my own recollection, aided by that of every one present with whom I have come in contact, and inferences drawn from various reports, I conclude that the real and supreme conflict upon the edge of the ravine, so frequently alluded to, commenced about or a little before noon. Its deadly character was seldom equalled during the late war, and never again experienced by the Fifty-fifth Illinois. No one will deny but that this regiment did its duty everywhere—that its aggregate losses during the war, in proportion to its numbers, were among the largest. Yet upon this one spot, inside of three hours' time, it lost about one-half its total casualties for the war.

When we take into account that this conflict was in direct opposition to the Confederate plan of turning the Union left; when we consider that no other body of troops, great or small, was between this point and the

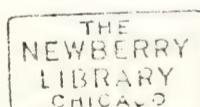


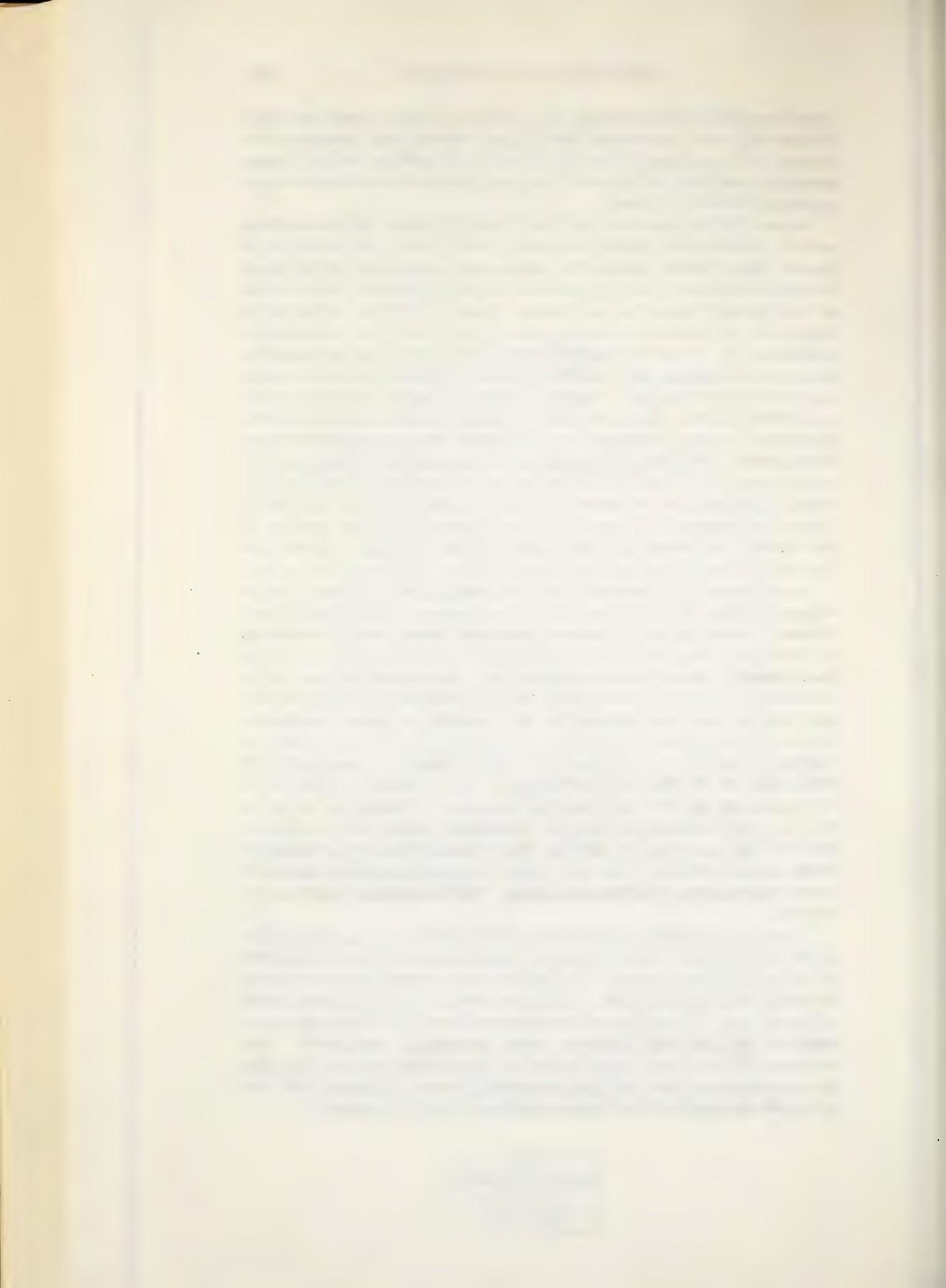
most direct route to the landing; when defeat of Stuart turned the whole Federal left; when the evident fact is stated that no other portion of the Federal left was nearer than three-fourths of a mile, or what is more probable, a full mile, of the river, the great importance of Stuart's stout resistance becomes apparent.

In proof of the assertion that the Fifty-fifth Illinois did not yield the point in question until between two and three o'clock, I cite the report of Colonel Stuart, which received no criticism or modification at the hands of General Sherman. Such report states explicitly that the conflict lasted at this position upward of two hours. General Hurlbut states in his report that, at about three o'clock, Colonel Stuart sent him word that he was driven in. A half hour would be ample, and almost an unreasonable time to use in sending such word to Hurlbut, especially when his retreat was in the same direction. Various Confederate reports state that at the close of this conflict they were greatly exhausted and out of ammunition. It is known to every survivor of the Fifty-fifth that our ammunition was all expended at the time of leaving the ravine, and the cartridges of the dead and wounded were used. This fact is also stated in Colonel Stuart's report. Certainly, two hours or more were needed to expend this much "villainous saltpetre." General Chalmers, speaking of this portion of the conflict, and alluding to the retreat of our men, says: "About this time the gunboats from the river began to throw their shells among us."

By the report of Lieutenant Gwin, commanding the gunboat Tyler, it appears that the first shot was fired at ten minutes before three o'clock. Colonel Wheeler, of the Nineteenth Alabama, already cited, in speaking of the dislodgement of Stuart's men, says it was about three o'clock in the afternoon. After Hurlbut received word from Stuart at three in the afternoon, he began to draw back, which movement exposed Prentiss and Wallace, and was followed by the surrender of about twenty-two hundred men, including Prentiss. The latter says in his report, his surrender occurred at half-past five in the afternoon. That grand old fighter, Col. W. T. Shaw, of the Fourteenth Iowa, who was captured on this portion of the field, says that he surrendered at a quarter before six o'clock. Notwithstanding that the flamboyant assertions of General McClemand gave color to the idea that General Prentiss surrendered much earlier in the day, it is now settled beyond controversy that such event occurred about the time mentioned. All Confederate reports agree with this.

The troops engaged against Stuart participated and partly brought about this surrender which, as before stated, occurred between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. The distance from where they fought the Fifty-fifth Illinois to the point of surrender, was just about one mile to the right and rear. Certainly not more than two and a half hours were consumed in making that distance, when practically unopposed. The reports of Withers and subordinates all concur in the general idea that the next operation they engaged in was the capture of Prentiss, and that no great time elapsed after Stuart was driven from his position.





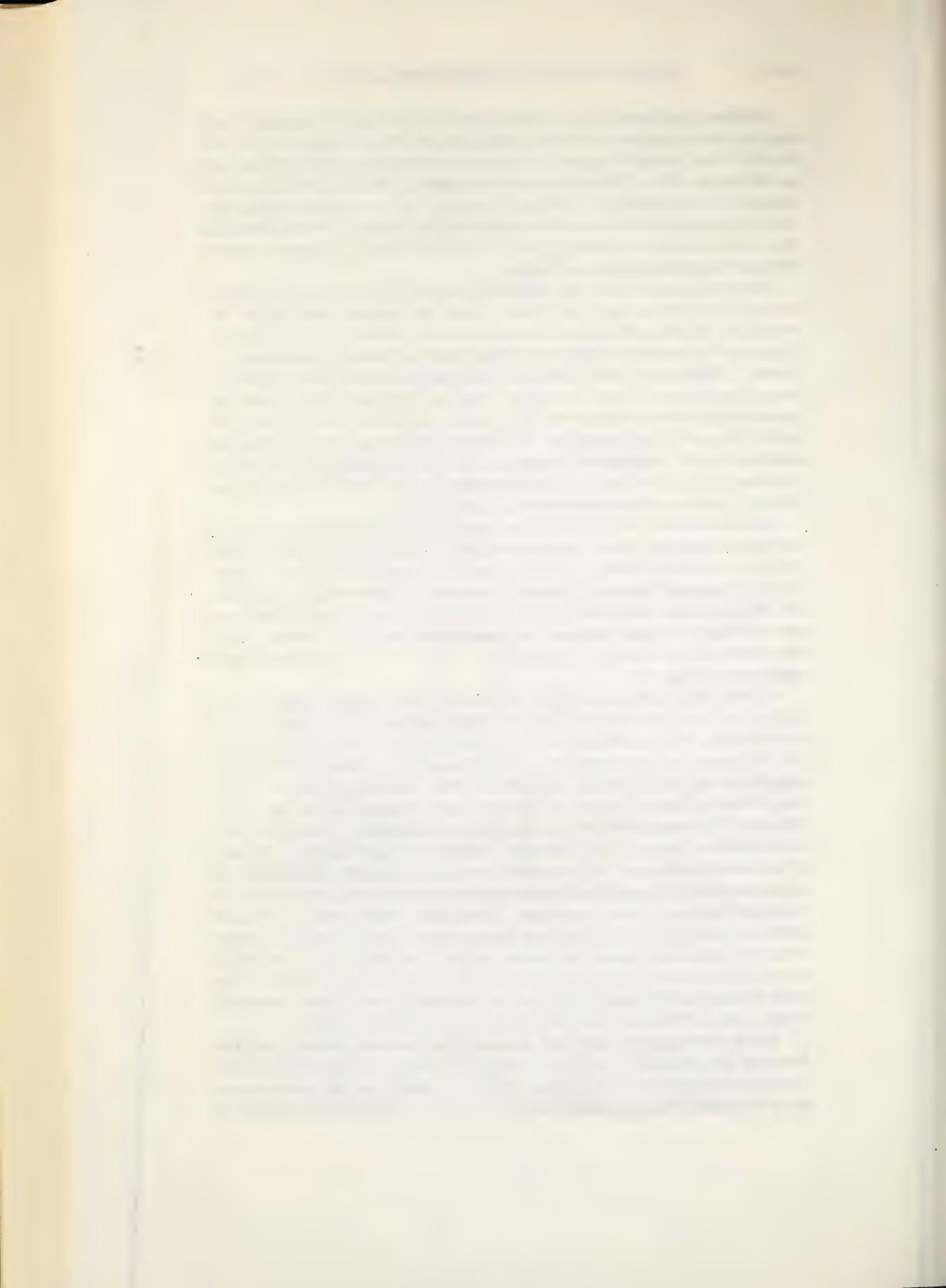
Without designing to make this a sketch of personal adventure, I will state my own judgment on this point, and my reasons therefor. I was the first time wounded upon the opposite or north side of the ravine, just as the retreat of the Fifty-fifth had commenced. The line of their retreat obliqued considerably to what had been our right or inland from the river, while I, more from accident than design, pursued a course through the ravine toward the landing, and struck the river at the place where the gunboats first commenced firing.

Somewhat contrary to the generally received opinion, this was fully three-quarters of a mile up stream from the landing, and not at the mouth of the large ravine about one-fourth of a mile in that direction. To reach this point the distance traveled was just about three-quarters of a mile. This agrees with Colonel Thoms' map, and has been verified by recent inspection. I had not been lying on the bank of the river five minutes when the first shot was fired from the gunboat, and I heard the order given for that purpose. Making all allowance for my disabled condition and subsequent wounds, and also considering the help I obtained, I could not have been more than half an hour in reaching that point. I took considerable interest in getting away.

The time when the first shot was fired from the gunboats, as before stated, is definitely settled as occurring ten minutes before three o'clock. In fact, it was the falling back of Stuart that made it safe for the gun-boats to open, and placed Chalmers' command within reach of its shells. All this furnishes conclusive proof of what is known personally to every one of Stuart's brigade present and now living, viz: that the line just at the rear of their camp, and along this ravine, was not abandoned until after two o'clock.

I have thus tried, in the light of reports lately made public, and in unison with the knowledge of all survivors, confirmed by recent personal examination, to do justice to the Fifty-fifth Illinois as to facts not generally appearing in the literature of this great battle. To do all this, that regiment suffered a terrible baptism of fire. Its loss exceeded that of any other regiment engaged in the battle of Shiloh, except the Ninth Illinois. The best authority on this point is undoubtedly the table given in the tenth volume of the Rebellion Records, as published by congress. It is made up from a full examination of all available documents. It differs in giving a very few more killed and wounded than the report of General Sherman, dated April 9th. The latter, within forty-eight hours after the battle, and half that time having been occupied by an advance towards Monterey, could not have gathered material for a report of absolute correctness. The table referred to gives the loss of the Fifty-fifth Illinois as fifty-one killed and one hundred ninety-seven wounded, being a total of two hundred forty-eight, exclusive of missing.

For performing the deeds and suffering the loss herein described, this brigade gets this, and only this, beggarly mention in the report of its division commander: "My second brigade, Colonel Stuart, was detached near two miles from my headquarters. He had to fight his own battle on



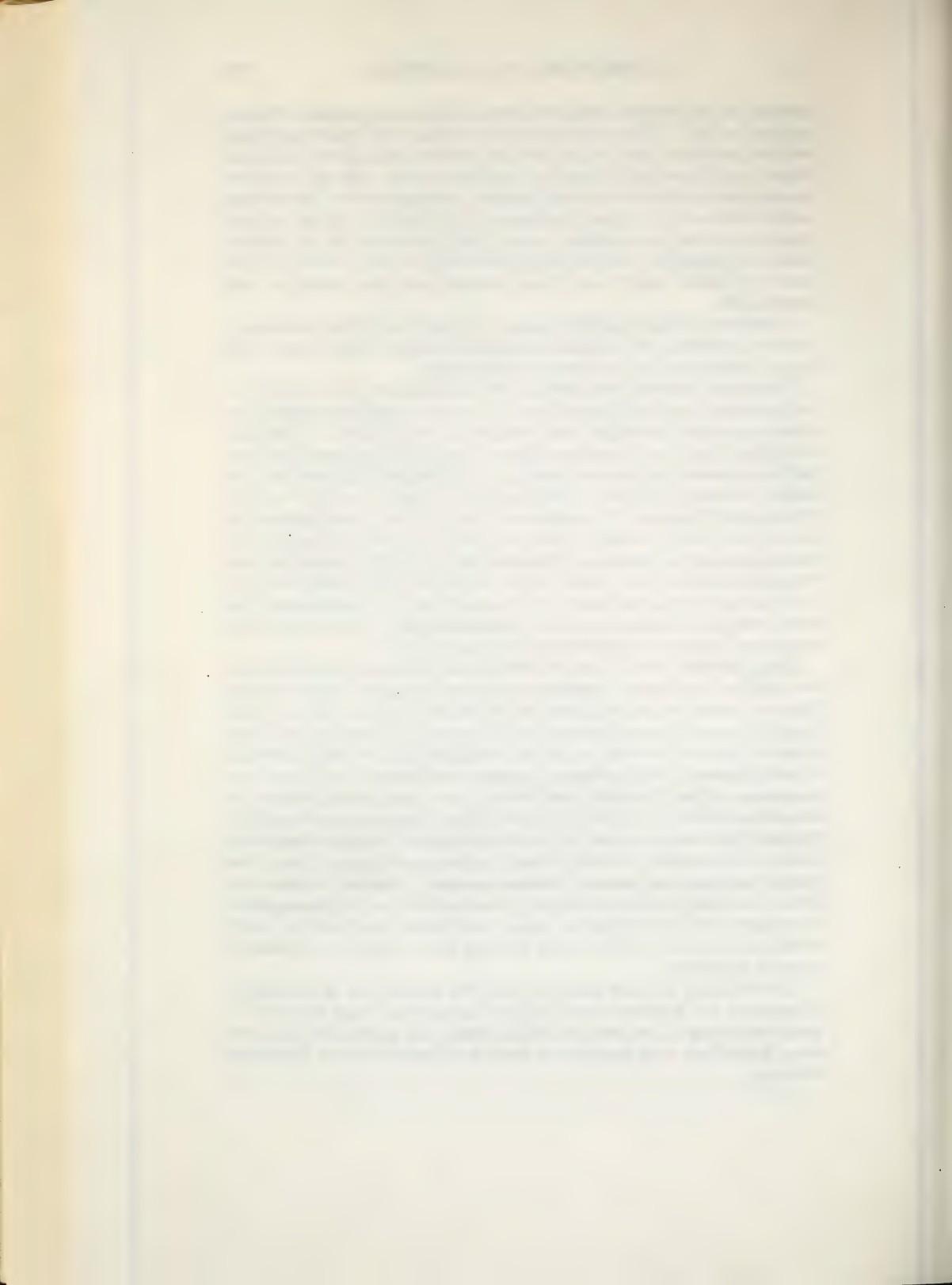
Sunday, as the enemy interposed between him and General Prentiss early in the day." Then follows a mention of Colonels Stuart and Smith, and the statement that he has not yet received the report of Colonel Stuart, and therefore forbears to mention names. All his elaborate remarks are devoted to the other brigades and regiments of his division, and he does not even name the glorious old Fifty-fifth. So far as he is concerned, it had no existence, except that it is named in the table of killed and wounded. Had it not in fact existed, I opine the history of the battle of Shiloh would have been different, and the galaxy of stars possibly less.

In order to estimate the full measure of glory due to this regiment, it becomes necessary to compare the price of blood which it paid, with that of others who paid less but gathered more.

Sherman's division consisted of twelve regiments of infantry, four batteries and two battalions of cavalry, yet the Fifty-fifth Illinois lost about one-sixth of the killed and wounded of that division. The Fifty-fifth Illinois lost more than five-eighths of the killed, and more than one-half the wounded of its own brigade. The Fifty-fifth Illinois lost five-sixths as many killed and nearly as many wounded as the whole of Hildebrand's brigade. If we eliminate from the loss of that brigade the loss of the Seventy-seventh Ohio on April 8th, which is included in Sherman's report as losses at Shiloh, then the Fifty-fifth Illinois lost more than the whole brigade. Such loss, on the 8th of April referred to, was in a reconnaissance, wherein the Seventy-seventh Ohio inadvertently got in the way of and was run over by Forrest's cavalry—an awful warning to infantry regiments to keep out of the way of cavalry.

The Fifty-fifth Illinois lost two-fifths more killed and about as many wounded as Buckland's brigade of the same division. These last two brigades formed to the right and left of Shiloh church, at the very key point of the position, and were under the personal observation and command of General Sherman, and at his hands gets pages of praise, apology or mild censure. Most of these regiments lost fewer killed than some companies of the Fifty-fifth, and few of them many more, except the Seventy-seventh Ohio. The Fifty-fifth Illinois lost about one-thirtieth of the total killed and wounded of Grant's entire army, engaged both days, which army consisted of over seventy regiments of infantry, more than twenty batteries, and several thousand cavalry. Prentiss' division comprised ten large regiments of infantry, two batteries and eight companies of cavalry; yet the Fifty-fifth Illinois lost about one-fourth as many killed and wounded as this whole division, which occupied a position of especial importance.

Lew Wallace brought upon the field, the second day of the battle, about sixty-five hundred men, who go "thundering down the ages" in gorgeous rhetoric; yet the Fifty-fifth Illinois lost twenty-five per cent. more killed and only twenty per cent. less wounded than that whole division.



General Buell brought to battle on the second day, according to different authorities, from twenty to twenty-five thousand men. It has been strenuously claimed, in certain quarters, that they saved the battle from utter defeat, and waded through seas of blood. Their literature is lurid with flaming diction. The smallest private in the rear rank on the extreme left often gets, at the hands of his superior, more praise than the entire Fifty-fifth Illinois; yet the latter regiment lost more than one-fifth as many killed, and one-ninth as many wounded, as this great body, nearly fifty times larger than itself. It is not insinuated but that they did their duty; but their fighting was child's play compared with that of the first day, and very few of its large regiments lost as many as the average company of the Fifty-fifth Illinois.

It is only common justice to claim for the Fifty-fifth Illinois and Fifty-fourth Ohio that, hid away in the deep woods and among the rugged ravines on the extreme left flank at Shiloh, they performed deeds of magnificent valor that entitled them to conspicuous mention.

In view of these facts, is it any wonder that we are disposed to murmur at the parsimony of General Sherman's praise? Is it unreasonable that we claim a place in the history we helped make? May we not, even at this late date, place garlands upon the graves of our comrades? If those whose spurs we helped win, and whose stars we helped fix, fail to write for us, may we not pen our own eulogy? Our dead comrades lie in unnamed graves; others go halting and crippled through life; others still are bowed and suffering from disease. Thank God, it was given us to do. Few could have done as well, none better. Men must bleed and die, widows and orphans weep, and mothers mourn, to save nations.

In all herein written, I accord to the Fifty-fourth Ohio its share of praise. Their living stood with ours, shoulder to shoulder, in battle. The rich warm blood ran out from their ranks and mingled with ours, and the same earth drank it up. The same stars at the same hour shone upon the faces of our dead and their dead. The same breeze that wafted the white soul of an Illinois boy to its Maker, down the line a little way kissed the pallid lips of the Ohio hero. We shall be glad to meet them on earth. We hope to meet them in heaven.

The foregoing covers the most important as well as the most sanguinary part performed by the Fifty-fifth in the battle of Shiloh. During the retreat across the ravine, the south side of which had been occupied up to that time, the loss was beyond expression frightful. Among others, the writer fell grievously wounded, upon the brow of the opposite hill, a fact not important to the issues then pending, but of some importance at this juncture, inasmuch as the events which for some months followed must be related without the aid of personal recollection; and since the work in hand requires a



minuteness of detail not at all necessary in general histories, this is felt to be a serious disadvantage.

The contest on the south side of the ravine, as has been stated and since fully verified, lasted until some minutes after two o'clock in the afternoon. At that time every regiment which formed the front line in the morning had been for some hours from one to three miles in rear of their camps, where they first essayed a stand. In estimating the importance of this, too much weight cannot be given to the fact heretofore mentioned, that upon this ground the rebel right wing was vigorously striving to perform its part in the grand left wheel contemplated in their order of battle. That they were delayed in the execution of that design until after two o'clock, is an episode of national importance, and there is no danger of overpraise of the two regiments accountable for it. Among the myths clinging to the literature of Shiloh is an occasional mention of the different positions occupied by Stuart before the real battle along the ravine to the left rear of his camps. These are sometimes spoken of as though he had been driven repeatedly. Such, however, was not the case. It is true that the brigade was kept moving vaguely from place to place, as suited the bewildered notions of its commander, but such movements were not the result of pressure from the enemy, and not one volley was fired during their progress. No attempt was made to defend the camps, and not one position was assumed which covered or protected them. The idea seemed to be that there was great danger of being flanked on the left, and the first movement of the brigade placed it entirely east of the line of its encampments. This is exactly in contrast to the course pursued by Generals Prentiss and Sherman, who at first established their lines in front of their respective camps, and retreated through them, and lost them very early because they were driven by force of circumstances.

After Stuart's brigade formed in the ridiculous position along the border of Locust Creek, and directly under the bluff on the opposite side, several changes took place, all according to order and not under fire. Such changes of location all tended toward the rear and slightly to the left of the



first one assumed, but covered only a small space of ground, and were fully commanded by the high bluffs close at hand. Finally the line of battle stretched along in the edge of the timber just in rear of the open field to the left of the camp of the Fifty-fifth, that regiment being then about five hundred yards due east of its quarters. Up to this point all formations had faced due south, but here an attempt was made to change front so that the line of battle would face southeast, or directly down the Hamburgh road, toward the crossing of Locust Creek. This, fortunately, failed, owing to the absurd tactics used. A left half-wheel by company was ordered, which of course broke each regiment into ten fragments, and utterly destroyed the continuity of the line. Meanwhile the skirmishers had become warmly engaged, and the bullets of the rebels began to whistle over the heads of the men forming in their rear. As soon as the change of front referred to had fairly commenced, the companies began to crowd and overlap each other. The men, though courageous, were wrought into a state of nervous intensity, and in a moment all were taken off their feet and a wild stampede followed. At this crisis, the conduct of Colonel Stuart was magnificent. He spurred his horse beyond the vortex of the disorder which surrounded him, and, like a chief of ten thousand, faced the throng of excited and disorganized men, and with eyes flashing, and voice ringing through the woods like a trumpet, commanded them to halt. The incubus of European tradition was forgotten in the emergency at hand, and his superb magnetism impressed itself upon the multitude instantly. If Stuart had then died, he would have been canonized in the hearts of his men. Suddenly the men stopped, and seemed to realize the impending disgrace. The officers proceeded at once to reform their companies on any ground and place them afterwards in line of battle. Fortunately no aggressive movement of the enemy interfered with this, and the men regained their poise, ready and anxious to do their duty. More than this, they felt and vigorously expressed an intense spirit of determination to atone for what had just happened. The distance of this flight was not over two hundred yards, to the right and rear, and brought the regiment



almost to the exact spot where it fought so bravely a short time after. During this unpremeditated movement a few scattering bullets took effect, and among others, Captain Wright received his first wound. As yet the regiment had not fired a volley, though it appears that some of the men fired individual shots. Word was shortly sent in from the skirmish line that cavalry was crossing at the ford of Locust Creek, and European ideas came to the front again, and hollow squares were formed, probably for the only time on the field of battle during the rebellion. It seems providential that no advance on the part of the enemy occurred until these tactical monstrosities were reduced, otherwise the laurels of the Fifty-fifth Illinois and Fifty-fourth Ohio would have withered in the infamy of a wild race to the rear, with the Seventy-first Ohio. That the two regiments did endure without disintegration and fatal panic these fantastic and erratic evolutions, perhaps entitles them, from a military point of view, to the highest credit ever earned by them. A few steps to the rear was the rugged ravine, the best position on that portion of the field, where shortly afterward a conflict took place, vital to the safety of the whole army.

Allusion has been made to the fact that Chalmers' and Jackson's brigades were entirely detached from the Confederate army, and moved east for the sole purpose of meeting Stuart's brigade. As this is somewhat peculiar, and closely involved in the events germain to the purpose of this narrative, a more detailed account of why and how such singular movement happened, may not be uninteresting. Knowledge of this has been obtained after long effort, and is here for the first time given to the public. As has been repeatedly stated, Stuart's brigade formed the extreme left of the Federal army, being about three-quarters of a mile to the left and rear of Prentiss. The rebel attack faced northeast, and first struck the last mentioned general's command, and then turned north; and had the Confederates followed General Prentiss' line of retreat, they would have passed to the right of Stuart and more than half a mile away. In other words, had the battle proceeded as the first assault indicated, this brigade would have been outside its scope. Early Sunday



morning General Bragg, while directing movements near Shiloh church, dispatched Captain Lockett, with three or four cavalrymen, toward the Union left, to find the extreme flank in that quarter. This officer, subsequently an engineer of note in the rebel army, and still living, passed from point to point along the bluffs south of Locust Creek, and being careful to attract no attention, and there being no outposts to discover him, overlooked the camps along his route at leisure. He reached the high point of bluff near at hand, just in time to see Stuart's brigade falling into line, in consequence of the long roll then sounding the alarm. He watched the formation of these troops until they marched down the road eastward, toward the crossing of Locust Creek, and knowing this movement to be far beyond the Confederate right flank, came to the reasonable conclusion that it was intended as a flank attack upon their army. He hastily dispatched a courier to the Confederate commander, but becoming impatient, and deeming the danger serious, followed himself immediately. Upon receiving such report from Captain Lockett, Albert Sidney Johnston instantly withdrew Chalmers' and Jackson's brigades from the pursuit of Prentiss and filed them to the rear, across the head-waters of Locust Creek, to the high ground beyond. From thence he led them in person due east, to operate against Stuart's brigade, which he believed was attempting to flank his army. After placing them in position overlooking the camps, and ordering the attack to proceed, he returned toward the right, to meet his death a few hours later, at the hands of Hurlbut's men, about one-half mile away from the Fifty-fifth. It is needless to add that the aimless movements of Stuart's brigade were never intended for any such aggression.

To some it may seem singular that the main line of Stuart's brigade was not engaged until near noon. The operations just described principally account for it, and the Confederate reports fully explain the details. Captain Lockett returned to the Confederate commander with his information about eight o'clock. Chalmers and Jackson had just been brought from the rear, and were involved in a pell-mell pursuit of Prentiss. They were halted and withdrawn, as before stated,



and took a course which led them over two miles of very rough ground, and with their artillery they moved cautiously, as was prudent under the circumstances. They reached the high ground opposite Stuart's camps at about ten or half-past ten o'clock. Here a long halt ensued, to await the result of Captain Clanton's cavalry reconnaissance. Upon the first advance the Federal skirmishers were found, who made such stout resistance that all the rebel reports refer to it as a serious conflict, during which one of their regiments stampeded from the field. After the falling back of the skirmishers, Chalmers' and Jackson's brigades were transferred to the north side of Locust Creek, and deployed in battle order. All the ground taken was first explored by skirmishers—a discreet but slow process. It was talked of at the time, and perhaps it was true, that the hollow square exhibition induced extra caution, it being so ridiculous that it was looked upon as a ruse to induce an attack. It was certainly calculated to deceive any one who was inclined to apply the rules of common sense to practical warfare. All this, taken in connection with the raw condition of the attacking force, sufficiently accounts for the passing time.

Shortly before the final departure from the place of conflict, and after hundreds of men had been killed and wounded, an order was conveyed along the Fifty-fifth to cease firing, about face, and retreat. The command was obeyed, and the whole line turned to the rear. After taking a few steps a countermanding order was given, and every man turned back up the hill and resumed his deadly employment, with perfect deliberation. This short episode amounted to scarcely an interruption, and is alluded to because it reflects the highest credit upon these young soldiers, who were now for the first time under fire.

Finally a positive command was given to fall back, and the Fifty-fifth and Fifty-fourth, at almost precisely a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon, turned away from the foe. McArthur's brigade, which had attempted to reach Stuart early in the day, but had become engaged a half mile away, had been driven from its position more than two hours before. The Forty-first and Forty-second Illinois, two of Hurlbut's



regiments, which had taken almost the exact ground abandoned by McArthur, had just given way under the fierce assaults of two of Breckenridge's brigades, which had to be encouraged to their work by the dashing Kentuckian himself, the governor of Tennessee, and the Confederate commander-in-chief—the last of whom was killed. Farther to the right the regiments of Prentiss and Sherman had long been far to the rear, and thus, when the order came at the time named, Stuart's few men were the last ones to leave the ground assumed for defence at the opening of the battle.

There were no precautions used to cover such retreat, and the alleged skill acquired in European schools and in the Mexican war did not assert itself in this the hour of need. Stuart's fragments, consisting of less than five hundred men, turned to the rear and made a rush for the opposite side of the ravine. This was a gorge about one hundred feet deep, and as many yards across. The ravine on the right, and the woods and gullies in front, were swarming with Confederates ready to make a dash as soon as the deadly fire of the Federals ceased. Almost instantly the ground left was occupied by swarms of exultant and yelling rebels, who now, without danger to themselves, poured a shower of bullets down upon and among the fugitives. Major Whitfield of the Ninth Mississippi, who commanded the rebel skirmishers in that quarter, said in a recent conversation with the writer, "We were right on top of you." "It was like shooting into a flock of sheep." "I never saw such cruel work during the war." To the torment of Chalmers' and Jackson's infantry was added the grape and canister of two rebel batteries close at hand. So through this valley of death went the less than "six hundred," leaving bleeding victims at every step, and up the opposite side the merciless fire was a veritable cyclone.

The course of retreat inclined inland toward the centre of the battle-field, and a few hundred yards placed the men in comparative safety, for the rebels did not at once advance beyond the position they had just attained. Their reports are replete with tales of complete exhaustion, fearful losses, and want of ammunition at this juncture, and indeed they had paid a fearful tribute to the ferocious fighting of Stuart's



few men. They remained at the place they had just captured for two hours, when they were found by General Bragg and hurried toward the centre of the field, to the place of the so-called Prentiss surrender.

After going about four hundred yards the remainder of the Fifty-fifth and Fifty-fourth halted readily at the first command. Up to that moment the two regiments could not have lost less than three hundred and seventy-five men, killed and wounded, and were further reduced by the loss of some prisoners and stragglers. Four companies of the Fifty-fourth were still absent upon duty, as before mentioned. No amount of figuring can make more than four hundred and fifty men present to form the new line; yet it was done, and preparations were made to meet the further advance of the enemy. At this juncture Captain Slattery suggested the examination of the cartridge boxes, and it was quickly disclosed that less than two rounds of ammunition per man remained. Nothing was left but to follow the route to the rear, and finally the line came into the Hamburgh road near Hurlbut's headquarters, about one mile from the landing. Following the course of the road, the high ground near the river was reached about four o'clock, with every company yet organized, compact and in fighting trim, where the remaining four companies of the Fifty-fourth Ohio, under Major Fisher, soon joined the line.

All along the course of this retreat of over two miles, not one orderly body of Federal troops was met, showing the defenceless condition of the entire left flank. Indeed, the retirement of Stuart's two regiments left a broad way open and unobstructed to the landing. Why then did not Chalmers and Jackson, and their division commander, Withers, who was present, avail themselves of this unusual chance of war? Clearly because the intensity, the energy and cohesion had been crushed out of their men by the splendid resistance of eight hundred infantry. Confederate reports, known to far underestimate the truth, place the losses of Chalmers' and Jackson's brigades in killed and wounded, during the battle, at eight hundred and seventy-six. More than two-thirds of this loss must have been at the hands of the Fifty-fifth Illinois and Fifty-fourth Ohio. Is it any wonder, therefore, that



these undisciplined Confederates remained inert for some time after they had suffered such an unmerciful pounding?

Stuart, while on the retreat, was directed by a staff officer of General Grant's to where ammunition could be obtained, and pursuing the course directed soon reached the point near the landing, before mentioned. At that time Hurlbut was directing the two splendid brigades with him, which he had handled with a skill not exceeded on that field, to a position on the same front. The crisis of the battle then converged around the centre and in the vicinity of the vague location called the "hornets' nest." Along that line the well ordered battalions of W. H. L. Wallace, aided by the fragments Prentiss had saved from the drift of the field, and a few regiments beside, maintained a stout contest, without which the battle of Shiloh would have been lost. Yet further to the right, and along Tillman's Creek, McClernand was pugnaciously keeping up a desultory resistance, creditable to himself and the cause. Of the nine regiments of General Sherman's immediate command, which were in his vicinity when he "became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack," it is doubtful if one was in line with its organization complete, and certain that no two of them were together.

Returning again toward the river, we find the Fifty-fifth Illinois and Fifty-fourth Ohio, as they had been in the morning, forming the extreme left flank of the whole Union army. Their line was stout-hearted, but fearfully short-handed, the living being not much more numerous than the dead and wounded left behind; but they were worth more to the cause than the thousands of shivering wretches cowering under the river bank, just in their rear. Presently Hurlbut, with his compact regiments, formed on the right, and Stuart's brigade, for the first time since the battle commenced, was connected with other troops.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the drift of almost the whole rebel army was toward the centre before described, where one of the most defensible positions on the field was being held. This had been the course pursued by the assailants during the whole day, namely, to converge and rush upon



points of resistance with but little reference to flanking tactics. That Stuart's brigade was enabled to hold its first ground so long was due to the same brave but ill-regulated plan. Chalmers and Jackson could have passed the Union left and gone to the landing as easily as did the Fifty-fifth, but when they did move it was under the personal direction of General Bragg, who led them toward the then scene of conflict. Events in that quarter culminated in considerable captures from the Federals, and the death of the lamented General Wallace of Illinois. At this time the Confederate rank and file seem to have been much elated, and to have dispersed somewhat in search of plunder, as though the battle was won. Thus some moments of precious respite were given the panting Union army, and time was gained to plant batteries and form troops at the rear, on the line of the evening. The rebel generals, having a better understanding than their men of what remained to be done, made strenuous efforts toward re-forming and deployment, for the purpose of pushing the conquest to complete victory, then almost in sight. Chalmers and Jackson were untangled from the mass and again took position upon the extreme rebel right.

About five hundred yards south of where the Fifty-fifth and Fifty-fourth were placed was an enormous ravine, running parallel with their front, called Dill's Branch. Into this these two brigades filed, and again the mutations of the confused battle brought the combatants of the morning front to front. The right of the Fifty-fifth rested near the forks of the Corinth and Purdy road. Upon its left, as usual, were the gallant Zouaves, which regiment extended the line a little beyond the log building used as a hospital, and to within about two hundred yards of the top of the bluffs overlooking the Tennessee. General Hurlbut, in a calm review written some time after the battle, clearly defines the position of the Fifty-fifth, designating it by name, and in that connection mentions another unnamed regiment, beyond doubt the Fifty-fourth Ohio. He also fixes the time of the last rebel attack of the evening as at six o'clock. To meet this onslaught he personally attended to the changing of the front of Stuart's men, so that they would face nearly to the southwest. While



the two rebel brigades, as before described, filed into the gorge of Dill's Branch, a battery went into position in the vicinity of the Corinth road. It was Gage's—the same which fired the first shell at Stuart's brigade in the morning; and now, as the day's tragedy was closing, it prepared to throw its missiles among the same men. Finally these preparations were completed, the advance was ordered, and the shades of evening were lighted up by the fires of the new assault. To repel this the whole Union line opened, and here upon the ground of the last rally, the flame of battle merged into the gloom of the approaching night.

The Union artillery had been so placed by Colonel Webster as to be of the greatest use in repelling this attack. It at once joined in the tumult, and performed a more important part than usually falls to the lot of that arm of the service. These guns, consisting of a few of large calibre fortuitously there, and the fag ends of batteries saved from the wreck of the day, were short-handed, and volunteers were asked for from the infantry nearest. To this call the Fifty-fifth responded promptly, and the names of the men so engaged are reported. They were Aaron Lingenfelter and Samuel J. Simpson of Company A; Luther J. Keyes, Rienzi L. Cleveland and Roswell J. Riley of Company C; Daniel S. Burke and Joseph H. Knott of Company D; Dedrick Baiger and Henry Rhodemeyer of Company E; Ebenezer Sanford and LeGrand Dunlap of Company F; Charles L. West and James W. Gay of Company G; John Berlin, George W. Bookhalt, James W. Larrabee and Francis A. Scott of Company I; and James W. Kays of Company K. Perhaps others were equally ready in the meritorious task, but their names have not been preserved.

This contest was extremely noisy, but does not appear to have been particularly destructive to the Union side. The only losses known to have occurred in the Fifty-fifth while in this position were Charles R. Fiske and John P. Gantzert, both corporals of Company I, who were instantly killed by the same unexploded shell, fired doubtless by Gage's battery, which had followed Stuart's footsteps so persistently through the day, and which was soon demolished by the heavy fire



turned upon it. During this fusilade General Grant personally gave directions to some of the officers of the Fifty-fifth, with reference to the safety of their men. It was only a few feet in the rear that his scout, Carson, while conversing with him, was instantly killed by a shell. Just before the rebels finally withdrew from their desultory attempt, two regiments of Buell's troops filed up the road from the river, took position upon the left, and opened a vigorous fire into the woods beyond, and had one man hit while so engaged.

No ground was gained by the assailants during this portion of the engagement, and they must have suffered far more loss than they inflicted during its continuance. Indeed, their attempt of the evening was spasmodic, and not at all effective as against organized resistance, and presently they withdrew into the darkness to bivouac upon the ground in their rear already captured. Night threw its mantle over the blood-stained field. The living and unhurt sought rest as best they could, to await the call for battle on the morrow. The wounded lay scattered everywhere, writhing in anguish. The dead were quietly at rest, suffering neither fear nor pain. Nature, as usual, seemed urgent to wash out the blood-stains of the fratricidal strife, and shortly a heavy rain-storm set in, which lasted until near morning. It was a mercy to the wounded on all parts of the battle-field, and saved many lives. To those who remained in line of battle trying to gain some fitful rest after the exhaustion of the day, it was a source of the greatest discomfort.

Since the first alarm the good chaplain had been untiring in his work of mercy. At the outset his greatest difficulty had been in collecting and organizing the musicians into an ambulance corps. The belligerent little drummers nearly all preferred to fight, and were found along the line, gun in hand, as fierce as fighting-cocks, with no notion of shirking either the dangers or the responsibilities of the front rank. All through the gloomy night the chaplain toiled, searching for and assisting the wounded of the Fifty-fifth. Such scant refreshments as he could obtain were distributed to the exhausted and hungry men, whose letters and journals are teeming with gratitude for the blessing of his presence.



Morning at length dawned, but upon no cheerful outlook. It was gloomy, damp and disagreeable. Daylight brought into view the terrible results of war, scattered everywhere around. The little log house in the rear was filled with suffering wounded, and by it lay ghastly piles of human limbs, thrown carelessly aside after amputation. Long rows of dead rested stark and pulseless upon the wet ground, their pale faces upturned to the pelting storm. Altogether the environment was as depressing as only the chaos of an unsuccessful battle-field could make it.

To the eternal glory of the poor remnant of the Fifty-fifth, it responded bravely to the demands of the new day. Its young men, born amid the quiet beauty of rural scenes, who had seen friends go down in the smoke of their first battle, undismayed sprang to their feet when the word came, ready to face again the rebel host before them.

Here is reiterated the former apology, before attempting to describe the battle of Monday in its relation to the Fifty-fifth. The effect of three wounds had placed the writer beyond the privilege of personal observation. The official reports are almost silent as to Stuart's brigade, and, at most, barely refer to its existence. Those who were present, and to whom an appeal has been made for information, seem to have been too busy doing their duty to observe the exciting scene around them with sufficient accuracy to repeat details after twenty-five years. The battle of the Fifty-fifth on the first day was isolated, and its incidents, when once understood, are somewhat aloof from the general confusion of this the most confused of battles. In its experience of the second day it was merged into the great mass of struggling men, and was merely a small factor in combined movements. One intelligent comrade, who was accustomed to note and preserve the details of army life, replies in this connection: "My chief memories are of the battle-field horrors—mangled humanity, dead horses, deep mud, horrible stenches, and insufficient food." It is easy enough to describe in a general way on which flank the Fifty-fifth acted, and the troops with which it cooperated, but how to give details and incidents with sufficient minuteness to answer the reasonable expec-



tations of those who are interested in a work like this, is difficult and almost impossible.

Shortly after sunrise on Monday morning, and just as the survivors of Company I were placing in a shallow grave, side by side, poor Fiske and Gantzert, Major Sanger dashed up and ordered the brigade to move to the right. The Fifty-fifth had not over two hundred and fifty men in line, and the Fifty-fourth not so many. Of the Seventy-first, no organization was present. It was hopelessly blended into the mass of fugitives in the rear, from which their weak colonel had neither the power nor inclination to rescue them. This skeleton of the brigade, under command of the brave colonel of the Fifty-fourth, and guided by Major Sanger, proceeded west along the Purdy road, and as the rugged valley of Tillman's Creek was approached, such troops of Sherman's division as remained in line were found. Then and there for the first time the regiment formed in connection with its own division, and under the eye of General Sherman, who, with his wounded arm in a sling, was dashing about as became his restless genius. From the west side of Tillman's Creek the march proceeded for about one mile in a south-westerly direction, until near the right of General McCleernand's camps. Here, fresh from the seclusion of Crump's Landing, General Lew Wallace's division, which was on the right and front, encountered the enemy, and shot and shell again began to crash through the trees over and around the Fifty-fifth. Sherman's division was in the rear of Wallace's left and of McCook's right, with the evident purpose of operating in support of those fresh troops. About ten o'clock in the forenoon the battle opened in that quarter, carried on by the Federals at first largely with skirmish lines and artillery, all beautiful and elaborate, but displaying none of the sanguinary aspect of the day before. Had the Union army been pushed into the fight and led with anything like the boldness which characterized the rebel attack of Sunday, the Confederate army would have crumbled away in an hour. Had the Confederate assaults of Sunday been attempted with anything like the scientific attenuation and care for human life used by the Federals on Monday, the latter would have lost



no ground. The enemy gradually gave way, and the Union line was advanced accordingly. Stuart's brigade, under command of Colonel T. Kilby Smith, kept well up in rear of the front line, and under fire, but losing only here and there a man, by a cannon shot.

The right of the assailants had now swept around so as to face southeast, toward Shiloh church. About one hundred yards from that point was a dense thicket of water oaks, hard to penetrate and tenaciously held by the foe. About two o'clock the Fifty-fifth came in sight of the locality, and witnessed the preparation of McCook for attack. The Thirty-fourth Illinois, the only regiment from its state in Buell's army, was close at hand. The brigade, commanded by the gallant Colonel Kirk of Sterling, Illinois, and now in its first battle, was somewhat warmly engaged. The Thirty-second Indiana, under Colonel Willich, was brought up to lead the advance, and as it came under fire began to show signs of wavering. It was deliberately halted by its commander, who, in sight of the Fifty-fifth, proceeded for a time to drill his regiment in the manual of arms. When a sufficient degree of steadiness had been attained to suit the views of the colonel, it was ordered through the pond and into the thicket, and a fierce conflict of musketry at once followed. This lasted for about twenty minutes, when Willich's regiment came rushing to the rear, unable to face the fire any longer. Just then the brigade of the Kentuckian, Rousseau, was brought up, and Sherman formed Stuart's brigade on the right, and on the then front line. When these preparations were completed, the whole line swept forward, the Fifty-fifth and Fifty-fourth abreast of all others of the attacking force, and finally the whole rebel line gave way. It was followed with a rush. The disloyal host was fairly on the run, or as Colonel Malmborg would say, "faced mit their backs." Stuart's brigade was close after them, yelling like wild men, and had abundant opportunity and disposition to requite the rebel sociability of the day before. As the Confederates scampered through the open timber and fields the good Dresden rifles of the exasperated and elated Illinoisans sent many of them beyond the reach of the beneficent legislation of



modern times. This was the last stand by the enemy, and their flight was followed until at four o'clock in the afternoon Stuart's brigade, each man exhausted by the bloody chase, stood round about Shiloh church, and upon the ground captured from Sherman early Sunday morning.

The battle of Shiloh was won, and no single organization had contributed more to that end than the Fifty-fifth Illinois Infantry. But one other regiment had spilled more blood upon that battle-field. The fragments of the once proud rebel army were stumbling toward Corinth, a mass of disorganized and discouraged fugitives. Northern patriotism and courage had driven them finally from a field almost given them by official misadventure. The ripe fruits of victory were within easy reach, but no hand was put forth to pluck them. General Grant, in his "Memoirs," has given such poor reasons as then existed for not following. General Buell, practically independent and with ten thousand troops at his back who had not fired a shot, was no more aggressive. It was the close of the only battle in which he personally took part during the rebellion.

The rebel General Bragg, in addition to his duties as chief-of-staff, had commanded a corps through the entire battle. He was everywhere during the two days' contest, sharing in an unusual degree for a subordinate, its responsibilities and dangers. As the Confederate army fled, pursuit was expected as a matter of course, and he remained in its rear to cover the retreat as far as possible. From a position not more than three miles in front of Shiloh church, and at half-past seven o'clock, Tuesday morning, he sent the following lamentation to General Beauregard:

Our condition is horrible. Troops utterly disorganized and demoralized. Road almost impassable. No provisions and no forage, consequently everything feeble. \* \* \* \* It is most lamentable to see the state of affairs, but I am powerless and almost exhausted. Our artillery is being left all along the road by its officers. Indeed, I find but few officers with their men. \* \* \* \*

General Bragg received a note from General Breckinridge at two in the afternoon of that day, and forwarded it to his superior with the following indorsement:



Respectfully referred to General Beauregard. If we are pursued by a vigorous force we will lose all in the rear. The whole road presents the scene of a rout, and no mortal power could restrain it.

The above quotations, and from such a source, illustrate better than could a whole volume of argument the fearful straits of the defeated Confederates, and is equally conclusive of the possibilities within easy reach of the Federals. Could General Grant have been vouchsafed the inspiration which afterward seemed to guide him, the atonement would have been ample, and Shiloh would have left no regrets. So ended the great holocaust around the little Shiloh chapel. George W. Cable has said the South never smiled again after it. Thousands in the North West still mourn because of it.

It is impossible to give with exactness the casualties in the Fifty-fifth on the second day, but the loss bore no proportion to that of Sunday, although equal to that of many of Buell's and Lew Wallace's regiments. It probably did not exceed twenty, and was mostly from artillery. The splendid young orderly-sergeant of Company I was killed by a cannon shot, the first one struck on that day. Fred. Ebersold and James W. Larrabee of the same company, were wounded, and George A. Raup of Company C was killed.

So great a battle, and the first in the experience of nearly all who took part, was naturally rich in thrilling personal incidents. They are characteristic of such a battle, and of such a regiment, and a few are given to illustrate the one and to do justice to the other. It is sufficiently apparent that only such as are remembered or have been kindly furnished by others are available, a statement which should excuse any seeming egotism or discrimination.

Of the officers losing their lives, Captain Squire A. Wright was the highest in rank. He came from Michigan, a stranger, and was made second-lieutenant of Company C by Colonel Stuart, with whom he was a great favorite. He had been promoted to captain of Company F, and commanded it in the battle. He was one of the first struck in the main line, but refused to go to the rear, and finally received another and a mortal wound. He died at Quincy, Illinois, on May 12th. In his short career with the regiment he manifested



high capacity. The manner of his death sufficiently establishes his claim to sublime bravery.

Lieutenant James Weldon had been transferred from Company I, and given his rank in Company H, with which he received his death wound. He was a young man of superb appearance and unblemished character, and had all the attributes of a fine volunteer soldier. His burial was the occasion of a fitting tribute on the part of his friends and neighbors, and Judge Harris of Morris, Illinois, delivered an eloquent eulogy, which this young soldier had fairly earned by his blameless life and heroic death.

Theodore W. Hodges, the gallant young second-lieutenant of Company C, also lost his life. The incidents of his death are so graphically stated by his good friend and comrade, Robert Oliver, that they are given in his language, which is as follows:

Hodges came to me and knelt down on one knee with the point of his sword on the ground, and said, "Oliver, as soon as you get your gun loaded take Ainsbury to the rear; he is"—then he was hit by a canister shot in the head. He hung to the hilt of his sword until his hand came to the ground, bending the sword double, and when he let go it bounded six feet into the air. I was therefore left to accomplish the unfinished command of a good officer. That was the last command he ever gave.

First-Lieutenant Shaw, who that day commanded Company C, also speaks in the highest terms of the gallantry of Lieutenant Hodges. He lay on the field in an unconscious condition, and finally died on Thursday following. The only word that was heard to escape his lips was when, once or twice, he muttered "father."

Jesse A. Carpenter and Eli L. Cook of Company I, and James W. Gillespie of Company G, were all detailed in the regimental quartermaster's department. After the baggage was loaded and the trains started for the landing, all joined their companies just as the battle commenced. Their conduct was really an evasion of the duty for which they were selected, and their return to the line of battle was entirely voluntary. All three lost their lives before the day ended.

Upon the first alarm Quartermaster Janes and his assistants, Fisher and Capron, with the detailed men under them,



proceeded with great diligence to load the stores and baggage of the regiment upon the numerous wagons at hand. The train, after being made up, followed the brigade toward the crossing of Locust Creek, but fortunately, just before battle was joined in that quarter, countermarched and reached the landing in safety, though at some peril. A few minutes' delay would have involved them between the lines in a very severe conflict near the camp of the Seventy-first Ohio. It is to the wise forethought and industry of the above named that the officers of the Fifty-fifth are mainly indebted for the safety of their baggage.

C. C. Davis of Company G, who was acting as postmaster, thus describes his somewhat peculiar adventures:

I had franked about two hundred and fifty letters, and asked the officer of the day whether I should destroy my mail if there was any danger of my being captured. He declined to give any advice, and taking matches to burn the letters if necessary, I started for the landing and succeeded in reaching it in safety. I then assisted a wounded man on board, and started to go to my regiment. I met several demoralized soldiers running away, one of whom said to me, "No use, the day is lost!" He seated himself on a log and offered me a gun, which I accepted, with his cartridge box which he buckled around me, saying that he "had fired ten rounds and had thirty left." Looking at his cap I found he was a sergeant of Company G, Sixteenth Wisconsin. Walking rapidly I arrived at the peach orchard, where none of our regiment were to be found; waiting a few moments I saw a rebel regiment march on to our camp-ground from the woods, who, when they found it deserted, gave three lusty cheers, the color-sergeant raising his rebel flag high in air at each one. I aimed at him and fired, when immediately numerous rebels who were scattered among the scrub oaks near commenced firing at me. I retreated to get out of their range, until I came upon what proved to be the Ninth Illinois Infantry, where I remained firing until wounded by a sharp-shooter off to my left. I was shot a trifle below the knee by a musket ball which passed through,—was carried off by two of the Ninth Illinois musicians and placed in the camp of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, where I remained till near sunset, when I was placed in a wagon and carried to the landing.

The above affords a glimpse of the Fifty-fifth camp-ground after that regiment left it, and furnishes also an instance of personal heroism. The matters described indubitably prove not only the truthfulness, but the accuracy of Davis. The wound left him a hopeless cripple for life.



The following has before been printed, and is here quoted for the purpose of paying a tribute to a gallant soldier who lost his life in helping another:

All at once in front of me, by a big elm tree, stood Parker B. Bagley, orderly-sergeant of Company B, of our regiment. He exclaimed, "Crooker, are you hurt, too?" and I fell down by the tree, and faintly asked for water. He had a full canteen, and placed it to my lips. It seemed as though new life was given. He then told me he had been to the rear to help his nephew, and was on his way back to the regiment. I told him it was gone, and to go further that way meant capture. Meanwhile the bullets from distant firing were singing through the air high overhead, and the steady crackling of musketry, deepened by the boom of innumerable cannon, made the diapason of battle complete. Presently a bullet hit the tree just overhead, indicating the necessity of moving. Getting upon hands and knees, I tried to stand up, but could not. With wounds stiffened and limbs swollen, I subsided with a groan at the foot of the tree. Bagley came to my side and put his arms around me, and I clambered up at his right side, clinging to his strong manly form for support. Thus slowly and painfully we dragged our way for a few rods. He reached his left hand in front of his body to take me by the arm, and the movement pulled up his blouse sleeve and disclosed a bandage around that arm. I exclaimed, "Good God! Bagley, are you hit? Then leave me." His reply is remembered well; they were the last words of a hero; they were uttered with the last breath of a man who lost his life helping me save mine; they are burned into my memory by the one great tragedy of a life-time. These words were: "That does not amount to anything; lean on me just as heavily as you have a mind to; I feel just as well as I ever did." Instantly rang out clear and distinct from the edge of the ravine, a rifle shot. A burning sensation passed along my back, and we fell together -- two quivering, bleeding human beings. The bullet of the assassin fired at me, a wounded man, hit me crosswise under the shoulder, and passed on, killing poor Bagley. He fell, and, lying beneath him, I could feel his hot blood run down my side, and hearing his dying groan knew that the life of a hero was ended. A brave, stalwart human being as was ever made in the image of his Maker, lay dead beside me.

That excellent soldier, Robert Oliver, is again quoted. After describing the death of Lieutenant Hodges, as before given, he continues as follows:

Ainsbury was badly wounded through the thigh. I had got him some ways when Sergeant O. H. Partch caught up to me, with a terrible wound in the right arm. He said, "Oliver, I will take Ainsbury; I have one sound arm, but I can't shoot, and you can." As I was going back, and reached the spur of the ridge in the rear of our position, I met one of either Company C or Company I, but cannot remember who. He was badly wounded;



and I took him a short distance, and left him with some one. I wanted to get back to the front, but when I got to the ridge in rear of where we fought, I could see nothing but rebels over there. My first impression was that the Fifty-fifth had all been taken prisoners. I then started to run, when some one called out, "For God's sake! Robert, don't leave me." I looked back and saw James D. Goodwin of my company. He had every thing off but his pants and shirt, and was as red as if he had been dipped in a barrel of blood. I said, "Never! put your arm around my neck, and I will do the best I can for you." The rebels were very close all around us, but I felt strong enough to pull up all the young saplings that grew on the battle-field. While I was taking him back he was hit either once or twice. When I got him to the river, a short distance from where the gunboats were firing, I found a surgeon, and upon cutting the shirt off Goodwin, to my horror there were seven bullet-holes in that boy, not yet seventeen years old. I never could tell this experience unless there would something come up in my throat to cut off my speech for a time. From the minute I took hold of him until I got to the river, he never murmured nor broke down. Whenever he was hit he gave a sudden start, and then braced up again; I never saw such nerve. He died on May 8th, the noblest boy I ever saw.

Sergeant C. P. Lacey of Company B, whose careful work has been of the greatest assistance to all the authors, and who helped bury the dead after Shiloh, is quoted in the following incident:

Down in the ravine sat our Company B bugler, George G. Farwell, leaning against a tree and holding in his extended hand an open letter, which he was apparently reading. His form was rigid in death, and his last moment came while reading the last letter received from his wife. He had been mortally wounded, and had sought that position before dying. His bugle had been cut from his person, leaving the cord around his neck.

It will require no great effort of memory for all to recall Joe Edwards, the pugnacious little drummer of Company I. Like most of the musicians, he had fled from the command of "Waukegan" to the ranks, bound to take an active part in the conflict. From that dire intent he was compelled to desist by the chaplain, who took charge of the musicians and organized them into a hospital corps. In that band "little Joe" worked like a hero all day, and among other adventures had the good fortune to assist his uncle, Colonel Hicks of the Fortieth Illinois, who was grievously wounded.



Darkness came and found the boy doing his best at the hospital near the landing. Exhausted by the excitement and severe labor of the day, he finally lay down upon the ground outside the little log building, and went to sleep. As wounded soldiers died one by one, during the night, they were taken out and laid upon the ground in rows, to make more room for the living. Some hospital attendants, bearing their bloody burden, saw Joe asleep, and supposing him dead, lay the corpse down beside him. This was followed by others, and when morning dawned and the tired drummer awakened, he found himself at the head of a ghastly array, of which he alone was living, and from which he quickly fled.

During the conflict on Sunday a musket ball ploughed through the scalp of James Garner of Company C, which stunned and prostrated him. About half an hour afterward he recovered sufficiently to rise to his feet, but consciousness of the situation dawned slowly. Just as the regiment commenced to retreat, one of his comrades called out to him, "Come, Jim, we are going back;" to which Jim replied, "Ain't I killed?" His commanding officer, Lieutenant Shaw, adds that Garner, "on being assured that he was not killed, joined in the retreat, and ever after, as before, proved himself a live soldier in every respect."

Every effort has been made to trace the course of the skirmishers of the Fifty-fifth, who operated for some time in front of the line, and before the main part of the regiment became engaged. Very little that is authentic can be gathered at this late day. Companies A and B were early deployed under the command respectively of Captains Augustine and Thurston—two very excellent companies, under good though inexperienced officers. They suffered severe loss while so engaged, the extent of which cannot be stated with certainty. It was here that the excellent soldier, and afterwards valuable officer, J. B. Ridenour of Company A, was severely wounded. The skirmishers of the Fifty-fourth Ohio were on the left of those of the Fifty-fifth, reaching entirely to the river bottom; but Captain Yeomans, who commanded them, says that acting under express orders they did not fire a shot. To the right Company K of the



Seventy-first Ohio was engaged, and in and around the log buildings at the left of the Fifty-fifth camp did splendid fighting. It is certain that the main skirmish line never went beyond the banks of Locust Creek, though individuals were sent much farther in advance. This occurred while the enemy were engaged with Prentiss, and before Chalmers and Jackson were detached to meet the imaginary flank movement of Stuart, and at a time when there were no Confederates directly toward the south. Why there were no skirmishers directed southwest, toward the firing and in the only direction from which an attack could come, is as much a mystery as the other numerous eccentricities of that day. William H. Lowe of Company A was one of the videttes referred to, and has told his experience with such evident truthfulness and point, that his words are followed as the best relation attainable of a phase of the conflict occurring out of sight of the regiment:

After the regiment had taken its first position Company A was thrown forward to the creek, which was the outpost for the pickets. Then a part of the company was moved forward on the Hamburg road, leaving a man about every thirty rods as a connecting link with those in the rear. I was selected by Lieutenant Schleich for the outpost. I think I was a considerable distance from the reserve, was to fire on the approach of the enemy, and was stationed within fifty yards of a house. I desired to go forward to it but Lieutenant S. said not, as all I had to do was to give the alarm. I felt at the time that this was a grave mistake, for if I was in the house with orders to hold it, I would do so against the combined rebel army. By this time the battle was terrific on the right and rear. I could tell plainly that our men were drawing them on. I thought at first that the rebels were being drawn into a trap, and that the troops on the right would take them all prisoners and we would be left out of the fight again, as we were at Fort Donelson. I wondered why our officers could not see it, and thought they wanted us for fatigue duty. We enlisted to fight; why not let us at them. My meditations were broken by a man emerging from the brush on the right of the road and going into the house. His hat was down over his eyes and he did not see me, but I was pointed out to him by a woman at the door. He came over to where I was. The tears were coursing down his cheeks. He had been over in the rear of the Confederate army and said they were killing men by thousands. He had been over to get their general to move his family back out of the reach of the battle. I told him that he and his wife had better carry their children back to the rear of our regiment; they would be perfectly safe there. He thanked me and said he had no preference



for either side, and did not know what the war was about. He wanted me to go to his house and get any thing I desired. He insisted on bringing me a chunk of pone and some milk, which I declined. I questioned him closely as to how many troops Johnston had, but could get nothing out of him except that there were a "powerful sight." The battle had worked far to the rear, and I began to feel by this time that if our army could draw them into a trap and take them prisoners without me, I would not care much. I had just begun to reconcile myself to this thought, when I was signaled by the man in my rear to rally on the reserve; when about half way back I saw a company of cavalry on the west side of the field to our right. I reached the reserve in safety. We lay down behind a knoll on the north side of the creek. We had not long to wait. The cavalry soon appeared, riding by fours. They came down and formed in line within a short distance of us. At last our bugler could stand it no longer and fired one shot from a revolving rifle, when they broke back and soon were out of sight. Very soon we saw infantry approaching in line of battle. When they were close to the creek they halted, and a second line also appeared in their rear. Captain Augustine gave orders to fire by platoon, which we did, and the battle commenced.

This curiously confirms other information to the effect that the first shot ever fired in battle by the Fifty-fifth was from the celebrated "Methodist-five-shooter" in Company A, in the hands of Vaughan, their bugler. William Reiman, Company B, killed on the skirmish line, was beyond doubt the first man of the Fifty-fifth who lost his life in battle.

Certain incidents then occurring come bubbling up through memory after a lapse of a quarter of a century. The writer had known Lieutenant Shaw in civil life, and regarded him as an excellent citizen, but one not at all demonstrative. There was no reason to doubt his bravery, but he had none of the high-stepping qualities then regarded as evidences of soldierly gifts. He commanded in this battle the color-company and his duties frequently brought him in view. The transformation was wonderful. He was raging like a lion, swinging his sabre and leading men by the collar, on occasion, up to the line. Under his quiet exterior there were hidden qualities of the most inspiring character, as was often afterward tested.

The adjutant was equipped in a dingy, ill-fitting uniform, and had buckled tight around him the full equipments of a slain soldier. Upon his bushy, curly head was one of those absurd little zouave caps, and in his hand a rifle. During the



various formations he performed his official functions on foot, and when done subsided into a rather common-looking private soldier, loading and firing with great deliberation. He was heard vainly beseeching the colonel for the privilege of shooting at the rebel color-bearer before the firing was allowed to commence, and offered to stake his reputation that he could hit him the first time. The emergency of battle had brought certain murderous qualities to the surface that he did not ordinarily seem to possess.

Captain Tim Slattery is remembered as perfectly cool, collected and clear-headed. At one time, exasperated by the conduct of a member of Company G, who persisted in firing from the rear of the line, he rushed down hill, caught him by the collar and thrashed the life half out of him with the flat of his sword.

The dead of the Fifty-fifth were buried on Tuesday and Wednesday by details, mostly voluntary, who went from the bivouacs near Shiloh church for that purpose. The tents in the little peach orchard were found occupied by the Fifty-third Illinois, who had come from Savannah on Monday night. They had by the aid of lanterns gathered up most of the wounded of Stuart's brigade, on the night of arrival, and had done all possible for the sufferers. The headquarters and the log buildings at the left of the camp were crowded with Federal and Confederate wounded, and were for a long time used as hospitals. Most of the dead were found upon the south edge of, or in the ravine so often spoken of, and which without doubt marks the scene of as severe a conflict as ever took place on this continent. The mode of burial was by digging trenches wide enough to lay a man in cross-wise, which was done a few feet south of the line of battle, and in these the dead were carefully placed, side by side, in company groups, and uncoffined and unshrouded these young heroes were covered. Here and there some poor wounded sufferer had wandered until life gave out. Such were buried in isolated graves where they were found. Frail headboards of the best material at hand were erected, and upon these and upon trees the names were marked, most of which subsequently disappeared under the mutations of time.



It is fair to presume that many will be interested in the present appearance of the battle-field of Shiloh. Actuated by a passion common to all soldiers to visit scenes of former conflict, and influenced by a consuming desire to rescue the deeds of the Fifty-fifth from the obscurity surrounding the left flank in that battle, the writer has twice visited the locality. The first occasion was with an excursion, and the course of the Tennessee was followed, using two steamboats as means of transportation. The sixth and seventh of April, 1884, were spent upon the ground. Of the Fifty-fifth, John G. Brown and Dorsey C. Andress were also present. Five of the Fifty-fourth Ohio were with the excursion, of whom T. J. Lindsay of Washington Court House, Ohio, a very intelligent gentleman, is best remembered. The entire expedition embraced about two hundred people, nearly all of whom had been engaged in the battle, and many of them had been wounded in it. Sunday morning, the twenty-second anniversary, dawned as bright and sunny as had the day this expedition was intended to commemorate. The two fine steamers, each having upon it a band playing the Star Spangled Banner, and each thronged with expectant passengers, rounded the bend of the river below Pittsburgh Landing, and came suddenly in sight of the fine national cemetery fronting the river at that point. Immediately upon landing ranks were formed, and the deeply impressed procession marched up the road to the cemetery. The people and the Sunday school scholars of the neighborhood, under good father Cotton, an evangelist, were assembled in considerable numbers to welcome the veterans. Short and very affecting ceremonies were then held in the cemetery, when the impatient throng dispersed to seek out the portion of the battle-field most interesting. The two succeeding days were spent in explorations, and the excursion returned down the river.

The second visit was made alone, in December, 1885, when ten days were spent upon the ground, and was more satisfactory, inasmuch as sufficient uninterrupted time was taken to examine the records of the cemetery and explore minutely the battle-field. All distances mentioned in this



work in relation to the conflict were carefully measured, and much useful information obtained.

The cemetery at Pittsburgh Landing occupies the hill sloping toward the river, at the right of the road running from the water's edge. It embraces the ground formerly cultivated, upon which was the log house used as a hospital at the time of the battle. A neat brick residence furnished by the government is located near the southwest corner, and all is in charge of L. S. Doolittle, a wounded soldier of the Ninety-third Illinois. The arrangement and ornamentation of the grounds are beautiful and appropriate, and are kept in the best of order by the gentlemanly superintendent above named. Upon this hallowed spot three thousand five hundred and ninety soldiers are buried, the graves of about two-thirds of them being marked "Unknown." They lie there sleeping, dead; no, not dead—

"There is no Death! what seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

Of the noble array of youth the Fifty-fifth laid in this hecatomb, the names of five only are found upon headstones. The others—the first of our precious sacrifice to the war-god of the rebellion—are gathered with the great harvest of the "unknown;" nor could they wish—

"Couch more magnificent. \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* The hills,  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods; rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; \* \*  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. \* \* \*

Those whose names are preserved are as follows: John M. Banks, Company A; John Ashmore, Company B; Oliver Lindsay, Company B; Daniel Greathouse, Company D; William Bayless, Company D.



Passing along the Corinth road toward the front, the appearance of the battle-ground has not greatly changed. Some fields have been abandoned under the thriftless culture of the region, and have grown up to underbrush. Some new ones, small and irregular, have been cleared more recently. The inhabitants are hospitable and kind, and the leading citizen is W. C. Meeks, a former soldier of the rebellion, and now the proprietor of a large store at the landing. The old camp-ground of the Fifty-fifth—the little peach orchard which bloomed at the time of the battle—was abandoned a few years ago, and dogwood, sassafras and hazel begin to obstruct it. The house occupied by Colonel Stuart as his headquarters was burned during the war. The group of log cabins which stood at the left of the camp has disappeared, though the foundation logs are still visible. About one-half mile west, and upon the former camping-ground of the Seventy-first Ohio, resides Noah Cantrill, who owns that portion of the battle-field—a kindly and intelligent man, whose hospitality was cheerfully rendered.

The ravine upon which the Fifty-fifth fought so long and so well, passes close in rear of the field across the road. Tracing along its precipitous edge eastward toward its mouth for about five hundred yards, hid away in the dense thickets upon its southerly edge, are numerous yawning cellar-like pits. These were the first burial places of the first dead of the Fifty-fifth. They lay there in the sylvan beauty of the woods, quietly sleeping, until 1866 and 1867, when the remains were taken to the cemetery. The field notes of those who performed that duty describe the location as: "Five hundred yards east of Larkin Bell's place, on a point of ridge. Large '55' cut on tree in line. Buried in two lines and one trench running east and west." Larkin Bell's field was the enclosure across the road from the Fifty-fifth camping ground, at the west end of which was the building used by Colonel Stuart. At the time the dead were removed, but little of the head-boards remained. Beside the names already given, there was found one head-board in the same location marked "Shulenberger." This was unquestionably William Shulenberger of Company D. Three bodies were found in



one trench, at which was a head-board marked with the initials "D. K., G. W. P., and L. P. D., 55th Ill." Beyond doubt this was the grave of David Kreider, George W. Pennell and Lloyd P. Davis of Company F.

Much of the large timber has disappeared, and a dense growth of underbrush covers everything in the vicinity, and men in line of battle, located where the Fifty-fifth had such splendid range on the 6th of April, 1862, could now see but a few rods. On no other part of the field are the evidences of severe conflict more apparent. All the trees of reasonable size are scarred and blotched by bullets. Relics can be obtained in any quantity. Among others, the writer cut from a tree two of the large bullets of the Fifty-fourth Ohio, which had come together in their flight and formed one solid mass of lead. A citizen engaged in splitting rails in the ravine, in rear of the position of the Fifty-fifth, found near the forks of two large limbs, six bullets condensed in one mass. The beech trees in the gorges of the vicinity still plainly bear the names of hundreds of soldiers cut upon them, but they are all those of Buell's and Pope's men, who wandered over the field after the battle. The rebel dead who fell before the sweep of Stuart's fire are buried here and there, the spots being easily identified by the little mounds of gravelly soil over them, and human bones are too plentiful to excite remark. Old canteens, pieces of leather, bullets, grape-shot, gun-barrels, fragments of shell, bayonets--in short, anything calculated to resist the ravages of time, can be found in proportion to the industry of the relic hunter.

The distance from the graves on Stuart's right to those on the left of McArthur has been found by actual measurement to be a little over eight hundred yards, or about one-half mile. This fixes conclusively the interval unoccupied by troops upon the right of the Fifty-fifth. It is equally conclusive on the point that Chalmers and Jackson were both engaged, and occupied for some hours solely with two regiments of infantry, because being actually connected together in their movements, as already shown, they would not have reached far enough west to have engaged McArthur. If the rebel line in that quarter had been long enough to cover this



interval, it is not reasonable to suppose that eight hundred yards of its centre would have stood idle while the two flanks were for some hours engaged in a desperate struggle. Several Confederate officers of high rank conversed with the Federal wounded on the field, and to Sergeant-Major McAuley and others expressed their disbelief that so small a force had resisted them so long.

There runs a fiction through many narratives of this epoch that the best fighting and the greatest losses at Shiloh were toward the Union right. Such is explicitly stated to be the case by General Grant. It is almost a pity to disturb such well settled myths, yet it is easy of demonstration that in that direction was the poorest fighting, the greatest confusion and the least blood shed. Commencing at the right of the two brigades which fought under Hurlbut, it is found that in addition to them, the Ninth, Twelfth, Fiftieth and Fifty-fifth Illinois, and Fifty-fourth Ohio, though greatly disconnected, fought at different times through the day on substantially the same front, and were the only troops engaged on the left flank. These troops embraced thirteen regiments, and lost in killed and wounded about one-third of the casualties of the entire Federal army, on the first day. The remainder of Grant's forces were about fifty regiments of infantry, twenty batteries, and considerable cavalry. It appears then that on less than one mile of front on the left, one-fifth of the army suffered one-third of the total loss in killed and wounded. The very slight loss in prisoners on that flank is another evidence of how closely they held together. In the opinion of the writer the Confederates suffered severest at the peach orchard of the Sarah Bell place, while engaged with Hurlbut, a little more than one-half mile to the right of the Fifty-fifth. The figures here used are found in Volume X, Official Records of the Rebellion.

If any apology be necessary for the space used in the treatment of the foregoing events, it is found in the facts themselves. The importance and sanguinary character of the battle of Shiloh, even now when we have the history of the whole war before us, is conspicuous. The per cent. of killed and wounded in Grant's army alone was equal to that



of the entire Atlanta or Vicksburg campaign, *and twice that of the battle of Gettysburg*. The small Federal army on the first day at Shiloh lost as many men from gunshot wounds as did the great army of one hundred thousand men under McClellan during the seven days' battles, or at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines. All this, together with the controversial and false character of the accounts relating to the conflict, renders brief treatment, if truth is desired, improper and impossible. It should be remembered also that the merits of the contest which Stuart's two regiments carried on at the extreme left, have hitherto been almost concealed from the public. If this work, having for its object the history of the Fifty-fifth, does not do justice to its services on that occasion, it fails in one of its chief purposes. This cannot be done without elaboration of detail.

The casualties of the Fifty-fifth during the battle were among the severest found in the annals of warfare. In some respects it would be desirable to mention each person who died or was injured in this their first great test of valor. The length of the list, with some uncertainty as to strict accuracy, however, points to a different course as the most judicious, all things considered. In this connection, regimental losses have been examined in detail of McClellan's and Pope's Virginia campaigns, and the battles of Bull Run, Wilson's Creek, Pea Ridge, Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Iuka, Perryville, Chickasaw Bayou, and Arkansas Post, and among the hundreds of Union regiments thereto engaged, but three have been found which lost more in killed and wounded than did the Fifty-fifth at Shiloh, and those but few more. These casualties are given in the official records of the War Department as fifty-one killed and one hundred and ninety-seven wounded, or almost exactly one-half of the effective total engaged. Thirty-five of the wounded are known to have died within the year, and nine died while prisoners. The actual loss of life to the regiment from the battle cannot be put much less than one hundred, while the loss to the service was not greatly below two hundred. Several are known to have been slightly wounded, and would have been so classed later, that did not appear in the reports at all.





## CHAPTER III.

### AFTER SHILOH.—CORINTH TO MEMPHIS.

MONDAY night, after the close of the battle of Shiloh, was passed by the Fifty-fifth without shelter among the dead, near Sherman's headquarters. It again rained incessantly and but little rest was secured. Two days' fierce fighting and two nights' drenching rain, with very meagre rations, produced a degree of exhaustion appreciable only by those who have endured like privations. Now that the battle was over, the necessity for Stuart's co-operation with his division seemed pressing. Before and during the battle, such a rudimentary principle in tactics does not appear to have been thought of. It would have been a great favor if those remaining could have marched to their own camp, two miles away, and there rested in their own tents, and taken care of their own wounded. It now seems reasonable that Buell's great army, at least ten thousand of whom had not fired a shot, should have taken care of the front, and such worn out and depleted organizations as the Fifty-fifth have been given a season of rest and a chance to succor their own suffering comrades. More than one-half of Buckland's and Hildebrand's brigades, which formed under Sherman's personal command just before he "became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack," had, after the first wild burst of speed to the landing, enjoyed two days' physical and mental repose under its protecting bluffs. Neither brigade had lost as many men as had the Fifty-fifth Illinois. Nevertheless, Stuart's brigade remained at Shiloh



church among its horrid scenes and stenches, without shelter and with little to eat. On Tuesday, the eighth of April, there was a condition of nervous excitement in expectation of another attack, and the Seventy-first Ohio started another senseless stampede. On the ninth, a reconnaissance was undertaken by Sherman's division. The route of four miles followed by Stuart was entirely free from resistance, but the whole country was found strewn with Confederate dead and wounded and great quantities of war material which had been abandoned in headlong flight.

From this time to the twenty-ninth day of April, the dreary preparations for the advance upon Corinth followed. Meanwhile the men were left among the shallow graves of the battle-field. Daily drill was performed, and occasionally a review was held. A mile or so to the front good camping ground offered, with plenty of shade, wood and water, and, what was far more important, freedom from the mephitic odors which pervaded and poisoned the immediate vicinity. Under General Halleck's personal management, a scientific system was soon adopted, so unwieldly that all freedom of movement and convenience were lost sight of. Now that the rebels were well whipped and engaged in reorganizing at Corinth, it was apparently considered a necessity that each brigade should touch elbows with its neighbor, while before and during the battle a mile of unguarded space excited no attention. As a natural and inevitable result of the surroundings much sickness ensued, and the Fifty-fifth was reduced to a lower standard of effective strength than at any other time before re-enlistment, having at a review held on April 15th or 16th, but two hundred men in line. In some instances the sick were hauled in wagons to the drill ground for the purpose of looking on. The object of this was probably sanitary rather than the teaching of military science.

Notwithstanding the discouraging circumstances of the period, evidences are not wanting to show that those members of the Fifty-fifth able for duty were still imbued with the same high sense of patriotism which brought them into the service. The accomplished Captain Thurston, who was soon to succumb to the hardships of army life, wrote about



this time to his wife, in relation to his sword which had been injured by a bullet in the previous battle, as follows:

If you ever get it, give it to Willie; and tell him his father fought at Shiloh, and that he would rather lie with his face to the moon than that a son of his should ever fear to give his life for his country's honor.

The brave and soldierly Sergeant Brink, subsequently an officer who lost his life, wrote to his comrade, Calvin Fluke, who had been badly wounded and was then on furlough:

I was truly happy to know that one brave wounded hero of the memorable Shiloh battle was still in the land of the living. I am very glad to learn you are able to move, and I hope to live to return to see you all right. I think you deserve to get well, if a soldier ever did. You have shown yourself to be a true patriot and worthy to live and enjoy a free government. Be cheerful, Cal.; if you never get able to come back, you have discharged your duty to your country.

Sergeant Henry Augustine wrote home to his brother Michael, who had apparently expressed some disappointment that his brother had not been promoted:

You speak of the disappointment you feel in my behalf in regard to the appointment of officers in the Fifty-fifth. Do not let that worry you in the least, for I assure you I did at the time, and do now, care but precious little about it. This was not my purpose in enlisting, and the position of a private is as honorable as that of an officer.

The above extracts are copied from the yellow and time-stained originals, and it is not perceived but they are exhibitions of patriotism as pure and as deep as existed in the days of Valley Forge.

The correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, under date of April 18th, chronicles that the Seventy-first Ohio, a regiment which had disgraced itself at Shiloh, and whose colors had been taken away, had on that day arrived at Paducah, on the way to the rear to do garrison duty at Fort Donelson. That regiment may be finally disposed of by stating that in August of that year its colonel, Rodney Mason, disgracefully surrendered six companies to an inferior force, at Clarksville, without firing a shot, and that he and about a dozen line officers were dismissed for it. The remaining four companies under Major (late Adjutant) Hart, repulsed the same force



from Donelson with a trifling loss. Later in the war the regiment did good service under good officers.

The month was passed among the half-buried remains of horses and men, which everywhere obtruded their ghastly presence to the senses of sight and smell, and the sick-list of the Fifty-fifth averaged at least one hundred and fifty men. On April 29th the ponderous preparations of General Halleck were deemed sufficiently perfect for an advance toward Corinth, and the unfruitful campaign in that direction was undertaken, and the one hundred thousand men assembled there put in motion. Stuart's brigade, then consisting of only two small regiments, started at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and halted near Monterey, where the actual work of the siege commenced. On May 2d, two months' pay was received from Major Gatzmer.

Sherman's division formed the right of the army, and the work until the 17th of May consisted in building ponderous lines of breast-works, and in performing guard and picket duty. Some long range skirmishing was indulged in, but without loss to Stuart. By an order dated May 13th, it would seem that the Fourteenth Wisconsin was assigned to the brigade, but the order was never consummated, probably because Morgan L. Smith preferred to bring his own regiment, the Eighth Missouri, with him. On May 15th that officer, then a full brigadier, was assigned to duty, and the Fifty-fifth Illinois, Eighth Missouri, Fifty-fourth and Fifty-seventh Ohio, were together constituted the First brigade of Sherman's Fifth division. This brought into close conjunction four excellent regiments, which maintained relations more or less intimate during the war, and each made a name for itself. At this time also began the acquaintance of the Fifty-fifth with General Morgan L. Smith, the most expert drill-master and tactician under whom it ever served. He was the first colonel of the Eighth Missouri, which had been recruited principally from Illinois. That regiment was for a long time dressed in a showy Zouave uniform, and was very expert in skirmish drill and bayonet exercise. The great newspaper reputation which it gained in spite of its trifling losses, illustrates both the effect of being well handled



in action, and of a discreet cultivation of the good-will of correspondents. As to the former, it was never allowed to present a line of battle to the enemy if a skirmish line would answer the purpose. Having excellent officers, who acquired their knowledge under such a teacher, the regiment was always used with as much reference to the safety of its members as circumstances would permit; all of which was in striking contrast to the management of the first field-officers of the Fifty-fifth. Under the free-and-easy and somewhat rough exterior of Morgan L. Smith, was a kind heart and a deep interest in the welfare of his men. He bandied jokes freely with the troops in the ranks, and was not averse to receiving as well as giving rough language. His great gifts as drill-master soon put him in charge of one of the best drilled brigades in the United States army.

His own capacity, as well as the mettle of a portion of his men, was soon destined to be subjected to trial. This occurred on May 17th, in a brilliant little affair called "Russell's House." The position was a strong salient of the enemy, and about one and a quarter miles in advance of their main intrenchments. It was located along a ridge, and on one portion of the line was situated in a field the house, named after its owner. The point was guarded by a rebel brigade, which was there with the evident intention of holding it. The object of the aggressive action was to capture the position for the purpose of advancing the Federal right wing close to the main works of the enemy.

The movement commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon of May 17th, and Morgan L. Smith's brigade advanced, led by the Eighth Missouri and Fifty-fifth Illinois, directly upon the main Corinth road and against the brigade. The route was along the causeway over a branch of Bridge Creek, after crossing which the Confederate skirmishers were met, and the fight was opened by the deployment of two companies of the Eighth Missouri. The rebel advance line being obstinate, four additional companies of that regiment were deployed on the left. Finding his line still overlapped, General Smith called upon Colonel Stuart for two companies of the Fifty-fifth, to be extended in the same direction. As



usual, Companies A and B were selected for the duty, and Colonel Stuart directed Captain Slattery of Company I to take charge of both. This, while an evidence of deserved confidence in Captain Slattery, was entirely unnecessary, because the commanders of the flank companies were as competent as officers need be for that duty. Upon being so ordered, Captain Slattery requested to be permitted to take his own company, and accordingly it was substituted for Company A. The former was deployed immediately to the left of the Eighth skirmishers, and Company B, under the command of Captain Thurston, who, though weak and staggering from disease, remained with his men, was placed next beyond. The Russell House, with its out-buildings, was directly in front of the skirmishers of the Fifty-fifth, and was the prominent feature of the landscape. The whole Federal skirmish line gallantly advanced, and as soon as Bolton's battery could get into position it opened upon the buildings, around and in which the rebels were thronging. Finally, when the line was within fifty yards of the house, the Confederates gave way and the position was captured. For a short time Company B was subjected to the fire of one of Hurlbut's batteries on the left, which had been misled by their rapid advance, and mistook them for the enemy. The whole affair was short, sharp and decisive, and was under the direct supervision of General Morgan L. Smith, whose bravery, in connection with his incisive, clear-headed way of managing things, at once earned him the confidence of the men. The Fifty-fifth for the first time saw the utility of a well-handled and rapid-moving skirmish line, and felt its comparative economy of bloodshed. General Sherman afterwards spoke of this as "the prettiest little fight of the war;" and his reports insist on giving the credit of it to General Morgan L. Smith and the men under him.

Thirteen dead rebels were found upon the ground, among whom were one captain and two lieutenants. One of these officers was shot just as he was emerging from the door of the house, and he fell dead upon the door-step, with his brains scattered over it. One Confederate was shot through the widow of the chamber, where he was found dead. It



was claimed at the time that Tony Hughes aimed the rifle that was to be accredited with that particular job of reconstruction. In his report General Smith mentions one prisoner as captured by the Eighth Missouri. That prisoner was, in point of fact, taken out of a corn-crib by S. P. Whitmore of Company I of the Fifty-fifth, where he had been held by the fire of Fred Ebersold and Alec Littlefield of the same company, and was turned over to one of the Eighth Missouri. As usual no report was made for the regiment, and no personal credit bestowed. As was also usual, every meritorious act, general or personal, on the part of the Eighth Missouri, was reported by its officers with suitable rhetorical embellishment, and the regular newspaper blast followed.

There were about seventy men of the Fifty-fifth actually deployed and engaged, of which eight were hit with rifle bullets. The only one killed outright was Andrew J. Jones of Company B. He was a small, active man, and a general favorite with his company. He had enlisted as a musician, but at his own urgent request had been placed in the ranks. He had before been wounded by a buck-shot at Shiloh, which hit him in the forehead, and came out at the back of the head without breaking the skull. At Russell's House he advanced with the rush of his company, and when about one hundred yards from the house he was seen to drop his gun and throw up his hands, and heard to exclaim with a loud voice, "Hurrah for the Fifty-fifth!" and immediately fell to the ground. After the contest was ended he was found dead, having been shot through the breast in the region of the heart. Robert Clark, an excellent soldier of the same company, was mortally wounded, and Robert Rule badly wounded. In Company I, George Ullman, John T. Clark, Edward Bogart, Norton H. Dowling and George W. Bookhalt were all very severely wounded, and three of them had to be discharged in consequence.

Sergeant Fred Ebersold and Alec Littlefield of Company I were for a time behind a tree within fifty yards of the house, and many rebel shots were directed that way. The bullet-marks in this tree were afterward counted, and found to number more than thirty. The whole regiment was under



a scattering fire of both artillery and musketry, but suffered no loss other than the above. After the retreat of the rebels, Morgan L. Smith was chaffing with the men about the incidents of the fight, when a member of the Eighth Missouri loudly claimed for that regiment the credit of capturing the house. Sergeant Fred Ebersold of Company I of the Fifty-fifth was close by, and vehemently denied this, and presented a canteen of whisky which he had got in the house as an evidence that his own regiment was entitled to the honor. Morgan L. quietly sampled the contents of the canteen, and turning to the Eighth Missourian, told him to 'Dry up, for if that regiment had got into the house first, nobody else would ever have found a canteen of whisky there.' At the close of the contest, Companies B and I, reinforced by Company A, were sent to the woods beyond the house, and remained on picket during the night. The ground was held, and for a time became a salient of the Union line, though the reports show the usual timid hesitation and fear of a general engagement, on the part of Grandmother Halleck, who had so soon been appropriately named by the discriminating soldiers.

Aside from this very creditable affair the campaign known as the Approach on Corinth, was devoid of dramatic interest on the right flank. During the month used up by the slow operations, the Confederate commander, with scarce half the force of his opponents, at least twice offered battle outside his intrenchments. The great opportunity was each time evaded by the Federal chief. The process by which the Union army worked its way to Corinth has passed into history as one of the most inefficient operations of the war. Like the Siege of Yorktown, in the East, it involved an elaboration of strategy that now looks a good deal like imbecility. In both cases the commanders were paralyzed by the belief that their opponents had in hand an army as large or larger than their own, an overestimate of enormous proportions.

Seven different and complete lines of intrenchments, reaching for miles across the whole front of the army, were erected. They were not rifle-pits or field-works, but solid



massive earth-works with log backing and all scientific attachments, and were far superior to the rebel works around Corinth. They are yet to be seen, with their outlines almost perfect. The Fifty-fifth did its full share of digging, and the fortifications built by the regiment were the pride of Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg's heart. He was never so happy as when displaying his alleged engineering skill.

Among other fantasies of the commander-in-chief was the fear of an early morning attack, and with a view to properly meet this the men were at times compelled to get up at three o'clock in the morning and resort to the works just in front of their camps, fully armed and equipped, and there lie down so as to be able to arise in battle array. On one of these occasions, Colonel Stuart was endeavoring to arouse the sleepy men when he stumbled over some soldier. He at once fell to kicking and cursing, when the recumbent form arose, clinched him, took him down, rolled him in the mud, hit him once or twice, and escaped unidentified into the surrounding darkness.

On May 22d, Sherman's entire force made a careful advance along the Corinth-Purdy road and occupied the ground about one and one-half miles in front of the point from which they started. Another substantial line of works was erected as a matter of course. This brought the Federal front near to the main works of the Confederates, and skirmishing was close and constant, though fortunately no loss was suffered by the Fifty-fifth. All supplies were transported from Pittsburgh Landing, now nearly twenty miles in the rear, and over roads of the worst character, utterly impossible but for the sturdy Northern labor laid out upon them. As might be supposed, rations were not over plentiful. The quartermaster and commissary department of the regiment was as efficiently managed as possible by Quartermaster Janes and his subordinates, Capron and Fisher. Indeed, all through the service this department was remarkably well administered. The persons who controlled it and who were therefore in a measure non-combatants, were always considered fair game for chaffing, but under this rough and hilarious badinage there was a genuine respect for



the men who so well attended to their very important duties.

Greenbacks were plenty and the surroundings afforded a poor opportunity for disbursement; and although the exigencies of poker and chuck-a-luck from time to time changed the "money centres," there was a good deal in circulation. John Esson, the new sutler, arrived about this time, and with him a full stock of goods, and thereafter the gorgeous salary drawn by a private soldier had a place of deposit near at hand. Every day the men learned more and more to appreciate the zeal and humanity of Surgeon Roler and Chaplain Haney. The respect and gratitude which survives for them is a better evidence of their good work than any compliments which can be recorded here. While labor upon the intrenchments was incessant, and picket duty constant, drill and parade were unremittingly exacted; so that the work of the campaign amounted to downright slavery; and while it may have hardened the survivors into veteran soldiers, many weakened and died under its hardships. Lieutenant J. B. Johnson, the bright, active officer in command of Company F at this time, relates an incident which will recall the field-officer referred to in all the glory of his zeal and power. It is as follows:

On one occasion I was selected to take charge of a detail of men, fifty in number, one-half of whom were armed with axes and the other half with guns. Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg rode up and ordered me to form my men in line, which I did. Thereupon he was duly saluted. Said he, "Lieutenant Von Johnson, vill you shtep dis vay?" I approached him with a salute. Pointing in the direction of a clump of large trees, he said, "Lieutenant Von Johnson, you vill dake your men down de rafine, keeping vell sekreded, ondil you ged close by de glump of dimber, den you vill"—and suddenly looking down at me, and seeing that I was looking in the direction which he was pointing, he exclaimed, "Lieutenant Von Johnson, by Gott, ven I dalk to you, I vant you to look to me!" I recovered myself as soon as possible, saluted him, and assured him that I was paying strict attention to his directions and was looking where he pointed. "Vell," he repeated, "ven I dalk mit you, I vant you to look to me." I was considerably incensed at his unreasonable assault and resolved that I would strictly and literally obey his orders, and while he talked to me, look straight at him. He began again by pointing in the direction of the clump of trees and said, "Lieutenant Von Johnson, you vill dake your men and file down de rafine, keeping de men vell sekreded, ondil you come down opposid de glump of dimber



vat you see on de poind of land; un den, you vill durn to de leff, klimb de shteepl ascent to de glump of dimber"—and, suddenly looking down at me, he noticed that I was looking straight at him, just as he told me to a moment before, when he broke out, "Lieutenant Von Johnson, by Gott, ven I talk to you I vant you to look ver I poind." I replied, with a salute, "Colonel, you ordered me just now to look at you, and I was obeying your order literally." "Vell," said he, "by Gott, ven I talk mit you, I vant you to look ver I poind." I told him I was ready to obey his orders. He proceeded again, "Lieutenant Von Johnson, you vill dake your men and file down de rafine, keeping dem vell sekreded from de fire of de enemy, ondil you reach a poind opposid the glump of dimber, den you vill turn to de lefft." Suddenly looking at me and discovering that I was looking where he pointed, he broke out again: "Lieutenant Von Johnson, vat for you shtand like a kettle? By Gott, ven I talk to you, I vant you to look to me." This was too much for frail humanity, and I retorted on the old tyrant by saying to him, that while I was an American soldier, I was an American born citizen, and drawing my sword, announced to him that I did not propose to be insulted by a man who had neither decency nor good-breeding. Thereupon he ordered a file of men to take me to the guard-house. I turned and ordered the men to keep their places in the ranks, and so matters went on for some time—Malmborg ordering the men to take me to the guard-house and I ordering them to keep their places in the ranks. Although Malmborg ranked me, his unpopularity rendered his order impotent and gave mine force, so that the men obeyed me and kept their places in the ranks. He then ordered me to consider myself under arrest and surrender my sword to him and return to my quarters, which I did promptly and thereby escaped the perilous adventure down the ravine to assist in cutting the timber that seemed to be in the way. The next day, Colonel Stuart sent for Colonel Malmborg and myself, to report to his headquarters, whereupon he proceeded to give us a few lessons in soldierly etiquette, ordered my sword returned to me, and directed me to take command of my company again, which I did.

On May 27th orders were received by General Sherman, from the commander-in-chief, "to send a force the next day to drive the rebels from the house in our front on the Corinth road, to drive in their pickets as far as possible, and to make a strong demonstration on Corinth itself." Accordingly, at eight o'clock in the forenoon, Morgan L. Smith, with skirmishers well to the front, took the lead. The dominating feature of the landscape was a double log house standing on a ridge at the south end of a field, from which the roof and chinks had been removed by the rebels for the purpose of transforming it into a block-house. Two of the celebrated



Silversparre twenty-pound Parrott guns were along, and being masked behind timber were loaded with shell, and then moved by the help of the Fifty-fifth into easy range. A fire wonderful for its accuracy was opened upon the house, and in a few moments the rebels in consternation fled from it. The whole infantry line at a given signal pressed forward, and by ten o'clock the position sought for was in our possession, not a shot having been fired except by the artillery and skirmishers. After a short interval, during which several batteries had been brought up, the Confederates came swarming out of their works, and with boisterous yells charged toward the Union line, with what seemed to be an intention of recapturing the lost ground. The artillery at once opened with shell, and the charge was repulsed without the aid of the infantry. Generals Grant and Thomas were present, and viewed the whole movement, which was beautifully executed and elicited the highest praise.

At one period during the day, and after the picket firing had in a measure ceased, it re-commenced on the right with renewed vigor, and extended rapidly toward the left. Every infantry-man grasped his gun and the artillery-men jumped to their places. Just as these preparations were completed, a magnificent buck came bounding along between the picket lines, and in full view of both armies. The skirmishers on opposite sides all took a shot at him as he flew along, and he passed the entire front of the division unscathed, only to fall in front of the Fifty-third Illinois. The position gained was within thirteen hundred yards of the main rebel breastworks, and the 28th and 29th, including the night-time, were spent in erecting the same elaborate protection that had marked every halt.

During the night of the 29th strange noises and explosions within the Confederate lines were heard. Many subordinate officers in the Federal army believed an evacuation was impending, and were anxious to test the matter by an assault. General Halleck could see nothing, however, but danger, and since the whistling of engines and noise of the cars and teams drifted toward the left, which was the line of retreat, he filled the air with notes of warning to Pope on that flank,



and extensive preparations were entered into to reinforce the supposed point of danger. It was, however, as most of those on the ground anticipated, an abandonment of the position, skillfully planned and ably conducted by General Beauregard, not in the least interfered with by the timid Federal commander. The campaign was ended, and the result was the capture of a railroad crossing—nothing else. The largest army ever assembled in the West had spent just one month in moving, by slow approaches, about seventeen miles. No conflict arising to the dignity of a battle took place, and whenever a chance offered it was declined by the general in command of the Union army, notwithstanding he had great odds in his favor, and his men were ready and more than willing. History has properly characterized the campaign as a ludicrous failure, in view of what might have been accomplished. It was a bare victory in theory, without any tangible results, and all the literary skill of the Federal commander was needed to satisfy the public that it was a success. It was fully demonstrated in the West, as it was soon in the East, that an able organizer, and one capable in strategy and logistics, could be a timid, inefficient character in the presence of a hostile army.

Early on the morning of May 30th, General Sherman, who was alert and expectant, began to feel forward, and Morgan L. Smith's brigade, with which of course was the Fifty-fifth, took possession of the first Confederate redoubt at half-past six in the morning. Some unseemly discussion followed between the other division commanders as to which troops first entered the rebel works at Corinth. Although it was no test of bravery and discipline, and was only a question of distance, it may as well be stated that the gauzy honor was claimed by the brigade above mentioned. The correspondent of the Chicago Tribune at least so assigned the wilted laurel, and thus wrote to his paper:

The honor is disputed by Hon. David Stuart of your city, the gallant colonel of the fighting Fifty-fifth; and my opinion is that Colonel Dave's claim on that score admits of no dispute, for doubtless he was "that" when the deed was consummated.

So faithful in love, so gallant in war,  
The honor is doubtless to our Lochinvar.



The Fifty-fifth marched through the squalid remains of Corinth to the locality called College Hill, and planted a flag upon the "Ladies' Seminary." Since no ladies were in attendance at the time, and orders were received to return to the camps of the night before, the position was abandoned without reluctance. The impression was general that a period of rest was to follow, and the men proceeded with their usual industry to dig wells and beautify their camp-grounds. Joseph Hartsook of Company F had been a short time before this detailed as brigade postmaster, from which he was soon reclaimed by his company commander and translated to the honors and emoluments of a corporal's rank, and thus placed in the line of deserved promotion, which duly followed.

About noon of June 2d, the felicitous dreams of rest were rudely dispelled by orders to March in one hour, and within that time the brigade was returning through Corinth. The intense sun-fire of the afternoon was followed by a rainfall of extraordinary severity, and the regiment, every man of it dripping wet and bedraggled with mud, bivouacked about four miles outside of the town. The interval of nearly two months which elapsed before arriving at Memphis, was a period of well-nigh constant marching to and fro. The purpose of this was not at the time apparent, and is now equally obscure. Indeed, the wearisome and ceaseless travel had no purpose and accomplished no results worth considering. It was simply blind obedience to the ever-changing impulses of the army commander, who magnified all stories and camp rumors into impossible movements of the enemy, and kept his troops in commotion to repel attacks which existed only in his own brain. It is not within the scope of this work to describe or criticise campaigns any further than may be necessary to do justice to the Fifty-fifth. Since, however, that regiment suffered from intense heat, thirst and wild storms, and toiled and marched night and day in obedience to useless orders, some allusion to the source and effect of them becomes imperative.

It may be a relief to the monotony of the description and give a clearer idea of actual field service, to follow the events of the next few weeks in the form of a journal, the material



therefor being gathered from the diaries written at the time by Henry Augustine of Company A, and Joseph Hartsook of Company F:

June 3. Resumed march at daylight, and at 11 o'clock A. M. halted one-half mile east of Chewalla, and remained till next morning.

June 4. Went along the line of the railroad, three miles west of Chewalla, and worked repairing road until evening of the 5th, when the regiment returned to camp east of the town.

June 6. Removed in afternoon to camp on high table-land further south, and the balance of that day and the following spent in getting baggage and preparing camp ground.

June 8. Sunday. Divine service at 10 A. M., in which the chaplain officiated and preached from the text: "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

June 11. Marched westward at 8 o'clock, and took dinner on the banks of the Little Tuscumbia; resumed march at 4 P. M.

June 12. Started early in morning, and halted from 10 until 2 o'clock, when route was resumed for four or five miles.

June 13. Lay quiet until 5 o'clock P. M., when march was resumed westward at quick time until 10 o'clock at night, and regiment bivouacked at Grand Junction; weather very hot, roads dusty, and much suffering for want of water.

June 14. Fell in at sunrise, and during day marched through the quiet little town of La Grange, and went into camp south of it on banks of Wolf River.

June 16. At 4 P. M. started toward Holly Springs, twenty-three miles south of La Grange. Marched through clouds of dust and excessive heat for twelve miles, and encamped upon a beautiful spot at 11 o'clock at night; water scarce and much suffering therefrom.

June 17. Route was continued at daylight; halted for breakfast upon the banks of the Cold Water, and after eight miles' march reached Holly Springs—the most beautiful town yet seen in Dixie.

June 18. Return journey commenced at 4 P. M.; camped for the night on the Cold Water.

June 22. Broke camp on this Sunday morning at 5 o'clock, and passed over a rich, level country, through the village of Moscow, and bivouacked one mile east of La Fayette.

June 24. Camp and garrison equipage came up, and the tents which had not been seen for some time were pitched in a beautiful, heavily-wooded locality.

June 26. Aroused at 3 A. M. by the report that enemy was coming. Took down tents and loaded everything; were not allowed to build fires, and ate raw meat and hard-tack for breakfast. Started at 5 A. M. on the back track for Moscow, and reached that place at noon. This march was the hottest and dustiest so far experienced, and much suffering



resulted. Not less than fifty men of the brigade gave out, and many were prostrated by sunstroke.

June 30. Mustered for pay at 9 o'clock A. M., and commenced another tramp toward Holly Springs at 2 o'clock P. M., and traversed eight miles in that direction during the warm afternoon.

July 1. Resumed the journey early, halted on the Cold Water at 8 A. M. for breakfast, and proceeded to Holly Springs.

July 5. Remained in this camp four days. Blackberries were very plenty, and the whole army feasting on them—an important addition to the scanty rations and highly beneficial to the health of the men. Some false alarms as to attacks from the rebels.

July 6. Inspection this Sunday morning. Started at 4 P. M. in direction of Moscow; marched until 11 o'clock at night, and made half the distance.

July 7. Started very early and reached old camp at 11 A. M.

July 18. Have remained in this camp since 7th instant, occupied with company, regimental and brigade drill, during which time various styles of residences were erected by the men, which for the first time began to be called "shebangs." At half-past two o'clock in the morning, struck tents and loaded baggage, but march was not commenced until "sun up." Day very warm. Passed through La Fayette and took dinner on the banks of Wolf River; then resumed journey and made twenty miles altogether during the day.

July 19. Reached Germantown, a place of strong secession proclivities, and in bad repute on account of guerilla operations—much plundering indulged in. That day was very warm, and many gave out from fatigue and heat. After passing four miles beyond Germantown, halted for the night near large water tank.

July 21. Having rested over Sunday proceeded to Memphis, and during forenoon marched through the main streets to the southern part of the city. Large mail received, the first for many weeks.

This traces the summer campaign to the important city of Memphis, where a season of comparative rest was at hand. On July 5th, George L. Thurston, captain of Company B, left the regiment on sick leave. He had been ailing since Shiloh and should have gone to the rear long before. His men never saw him again for he died at his home in Lancaster, Massachusetts, of consumption, on December 15th following. He came to the regiment a stranger to all, and left among its line officers and men none but friends.

Captain Shaw thus relates an incident, alas! common enough in the army and therefore characteristic:

Corporal George Byrns, a very modest though efficient soldier about twenty-one years old, was taken sick shortly after leaving Corinth, and



died in an ambulance near Grand Junction. The column halted about midnight, and his comrades prepared a grave in the corner of a field, lining it with evergreen boughs, and, having wrapped the body in a blanket, laid it away to rest with feelings of sadness too deep for expression. The chaplain made a few impressive remarks. This was a very affecting occasion, and is one spot where my memory lingers as I glance in retrospect over our army experience.

At La Grange a bank was captured and a large quantity of unsigned bills of railroad currency were scattered around. Of course nearly every Union soldier could sign a name in a fair hand, and as the inhabitants could not generally read and withal had a violent prejudice against greenbacks, these bills became the standard circulating medium. Under the circumstances the men were royally generous in paying for supplies, and not particular about prices or in exacting change. This manner of dealing brought chickens, berries and such delicacies of the neighborhood to the front, and the men lived luxuriously, while at the same time acquiring an exalted reputation for wealth and liberality. How long that reputation remained untarnished after departure there is no means of knowing.

On July 1st, General Smith issued an order from brigade headquarters, which is such a compound of good sense and badinage as to be thoroughly characteristic of its author. It was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, {  
July 1, 1862. }

It has come to the knowledge of the commanding officer of the brigade that a straggler of General Hurlbut's division, on the occasion of our first visit to Holly Springs, was captured, and after being shot to make him tell things that he did not know, he was turned loose in the woods and bloodhounds put on his track. Anything further of his fate is not known. I tell you this to put you on your guard against straggling over one hundred yards from your stacks of arms. I hear also a report concerning some members of the Eighth Missouri, which is too terrible for belief. It is nothing less than an attempt to tarnish the good reputation of their brothers of the Sixth Missouri by borrowing their elegant hats to steal sweet potatoes in.

By order of Brigadier-General M. L. Smith.

I. C. HILL, A. A. D. C.

During the marches to and fro, any plantation house occupied by a moderately comely female was sure to find

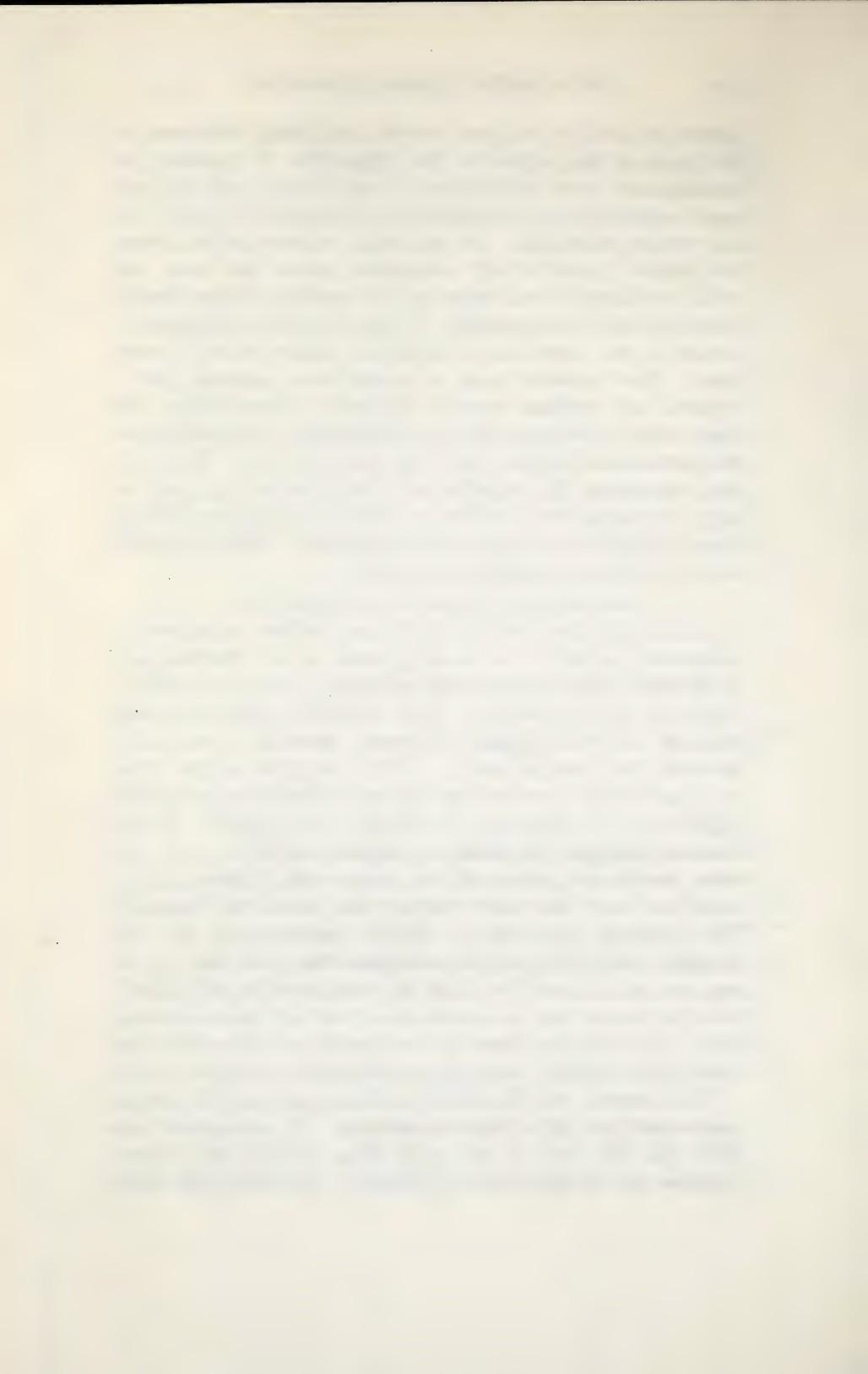


protection, and its occupant courtly and kindly treatment at the hands of the colonel of the Fifty-fifth. If possible, his headquarters were established at such a house, and his personal presence was interposed as a guarantee of good faith and tender solicitude. On one such occasion, after Stuart had posted guards at all vulnerable points save one, and while he himself was enjoying the society of the alleged widow, some of the members of that depraved Company I, outwitted the guard and robbed the smoke-house of some hams. The colonel's vials of wrath were opened, and a vigorous and profane speech followed. Nevertheless, the hams were assimilated and no punishment inflicted because the particular offenders could not be identified. This incident was made the occasion of a most atrocious piece of doggerel composition by Dorsey Andress, which was always after one of the war-songs of the regiment. It commenced with the following mellifluous strain:

Company I stole a ham, whoop-de-dooden-do.

All through the rebellion the Union soldiers manifested a consistent partiality for burning fence rails. Nothing was so perfectly adapted to a well developed camp fire as these results of colored industry. The Fifty-fifth, under the kind teaching of the Eighth Missouri, showed a reasonable aptitude in all such depravity. The "kid-glove policy" then in vogue in high quarters, was not appreciated nor practically applied by the rank and file of the First brigade. In his desire to mitigate the lawless propensities of his men, and being unable to protect all the fence rails, Colonel Stuart issued an order that only the top one should be cremated. The regiment, ignorant of higher mathematics, at once assumed that when one rail was gone the next one was on top, and so it turned out that all rails were top rails, and it took just seven men to demonstrate that fact on a seven-rail fence. All this was done by the simple rule of subtraction and left the colonel struggling with another profane oration.

The summer marches through Tennessee and Mississippi discovered but little Union sentiment. An occasional incident like the one of an aged loyal couple near Grand Junction was as rare as it was grateful. Generally the fields



waved with corn planted in accordance with the so-called patriotism of the Southern Confederacy. On every plantation great black patches near the cotton gins showed where Beauregard's scouts had enforced his orders of destruction. Houses were silent and blinds closed. The only female faces seen were tearful or contemptuous. The black faces alone smiled a welcome, and with many genuflections the colored people gladly hailed the approach of the Union flag. On the march to Memphis the soldiers were for the first time allowed to treat these unfortunates kindly, and numbers followed the regiment who afterward became useful employes for a greater or less period. No instance is recalled in which they proved unfaithful or betrayed any trust. The Fifty-fifth, like most of the army, solved for itself the true relation of slavery to the rebellion, while statesmen and generals were groping and gasping in the mazes of impracticable speculation.

As the Fifty-fifth went marching along the streets of Memphis on that warm July morning, they were indeed ideal Western soldiers; not conspicuous for handsome uniforms or waving plumes, but the very embodiment of disciplined, self-reliant force. They were dirty, sunburned and ragged; but their manly bearing made them marked men even in an army so notable in history. They bore the impress of their splendid brigade commander, and were manifestly journeymen in the art of war. They stepped out with the easy motion and swinging stride peculiar to the army of the West. Every movement about them was bright with intelligent, energetic life, and indicated that they were capable of doing what they had done and what yet remained to be done. So these men of the Fifty-fifth looked to Sergeant Larrabee and his comrade, who had just returned from wounded furlough and stood upon the side of the street and saw them go sweeping by.

After marching through the main streets the brigade bivouacked in the vicinity of what afterward became Fort Pickering. To this point also followed the writer, having in his charge various letters and small parcels which had been brought for different members of Company I. Among these



was a black bottle for Tom Clark—a present sent by his brother Jim, and stated to be full of "Fogarty's best." In the mutations of its journey the contents had entirely evaporated. To conceal what might seem to be a breach of trust the bottle had been refilled with most villainous whiskey procured at one of the clandestine dens under the levee at Memphis. After arriving at the camp the bottle was delivered with a suitable reference to the kind brother who had sent it, and to the quality of "Fogarty's best." In a moment Tom, Dorsey Andress and a few chums were aside in the brush and all took a pull at the bottle, followed by a contented sigh and smack of the lips, and each pronounced it to have the true Illinois flavor. It was the most diabolical "Mississippi tanglefoot," but such was the glamour of home tradition surrounding it that it seemed nectar fit for the gods. For obvious reasons this pleasant hallucination was not disturbed.

After enduring a terrific rainstorm, the regiment was moved on the afternoon of July 23d to the northeast end of the city, and placed in camp near the fair grounds. The brigade was separated for the purpose of guarding the different roads leading into town. To the Fifty-fifth was assigned the new and old Raleigh roads, running to the northeast. The camp here formed became the home of the regiment for four succeeding months, and, all things considered, was the most pleasant ever occupied. Its recollections embody the very romance of soldiering. It was upon the west side of the street, which near by crossed the Memphis and Charleston railroad. Close around were suburban residences with their wide verandas, fruitful orchards and beautiful grounds. The site selected was divided by a small ravine running east and west, upon the south side of which were the Sibley tents of the men, and upon the opposite side the quarters of the officers. Both were upon gentle slopes, and among scattering and large oak trees, while just below a copious spring afforded a supply of good water. The fair grounds and open woods just beyond offered ample facilities for drill and parade. In short, the location lacked only the skillful industry plentifully at hand to make an ideal camp-ground. The tents were



erected in rows, with wide streets between them, and along the edge of the ravine cooking rooms, eating sheds and tables were soon placed. The fence around the fair grounds and the contents of two abandoned brick kilns were gradually absorbed and utilized, and every variety of "shebang" soon extended and elaborated the quarters.

It would probably be impossible, and certainly unnecessary if it were possible, to describe in detail each day's events. Indeed, there was no great variety of incident. *Dolce far niente*, a phrase borrowed from a sunny clime, would apply admirably to this period. A very intelligent officer, in writing home about it, correctly gave the outline of the summer's work when he said :

We have latterly been chiefly employed as an army in confiscating contrabands, cotton and watermelons, getting joyously inebriated, and holding court martials. Occasionally a regiment or two suddenly goes quick-step out into the country in pursuit of evanescent guerillas, and returns with each haversack bulging with peaches and sweet potatoes, followed by an army of grinning blackamoors.

If the above statement was reduced to literal exactness, it would probably contain a little less irony and more sweet potatoes.

The guard duty consisted principally in detailing one or two companies daily for occupying the roads a couple of miles out, and the twenty-four hours allotted for that duty were regarded as so much time devoted to sylvan loafing in close relation to the sweet potato patches around. Only a few men were needed on post at one time, and the large reserve, after stacking arms, proceeded to kill the time in sleeping, eating and smoking, with an occasional mild game of draw poker, and thus the turn on picket embraced within its limited time a complete variety of about all the pleasures vouchsafed to soldiers.

For some time it fell to the lot of the pickets to search all out-going citizens in order to see that the trade regulations of General Sherman were not violated. This duty oftentimes had its ludicrous features, not always being submitted to with equanimity by the victims. The stony stare and frigid deportment of the Tennessee dames was far more likely to



produce laughter than the paralysis intended. Shortly after this system was established, Company F, commanded by Lieutenant Parks, captured a covered spring wagon containing seventy-five thousand percussion caps, which of course were confiscated as contraband of war. Some other small captures were made, but as a rule travel upon the main roads adjusted itself to the code in force, and smuggling sought a more secret channel. This matter of search was soon taken from the pickets, and given to an officer detailed for the especial purpose. Henry Augustine, just promoted to be lieutenant, served for a long time on that duty. His suave manners admirably fitted him for the purpose, and he soon became a favorite with all the females in that region, who were enraptured with his beatific smile.

The whole brigade entered upon a course of systematic drill, under the personal supervision of its commander. With such an expert, this exercise lost much of the long-drawn dreariness often inflicted by the regimental officers, and became quick, alert and interesting. The rudimentary period of "left, left, left," "eyes right," "right dress," had passed, and the time was devoted to battalion and brigade evolutions, skirmish drill, bayonet and manual exercises. The Fifty-fifth was in the best possible condition to profit by the opportunity. The men were in some sense the survival of the fittest, the companies being reduced to about forty men each, the most convenient size for easy handling. All through the summer, review, followed by exhibition, regimental drills, was held Sunday, upon the fair grounds. General Sherman and other high officers were often present. If the weather happened to be pleasant, a large concourse of citizens was on hand, and the "beauty and chivalry," if not the elite, of the adjacent city, seemed to enjoy the military pageant.

Beyond question the Fifty-fifth Illinois and the Eighth Missouri were the star regiments. The Eighth excelled in bayonet exercise and skirmish drill, being probably more skilled in that way than any body of men in the Western army. In battalion movements, especially at double-quick, and in the manual of arms, the Fifty-fifth equalled any



organization ever in the Department. During many weeks the commander had his brigade assembled each evening upon the fair grounds, to hold dress parade. Each regiment in turn was put upon that duty under the eye of the brigadier, who carefully watched all details. He paid as much attention to the mode of giving the commands, as he did to the execution of them, and his eccentric and epigrammatic criticisms, as each officer came under his notice, were entertaining in the extreme. In such a presence, Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg was in a state of repression, of itself a source of relief to the officers and men. The health of the soldiers was generally good, though many, like Captain Slattery, were suffering from malaria and other like results of exposure. The injured of Shiloh not discharged had mostly returned, and a halting limb here and there might be noticed as the result of honorable wounds. During the summer and fall the three senior captains, Chandler, Heffernan and Black, alternately performed the duties of major. The river travel from Cairo was unobstructed, and the wives of officers and men frequently arrived from the North, so that the presence of ladies and the prattle of children sometimes enlivened the monotony of camp.

During the first days of the occupancy of Memphis, General Halleck's distasteful order about guarding rebel property was in vogue. In its enforcement guards were placed in all the contiguous fields and orchards. Its unpopularity rendered the execution of it difficult, and punishment for violations generally nugatory. It never had any particular effect upon the fealty of the people, because they were hopelessly hostile, and all favors to them seemed to generate contempt rather than gratitude. In deference to the outcry of the whole army and the loyal North, the obnoxious order was rescinded. Notice of that fact reached the camps of the Fifty-fifth about two o'clock one afternoon, and was instantly promulgated. It was at the climax of the peach season, and within an hour every guard was withdrawn from the orchards of the vicinage. Supper that night consisted largely of peaches, cooked in every way the combined skill of soldiers and contrabands could devise. A full knowledge of the



practical process of converting by assimilation rebel garden truck into active bone and muscle penetrated the brain of the average Northern soldier without the aid of a surgical operation.

While no especial pains were afterwards taken to guard rebel property, orders were plain and positive against foraging. Of course such rules were principally noticed by their evasion, a pleasant custom connived at frequently by the subordinate officers. Watermelons, peaches and green corn were plenty and good in season, but they were after all rather effeminate luxuries. It took something more to produce a continuous sense of fullness about the waistband, and the placid state of contentment so comfortable to Western soldiers. Sweet potatoes, by experiment, were discovered to exactly fill the bill. The supply of that respected esculent was regular, and usually obtained by the following plan, modified to suit circumstances: After taps a dozen men, more or less, would quietly saunter from the camp and meet at a designated place with guns and equipments. Some one would be selected for the purpose, and perhaps disguised under shoulder-straps borrowed for the occasion, would form the men into ranks, and the procession would move in elegant military order into the country after the manner of a regular detail. Arriving at the field in contemplation, pickets were placed at proper intervals, while the reserve entered the patch and filled their blankets with bushels of the vegetable sought after. If any one approached the field he would be halted and told not to interfere with the guard there on duty, and the planter, if he knew of their presence at all, retired to rest thankful to the kind general who was thoughtful enough to send a guard for his property. Such a raid would result in at least a week's supply for those interested in the plunder. It was upon such nefarious duty that the generally exemplary Hartsook first operated in the glory of his new-born corporal's stripes. Rations were plenty and good throughout the stay at Memphis, and when supplemented by shrewd foraging often reached a state of Epicurean luxury. All such drudgery as cooking and washing was delegated to happy and unctuous contrabands who, for reasonable wages and



good diet, and above all a taste of personal liberty, served willingly and faithfully in every menial capacity.

As usual, the musicians of the regiment were much sought after. Under musician John G. Brown of Company A, a string band was formed, which furnished music for all the regimental dances of the brigade. Whenever the pay was not forthcoming from the outside regiments, Brown and his fiddle always ordered a strike in the midst of the festivities, which brought out the requisite amount of postal currency and "sutler's chips," and the capers proceeded.

Occasional expeditions toward the interior took place during the summer and fall. The first of these had for its object the destruction of a new railroad bridge south of Hernando, between that point and Senatobia. Select detachments from all the regiments in the brigade, accompanied by three hundred and fifty cavalry under the command of the celebrated Colonel Grierson, participated. The march began under command of General Morgan L. Smith, September 8th, and at first proceeded toward Holly Springs by way of Olive Branch, Mississippi. After a day's progress in that direction the column suddenly turned west and swung around towards Hernando, for the purpose of striking the railroad bridge aimed at. About noon the second day out, a half dozen or so of the men, among whom was little Jack Berlin of Company I, pushed ahead for water, and while engaged around a well were suddenly pounced upon by a squad of guerillas and captured. The regiment, then a short distance in the rear, was just stacking arms preparatory to taking dinner, and upon the alarm being given wheeled beautifully into line, and Company A deployed instanter. Just then Grierson's cavalry came upon the scene by another route, and the rebel cavalry found themselves in close quarters and took to the fields, leaving their captives who had been prisoners for ten minutes. Some bloody minded member of Company A shot the horse of the rebel lieutenant commanding, and he was almost immediately thereafter taken. Grierson got a few prisoners, and the butchering of the sheep captured by Lieutenant Whipple was resumed. The skirmishing on the trip was considerable,



but attended to by the cavalry, and the railroad bridge and its extensive approaches were entirely destroyed. The trip averaged twenty miles of travel each day, and the last day's march was twenty-eight miles. As usual, full reports appear for all troops engaged, except the Fifty-fifth.

It was known that the rebel army was concentrated about Tupelo with strong detachments in Holly Springs and its neighborhood, from whence various raids were projected. Occasionally rumors of an attack upon Memphis caused a temporary excitement among the troops there. One such alarm was promulgated in the camp of the Fifty-fifth, about ten o'clock at night. Colonel Stuart was in the city, as he generally was, and the lieutenant-colonel got the regiment under arms, and according to his usual confused belligerency dispatched four of the eight companies present to reinforce the pickets. The remaining companies he put on the color line, and required them to remain there all night, a few feet from their tents. As for himself, he was willing to share the privations of the rank and file, and to that end had his cot and blankets taken outside his tent and placed full six feet away from it under a tree, and booted and spurred like a knight of old,

"Lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak 'round him."

Shortly after these heroic preparations were completed, Colonel Stuart came raging from the city, and no enemy materializing, he fired into the night air a hot volley of curses aimed mainly in the direction of the lieutenant-colonel, and the camp subsided into quiet. On September 10th the brave but peculiar Sixth Missouri was attached to Morgan L. Smith's brigade.

General Sherman, by some means at present unknown, obtained a muster-roll of a company of cotton-burning guerrillas, operating northeast of Memphis, and commanded by one Burrows, a whilom preacher of Raleigh. The principal occupation of these bogus soldiers was to destroy cotton and maltreat citizens suspected of Union sentiments. Their favorite rendezvous was at the crossings of Wolf River, whither travel seeking the city was obliged to converge for



the purpose of passing that stream. They wore no uniforms, and if danger approached, time enough to hide a shot-gun transformed them into ostensibly peaceful citizens of alleged loyal proclivities. On Wednesday, October 22d, the effective force of the Fifty-fifth, aided by a squadron of cavalry, all under command of Colonel Stuart, started into the country to wreak vengeance upon the persons and property of these outlaws.

The trip was peculiar, inasmuch as many buildings were burned and much property was destroyed by express order or permission of the officer in command. The cavalry, as usual, did the scouting and desultory skirmishing, while the infantry attended to the conflagrations and stood ready to do the heavy fighting. The journey extended to Shelby Depot, which was destroyed. While at that point, some of the men engaged in the hilarious task of plundering a store a few hundred yards away from where the main body of the troops were lounging. The colonel, upon being informed of this proceeding, immediately mounted his war-horse, and rode fuming and storming to the front of the building. Commissary-Sergeant Fisher was with the motley throng inside, and upon hearing the stentorian protest of the wrathful colonel, sought to retire by the rear. The complicated and disastrous evolution undertaken to that end was a blind jump through a high window at the back of the store. The fall was severe, and the sergeant was immediately followed in his flight by the irrepressible Dick Needham, who landed squarely on top of him, and apparently expelled what little breath remained. The injury was temporary, but the joke remained a familiar "gag" for months after. Whenever Fisher appeared in sight some loud-voiced warrior would sing out, "Who fell out of the window?" whereat hundreds would reply in concert, "Fisher." This was generally followed by a like interesting catechism as to who fell on top of him, etc. It is difficult now to appreciate the humor in such inane jokes, but the fact remains that at the time they answered the purpose of amusement.

While on the return trip the regiment bivouacked at Union Depot. The stalwart and handsome Captain Black, with his



company, was detailed to picket the road in the rear. After having placed what was deemed a sufficient number of men on post, he with the remainder gathered around a large campfire, to act as reserve. The time passed joyously with the aid of fiddles, contraband dancing, and the like. Late in the evening, when most of the men had curled down around the fire, an enterprising bushwhacker, who had crept through the brush, turned lose a couple of charges of buckshot upon the group. Captain Black and Sergeant Lomax each received a buckshot where they could much better feel than see the effects, and two or three others were shot through the clothing, but no great harm was done. Of course the whole reserve opened a promiscuous fusilade into the woods, and of course hit no one. The next day the adjutant's contraband, Nat, who had pushed ahead to obtain water for his "guide, philosopher and friend," was fired upon from an adjacent cornfield and shot in the shoulder.

The fine residence of Captain Burrows, chief of the guerrillas before mentioned, was located about one mile from Raleigh, and Companies I and E were detailed to burn it. Finding the wife and two grown daughters on the premises, the officer in charge directed the removal of the furniture to a safe distance. There was in Company I an uncouth but excellent German soldier named George Blahs. He had been shot across the face at Shiloh, so that his beauties included a ghastly scar from mouth to ear. As the conflagration progressed, the ladies stood by, alternately railing and weeping, calling the "Yankees" ignorant savages. Blahs finally seated himself at the piano, then in the yard, and proceeded to play with perfect ease various cultivated airs. That a dirty, long-haired private soldier could perform better upon the fashionable instrument than they themselves, seemed to impress the ladies with a new view of the "ignorant Yankees." The regiment regained camp in due time, loaded down with bedding, books and household gear, and all such plunder as taste dictated or means of transportation allowed.

General Sherman, in a letter to General Grant about this time, referred to General Morgan L. Smith's brigade in the following terms:



I review these troops every Sunday afternoon, and think them as well drilled and instructed as any troops in service. They are full of confidence, and only need filling up with recruits to make a No. 1 brigade.

The routine of drill and duty left sufficient time to exercise a great amount of personal industry. Camp was improved in every way the inexhaustible ingenuity of the men suggested. A neat log guard-house was constructed, and picturesque bridges were laid across the ravine dividing camp. The skill as well as the eccentricity of the different soldiers was most strikingly displayed in the multitude and variety of quarters erected. There became nearly as many curious adaptations of odd material for domestic purposes as there were individuals. From the Sibley tents, at first occupied by a dozen or more, one soldier after another succeeded, and set up a house of his own. Occasionally the tent itself would be elevated upon a circular brick wall, while a neatly paved or boarded floor covered the interior. One man would be contented with a rudimentary shanty, just big enough to lie down in, made of stolen boards, while close by an ambitious group were ever striving to improve an imposing brick or log homestead, with symmetrical brick chimney, glass windows and painted door. The neat cooking and eating rooms and sheds along the ravine were of course in charge of the fat and contented contrabands, who were after a manner brevetted to membership in their respective companies.

The physical and mental oddities of these latter were a never-failing source of amusement. Their peculiar dialect, their quaint stories and songs, and their vigorous prayers excited constant interest. Their undying and sometimes, alas, misplaced confidence in the nobility and perfection of the Yankee soldiers, was curious and even touching in its simplicity. In the cook-room of Company C each evening a number of these sable menials were accustomed to meet and engage in the pastime of "seven up," when each staked his few cents or other trifling valuables in humble emulation of the superior race. Bob Oliver, always in search of victims, procured some damaged cartridges and stealthily ascended to the roof, and dropped them down the chimney upon the



fire beneath. There was at once a black upheaval inside. To the superstitious darkies the devil was in the flying coals and ashes, and all made a wild rush for the door. In the stampede a blockade ensued, and the order of exit was reversed by the rear turning heels up over the front rank. One excited gentleman of color ran his head into a mess kettle, which could only be removed from the shining pate inside by the total disruption of the utensil.

Many pleasant associations were formed by the different members of the regiment with the surrounding inhabitants, who, though mostly secessionists in sentiment, were frequently socially inclined. Such intimacy of course secured a certain amount of protection, but there is no reason to doubt the genuine hospitality and kindness of most of them. It is a pleasure to record that these fair offers were requited by the uniform gentlemanly conduct of the members of the Fifty-fifth. Among the citizens in the vicinity, a Mr. Jefferson and a Mr. Temple are gratefully alluded to by the members of the regiment.

Lieutenant Augustine, who had for some time been in charge of the details to search baggage on the new Raleigh road, of course got acquainted with all the citizens accustomed to pass that way. Living just outside the lines was a worthy minister named Knott, who with his accomplished wife frequently importuned Augustine to call and stay with them over night. After some hesitation the invitation was accepted, and one evening that officer, without leave and against standing orders, went outside the pickets to the pleasant domicile of the parson. After an elegant supper, while the evening was passing, a loud rap called the head of the household to the door. Presently he returned, and close behind him stalked Captain Payne, a noted guerilla of that region. Visions of Libby prison, cashiering, suffering and unutterable punishment rioted through the startled brain of the newly-fledged lieutenant. The host, however, was acting in good faith, and the presence of the guerilla captain was only an accidental call for hospitality. A truce was easy of arrangement, and the "blue and the gray" slept peacefully



under the same roof, and in the morning each departed his own way.

It cannot be asserted truthfully that every member of the Fifty-fifth, during this halcyon period, behaved with saint-like propriety. It was a regiment of soldiers, and good ones, but its members were in no wise deficient in animal spirits. Their exuberant vigor manifested itself frequently, as in other regiments, by freaks of temper, riotous behavior, and boisterous conduct, in which, as likely as not, whiskey and beer performed a part. Under the healthy, robust teaching of Chaplain Haney, there was always a restraining element, but the men were not all good, and made no pretensions of being so. They were healthy, sturdy young soldiers engaged in a patriotic duty, aloof from the restraints of civil life, and acted as men always have and always will under such circumstances. An allusion to Jim Watkins' stealing the sutler's mule, Bugler Vaughan's appropriation of the quarter of beef, Peter Ebersold's returning to camp without his nether garments, and "Betsey" Sherman's juvenile battery, will recall the character of these escapades.

On September 16th, the long delayed punishment of Captain Clay and Lieutenant Buck, for cowardly conduct at Shiloh, was enforced. They were both cashiered with the approval of the whole regiment. Immediately Lieutenants Brown and Whipple were raised a grade, and Orderly-Sergeant Roberts properly promoted to second-lieutenant. Many changes were made during the season among the officers, exact details of which are hard to obtain, for reasons before stated, and absolute accuracy is perhaps unattainable. In Company A, Lieutenant Schleich was transferred to Company F and made its captain. Lieutenant Cootes was made captain of Company E, vice Tazewell, resigned. Sergeant Henry Augustine was made second-lieutenant of Company A, and signalized his promotion by treating the men to a keg of ale. Later he was elevated to first-lieutenant, and Orderly-Sergeant Levi Hill to second-lieutenant. In Company C, Lieutenant Shaw, who had for a long time commanded it, was promoted its captain, in place of R. A. Bird, who had resigned in June. Sergeant-Major McAuley



received his reward as second-lieutenant of the same company. Joseph R. Roberts became first-lieutenant of Company D, and its orderly, Henry A. Smith, second-lieutenant. Sergeant William C. Porter was made second-lieutenant in his own company, E. Sergeant Vincent E. Brink became second-lieutenant of Company F, in place of John B. Johnson, who resigned September 3, 1862. Company H was provided for, its second-lieutenant, Nicholas Aagesen, being raised to the rank of first-lieutenant, and Sergeant Francis A. Scott being transferred from Company I to fill the vacancy thus created. It is believed that John H. Fillmore became first-lieutenant, and H. H. Kendrick second-lieutenant of Company K, during this period, but the confused records do not clearly state it. It is hoped that the roster at the end of this volume will correctly preserve all such details. The names mentioned above are worthy of high encomiums, either collectively or separately, but lack of personal knowledge would certainly lead to vague and perhaps unjust discrimination if attempted. It is proper to state that they embrace many of the best officers of the regiment. Schleich, Hill, Porter and Brink subsequently lost their lives in the service. As in all former instances, no particular attention was paid to promotion according to rank, and many deserving officers and non-commissioned officers were unjustly deprived of the places due to them.

In the field and staff, Assistant Surgeon Winne, a thoroughly good officer, resigned to accept promotion as surgeon of the Seventy-seventh Illinois. Hospital Steward John T. Smith was promoted assistant surgeon of the Fifty-fifth, and Corporal Joseph Hartsook translated from his company to the position of sergeant-major.

The list of officers was kept fairly full, but strange as it may appear, few if any had ever held commissions. They were merely announced to the regiment, took their proper places, went upon the regimental muster-rolls and were paid and recognized as officers in the army. By a law of congress the governors of the respective states were alone authorized to commission regimental and company officers. Appointments by a colonel were at best mere *ad interim*, and subject



to confirmation by the state executive, who could have superseded any of them by the issuance of commissions to other persons. This anomalous state of affairs was the fault, and designedly so, of the colonel of the Fifty-fifth, who had never informed the governor of Illinois of the appointments made in the regiment, nor asked for commissions.

This strange and unjust condition of things existed in a good regiment which had passed through severe battles and hard campaigns during more than a year—had had some of its best officers killed in battle, two dismissed, many resigned, and many others promoted. The governor of its own state, the source of authority, had received no official notice of these facts and had not issued commissions as evidence of legal recognition. This, though wholly unprecedented, was not without motive on the part of the officers responsible for it. The colonel's conduct in this connection was entirely consistent with his whole career, and had its origin in the fact that he had always assumed the most despotic control over the destiny of each officer, and still wished to do so. He desired to make and unmake them, and to supersede and promote them as suited his own ends or whims, without interference from or accountability to any superior. The management of the internal affairs of the regiment always had been as close and free from higher dictation as the affairs of a private corporation, and he resolved to keep it so. As has been already shown, all promotions had been made without any reference to the precedence recognized by all military authorities. Whenever the opposite course had been followed it was an incidental concession to justice and not a rule of action.

If such irregular and erratic acts had been brought to the notice of the governor it would have led to inquiry why so many officers and non-commissioned officers had been superseded in the line of promotion by others, and why so many transfers were made from one company to another, without regard to the rights of the members. The records in the office of the adjutant-general of Illinois, are very full to the effect that a commendable zeal in preserving the



rights of men to promotion according to rank obtained there. Good reasons for *prima facie* injustice of each change would have been required.

The lack of commissions was a frequent and just cause of complaint, and many meetings took place on the part of the officers to discuss a remedy. On one occasion when the aggrieved parties had met and appointed the fearless Captain Augustine as spokesman, they went to the colonel in a body, and the captain stated their complaints in a dignified and respectful way. They were treated very cavalierly, being told by Colonel Stuart to return to their quarters at once, that he did not "want any such d--d militia demonstrations."

About all the officers of the regiment, with the exception of Captains Chandler and Heffernan, wrote at one time or another to the governor on the subject, and the record shows an agreeable solicitude on the part of that officer to do justice. It further appears that many commissions were actually made out and forwarded to the colonel, who failed to deliver them to the proper owners, and made various paltry and false excuses for not doing so when importuned by the governor on the subject. From the several letters on file, the following is selected as showing the state of feeling and the mode of expression:

MEMPHIS, TENN., Oct. 1, 1862.

HON. RICHARD YATES, Governor State of Illinois.

SIR: Not wishing to trouble you with a long letter, I will state very briefly the reasons that prompt this communication. The officers of the 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., of whom I am one, have served, some of us, since the organization of the regiment, while others have been promoted from the ranks, and we have not received commissions yet.

We waited upon our colonel (David Stuart) six months ago, and inquired of him why the delay; to which inquiry he replied that our commissions were in his hands, but that he would not deliver them as they were not rightly dated. Since then we have repeatedly waited upon him, and requested him to have the mistake rectified, and send a new roster, as there have been a great many changes made since the first roster was sent—quite a number having resigned, some died of disease, and some killed in action. Upon urging him, he has invariably promised to attend to it immediately, but owing to pressure of business, or something else, he has failed to fulfill those promises; and I for one, believing that forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, and feeling a deep solicitude in regard



to the commissions of my lieutenants, as well as my own—for it is the only alternative left me—will append a roster of my company, as we were mustered on the 31st day of August, 1862; hoping that if it is not contrary to rules and regulations, you will forward the above named documents:

Jacob M. Augustine, Captain, March 13th, 1862.

William F. Cootes, 1st Lieutenant, July 1st, 1862.

Henry Augustine, 2d Lieutenant, August 1st, 1862.

Hoping that you will excuse this breach of military etiquette,

I remain your obedient servant,

JACOB M. AUGUSTINE,

*Acting Capt. Co. A, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols.*

Commissions were finally obtained by a course of strategy, as follows: It was well known that the colonel paid no attention to the details of his duties, and invariably signed all documents as they were presented, without inspection. After the return from the Tallahatchie, in December, and when muster rolls were prepared, an extra copy for each company was included in the bundle placed before the colonel by the adjutant. This extra copy had upon it a full statement of all promotions, and all persons entitled to commissions, and embraced all necessary facts to guide the Governor of Illinois in the issuance of the proper documents. As was anticipated the colonel affixed his gorgeous sign-manual, without thought of the extra number of flourishes it took. These surplus copies were sent to the capitol of Illinois, with the request that all needful papers be sent to Captain Augustine. They were received by him after the battle of Arkansas Post, and distributed in the steamboat cabin, and in the presence of Stuart, whose fury was violent, but harmless. Alas! poor Schleich lay dead with a bullet through his heart, and was not there to receive the three commissions due him. In these schisms Major Sanger and Adjutant Nourse sympathized with and aided the right side, as far as possible.

As autumn approached all signs pointed toward an aggressive campaign. It was well known that large levies of troops were being raised in the North, and that the Department of General Grant would without doubt receive its share of reinforcements. Vicksburg was the obvious objective point in that quarter, and the grand strategy of the approaching movement was as frequently and intelligently discussed



among the rank and file as elsewhere. Among those looking for promotion was David Stuart, colonel of the Fifty-fifth, who had commanded a brigade at Shiloh, and who was senior to all the colonels of the new regiments. Sufficient has appeared already to indicate that his aspirations would not be self-repressed in the race for honor. He had lost by this time the respect of his subordinate officers and men, and had earned their contempt, among other things, for his failure to acquire the rudiments of tactics. A very competent officer, and one who had the best of opportunities for observation, recorded at the time his convictions as follows:

Colonel Stuart grows more and more unpopular—neglecting his command \* \* \* \* \* He cannot drill the regiment, and makes mortifying blunders on review. He pays more attention to Southern ladies than to his officers and men.

He was, however, a favorite with General Sherman, and the length of service and superb conduct of his regiment in the field, gave a reasonable, if not a just hope of promotion. The obtrusion of Morgan L. Smith, a full brigadier, upon the scene, had relegated him to the command of a regiment after Shiloh, but the arrival of the new regiments, and the consequent reorganization of the army, would make room for many new brigade commanders. Stuart was placed in command of a brigade while yet colonel, early in November. This consisted of his own regiment, the One-hundred-and-twenty-seventh and One-hundred-and-sixteenth Illinois, the Fifty-seventh Ohio, and Eighty-third Indiana—three of them being new and full organizations, just from home. This brigade became a part of Morgan L. Smith's division. His promotion to brigadier-general was expected and not seriously objected to by many of the Fifty-fifth. His removal to any sphere not immediately connected with the regiment was desirable as a means of relief, and a sort of regimental benison therefore followed his ambitious flights. Naturally this would be followed by the promotion of the lieutenant-colonel to the supreme command of the regiment, which was a matter of serious concern, and greatly feared for good reasons. That officer had done nothing to increase the respect for him, and all belief in his unusual



capacity had been dissipated in the course of practical campaigning. His habits, never good, had grown worse, and his bullying, abusive and insane tyranny would have driven almost any other regiment to open mutiny. It was certain that placing more power in his hands would not render him less exacting. What ineffectual means the officers took to avert the calamity, as well as the atmosphere at the time, is exactly shown by the following document, forwarded to Governor Yates:

CAMP OF FIFTY-FIFTH ILLINOIS VOL., }  
MEMPHIS, TENN., Nov. 21, 1862. }

To his Excellency, RICHARD YATES,  
Governor of Illinois.

SIR: Knowing your anxiety to promote the comfort of every Illinois soldier, and feeling that you are interested almost equally with ourselves in the general well-being and military success of this regiment, we the undersigned, officers of the 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., beg leave to call your attention to a matter of vital importance to ourselves and the proved brave men whom we have the honor to command.

It seems probable that Colonel David Stuart, now in command of the Fourth brigade, General M. L. Smith's division, will be promoted, and that within a short time. The officers of the regiment desire and claim a voice in the selection of the person who shall fill the vacancy caused by such promotion, if it shall take place as expected. Although we in general should advocate the regular succession of officers according to rank, we feel impelled as honorable men, seeking the good of our country first, but also anxious for the happiness of ourselves, and the men placed in our care, and laboring for the prosperity and efficiency of the regiment in camp and field, to demand that we be not subjected to the tyranny and personal abuse which would inevitably be our daily portion under the command of the officer next in rank to our colonel.

Our commanding officers have generally disregarded the principle of regular succession in the appointments made to fill vacancies in almost every company in the regiment, as will be seen by the regimental records. We wish to continue this disregard of custom in our choice of the man who is to have power almost of life and death over us, and upon whom depends in so great a measure our comfort in garrison and our safety in campaign. We should weary you with the length of our story were we to recount in adequate language the reasons we have for praying your excellency not to commission any one to fill vacancies that may occur among the field officers of this regiment, until the line officers are permitted to express their choice.

The lieutenant-colonel now in command was elected to the position he holds, because expediency seemed to demand it, at the time of the



organization of the regiment. He was recommended to us for his knowledge of military tactics by Colonel Stuart, and chosen more to gratify our colonel's wishes than because of any liking or respect on our part. His disposition and personal ways, even at first when comparatively a stranger, made him peculiarly unpopular. This unpopularity has increased with time, and we boldly assert that he has now no friends in the regiment, among officers or men, save those who are dependent upon him for place or privilege. We have seen little reason to pride ourselves upon any result of his military experience, while the discomfort attending his martinet discipline have been constant and almost unendurable, and his abusive treatment of his subordinates more than man could bear and preserve self-respect.

Hoping our request will meet with your approval,

We are, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

HENRY AUGUSTINE, 2d Lieut. Co. A.

E. C. LAWRENCE, 2d Lieut. Co. B.

JOHN T. McAULEY, 2d Lieut. Co. C.

HENRY A. SMITH, 2d Lieut. Co. D.

ALBERT A. WHIPPLE, 2d Lieut. Co. G.

CHARLES A. ANDRESS, 2d Lieut. Co. I.

H. H. KENDRICK, 2d Lieut. Co. K.

A. F. MERRILL, 1st Lieut. Co. B.

DANIEL MCINTOSH, 1st Lieut. Co. C.

J. R. ROBERTS, 1st Lieut. Co. D.

J. E. KEYES, 1st Lieut. Co. E.

JOSEPH W. PARKS, 1st Lieut. Co. F.

C. M. BROWN, 1st Lieut. Co. G.

L. B. CROOKER, 1st Lieut. Co. I.

J. H. FILLMORE, 1st Lieut. Co. K.

H. S. NOURSE, 1st Lieut. and Adjutant.

J. M. AUGUSTINE, Capt. Co. A.

F. H. SHAW, Capt. Co. C.

C. SHLEICH, Capt. Co. F.

TIM SLATTERY, Capt. Co. I.

JOSEPH BLACK, Capt. Co. K.

After the return from the Tallahatchie, and while at Memphis, the following was forwarded:

To his Excellency, RICHARD YATES,

Governor State of Illinois:—

We the undersigned officers of the 55th Regt. Ill. Vols. Inf'ty. humbly beg leave to recommend the name of Major W. D. Sanger for appointment as colonel of this regiment, which position was made vacant by the promotion of our late colonel, David Stuart.

We are unwilling to be, and protest against being subjected to the unrestrained tyranny of Lieutenant-Colonel Oscar Malmborg, whose hereto-



fore unreasonable and undeserved abuse has been almost unbearable and rendered our labors irksome in the extreme. This, taken in connection with a lack of confidence in his ability as a commander produced by actual observation, the details of which we can give if necessary—we consider a sufficient reason why his claim to the position of colonel by seniority should be overlooked and the worthy major receive the appointment.

We would also respectfully recommend Captain Joseph Black to fill the position of major, knowing him to be a good officer deserving of promotion, and believing him to be by far the most competent of the three senior captains of the regiment, whose commissions date from the same day, October 31st, 1861.

J. M. AUGUSTINE, Capt. Co. A.  
 HENRY AUGUSTINE, 2d Lieut. Co. A.  
 E. C. LAWRENCE, 2d Lieut. Co. B.  
 A. F. MERRILL, 1st Lieut. Co. B.  
 F. H. SHAW, Capt. Co. C.  
 DANIEL MCINTOSH, 1st Lieut. Co. C.  
 JOHN T. McAULEY, 2d Lieut. Co. C.  
 J. R. ROBERTS, 1st Lieut. Co. D.  
 H. A. SMITH, 2d Lieut. Co. D.  
 J. E. KEYES, 1st Lieut. Co. E.  
 C. SCHLEICH, Capt. Co. F.  
 J. W. PARKS, 1st Lieut. Co. F.  
 C. M. BROWN, 1st Lieut. Co. G.  
 ALBERT A. WHIPPLE, 2d Lieut. Co. G.  
 TIM SLATTERY, Capt. Co. I.  
 L. B. CROOKER, 1st Lieut. Co. I.  
 C. A. ANDRESS, 2d Lieut. Co. I.  
 J. H. FILLMORE, 1st Lieut. Co. K.  
 H. H. KENDRICK, 2d Lieut. Co. K.  
 H. S. NOURSE, Adjutant.

The first action on the part of the officers was at once reported to Colonel Stuart by Captains Chandler and Heffernan, and he immediately sought to nullify its effect by forwarding the following letter to the governor. The original, like all the documents herein quoted in that connection, are a part of the state archives:

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION,  
 ARMY DISTRICT MEMPHIS.  
 }  
 MEMPHIS, TENN., 23d Nov., 1862.

**GOVERNOR :**

I am informed by two of the senior captains of my regiment (the 55th Ill.), that they, and others, were recently applied to by some of the



officers of the regiment to sign some communication addressed to you, in the nature of a protest against the promotion of Lieut.-Col. Oscar Malmborg.

This movement proceeds upon the anticipation of my advancement, which, they have heard, has been suggested by the general commanding, in an official form. The new troops, since their advent here, have been brigaded, and I have been assigned to the command of the Fourth brigade, composed of the 55th Ill., the 54th Ohio (old regiments), the 116th Ill., the 127th Ill., and the 83d Ind. (new regiments); this has removed me from the immediate command of my regiment, leaving Lt.-Col. Malmborg in command. Major Sanger (on Gen. Sherman's staff since we left Paducah,) is still absent, which leaves Col. Malmborg the only field officer serving with the regiment. While I remained with it we could get along very well together with the battalion, reduced as it is to only 560 men; but now it became necessary for him to appoint some captain to act as major, he designated Capt. Chandler, the senior captain in the regiment, and one of the best officers, not alone in that regiment, but in the service,—out of this has sprung a feeling of dissatisfaction. Lt.-Col. Malmborg has been ill and off duty for a few weeks, and on battalion drill I was accustomed to designate different captains to serve as major; one day one, and another the next, as it might happen, and changing them with the view somewhat of practicing them in command; during all this time Chandler was sitting on a military commission and was not with his regiment. Each of these captains seems now to consider himself slighted and injured by Col. Malmborg, in this designation of Chandler to *act* as major, and they have been secretly plotting his injury, and with one representation and another have succeeded in getting the names of perhaps the larger part of the officers to the communication referred to.

Col. Malmborg is a strict disciplinarian, an exacting officer, who demands from every officer the active and complete discharge of all his duties. There are very few of them who do not feel pretty well contented with themselves when they somewhere near half perform their duties; such men are not only not patted on the back by him, but they are sternly and promptly reproved by him, and are driven up and *compelled* to do their duty. They would like to get rid of him and have a slip-shod, easy-going time of it. It is this vigilance, zeal and discipline, which has made this regiment in every regard today the best one in this army. I claim boldly for it (and it will be conceded by the commanding generals), that it is the most efficient, the best drilled, best disciplined, best behaved, cleanest, healthiest, and most soldierly regiment in this army. This perfection has not been attained, nor these qualities acquired, without great labor and care, constant and earnest vigilance. I have, of course, the reputation of having accomplished this amongst those who know only, generally, that I am at the head of the regiment; they who know us more intimately are well informed of the consequence Col. Malmborg has been to me. It would be not alone ungenerous, but ungrateful in me, to



appropriate any share of the credit and honor which so justly belongs to him, to myself.

There was scarcely an officer in this regiment who, when he entered it, knew his facings; they have learned here all they know (and with some of them the stock of knowledge on hand is not burdensome even now), but by dint of hard work and doing their work for many of the officers, we can get along—and do. They ought to be grateful to Col. M. for what he has done for them, but vanity, selfishness, and that "prudent ambition for fame not earned," which afflicts most men, makes them insensible to the better, nobler, and more generous sentiments of our nature.

I desire, frankly and truthfully, to bear witness to you, as our chief, that this regiment, which has done and will do honor to your state, owes its efficiency, its proficiency, and everything which gives it superiority or a name, to Col. Malmborg—I owe most that I know to him—the officers owe all to him—without him the regiment will in sixty days go to obscurity, if it has no worse fate; with him at its head, it will be a pride to you and an honor to itself and its state; there is no man else in the regiment at all equal to or fit for the command of it; there are but two or three of the captains who are even fit for lieutenants, and few of the lieutenants could make first-rate sergeants, but we get along with them, as I said before, by dint of hard work and by doing their duty ourselves, or forcing them to do it. The simple fact is that I know better than he does how to get along with these men, make them do their duty, and still retain their personal regard. I have been a politician, and he is a soldier, but he exacts of them their duty, and only their duty, and that they must perform.

You will believe me, I have no likes or dislikes to gratify in respect of the regiment; strict and impartial justice is the only rule which has governed me, and the only safe one which can govern us in military matters. My pride and hopes have been centered in the two regiments, the 42d and 55th. My more intimate relations with the 55th gives me the interest in it which a man feels for his family; the men are of the better classes, and have families of respectability at home, and are worth all the care, attention and protection they can get.

As I said before, this whole movement proceeds on the supposition that my promotion will follow the recommendation of the commanding general. This, of course, I know is very problematical; I have not sought it, nor have I a friend living whom I have ever allowed to propose it. I have no ambition or care for it. I objected to my assignment to my present command, preferring greatly to stay immediately with my regiment and men, and avoid the responsibility of so large a command. If my promotion is not realized, of course the question of my successor will not come up while I live or remain in the service. Pray pardon me for troubling you with so long a letter; I do not do it often, and I wished to put the matter before you circumstantially as it is.



We have this evening received marching orders for Wednesday morning; one regiment from each (three) division is to be designated by the division commander, to remain as a garrison at Memphis. The rest of the army moves with 200 rounds and five days' rations. We have in Memphis about 30,000 men; Gen. Lauman commands one division, Denver and Morgan L. Smith the others. Sherman returned this evening from an interview with Grant, at Columbus, but I have not seen him, and am not advised of the precise direction of our march. We are to take the field again, and I may not live or return ever to express to you, governor, what is the universal sentiment of the great army of Illinois; the high respect we cherish for your administration of the military affairs of the state, since we have been involved in this dreadful struggle. Your self-sacrificing devotion to the cause, your zeal and interest in the comfort, welfare and honor of your troops, have excited the admiration, and assured to you the grateful affection of the army. We have no political predilections—no party attachments, which veil or qualify these sentiments; if the voice of the army in the field could be heard, it would be such an expression of confidence and affection as would compensate you for all your labors, responsibilities, and vexations. I meet no men so proud of their state as the soldiers of Illinois.

With great respect, I remain very truly,  
Your obedient servant,

DAVID STUART.

RICHARD YATES, *Governor, etc.*

Every instinct of justice would lead any one at all conversant with the affairs of the Fifty-fifth to indignantly repel the statements contained in the foregoing scurrilous letter; yet it is unnecessary to do so at great length. Since the colonel of that regiment did so report the officers to their own Governor, and thereby make his report an official document in the archives of their own state, some attention must be paid to it. It should be remembered that these officers, so glibly vilified, were his own selections, and frequently so designated to the injustice of others entitled by rank to the place. The captains embraced in the tirade included such men as Slattery, Augustine, Schleich, Black and Shaw. Among the lieutenants shine out such names as Andress, Augustine, Porter, Whipple, Aagesen, Brown, McAuley, Lawrence and Kendrick. Several of these afterwards commanded the regiment, and did it better than he who slandered them. Some died on the field of battle and are remembered by all who survive them with love and reverence. Besides these, there were dozens of non-commissioned officers and



men in the ranks who would not suffer by comparison with the field officers of 1862.

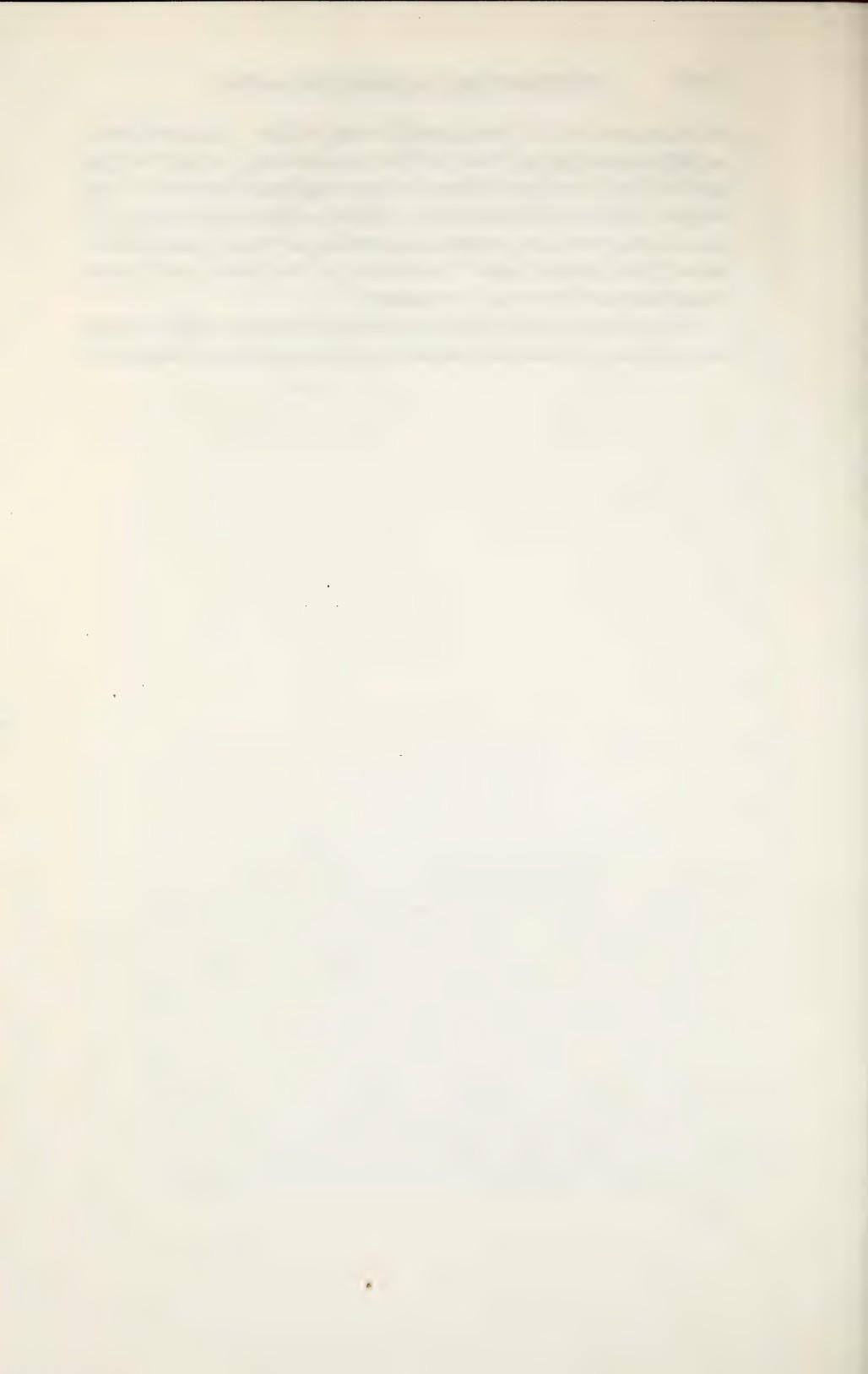
When Stuart for his own ends compliments the rank and file, he indulged in the luxury of telling the exact truth. It is a pity, however, that his admiration for them exhausted itself in a rhetorical essay to the Governor, while we are left to look in vain for honorable mention in reports and suggestions for their reward in way of promotion, medals or brevets. It is strange, too, that from among men so meritorious, he who made and unmade officers at will should have such poor luck in the selection of subordinates. It also "passeth human understanding" how an organization could become so preeminently well drilled with only such worthless officers to do it. The regiment did not, as predicted, "in sixty days go to obscurity," after the then lieutenant-colonel was displaced; but, under officers of its own selection, including some pronounced so worthless, bravely faced the overhanging flames of Kenesaw, did glorious work all around Atlanta, and finally marched to the sea, then to Washington, and swept down from Capitol Hill past the wise men of the nation, with its own Army of the Tennessee.

If there be those who shrink from what is said above because it seems to speak harshly of those who are dead, let them recall that the history of the Fifty-fifth is largely the history of the dead. If the author of these slanders is not alive to modify them, neither are poor Augustine, Schleich et Harter alive to defend themselves from the charges. This letter was a voluntary contribution from its author to the public records of his state. It was meant to have an effect, and did have an effect. It deceived the great war governor of Illinois, and did rank injustice to many men who lived blamelessly and died heroically. There are other letters on file from the same source, as bad or worse. All these are proper material, and may at any time be assimilated by the historian. There is something due, also, to the living as well as to the dead. This should be a work to tell the truth, not to suppress it. It appears to be a plain duty, as it certainly is a pleasure, to vindicate both the living and the dead from the slanders of either, where the good fame of the Fifty-fifth is



at stake, and strict truth justifies the effort. It is esteemed a high privilege on this the first opportunity, to tell to the public that the line officers of our regiment were not men whose highest ambition was to "have a slip-shod, easy-going time," and were not persons actuated by a "vanity and selfishness" that made them "insensible to the better and more generous sentiments of our nature."

This brings the incidents of this narrative to the closing days of the pleasant encampment in the suburbs of Memphis.





## CHAPTER IV.

TALLAHATCHIE.—CHICKASAW BAYOU.—ARKANSAS POST.

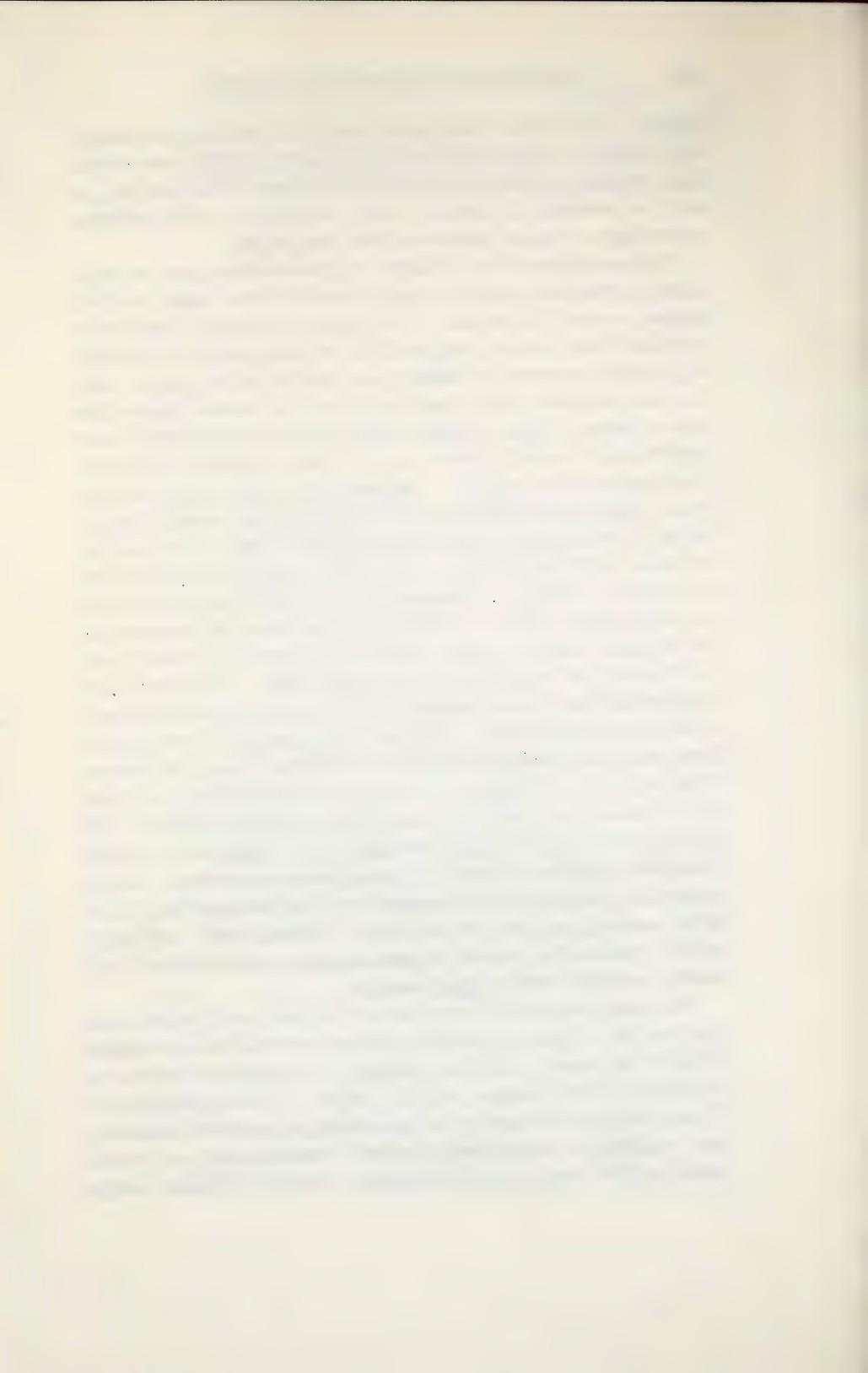
ON the morning of November 26th, 1862, the beautiful camp of the Fifty-fifth at Memphis was dismantled. The cosy and even luxurious quarters had to be abandoned for such cheer as could be found in a winter campaign in the wilds of Mississippi. The Sibley tents, in use since first taking the field, and now ragged, colored with smoke, and weather-beaten, were replaced by the shelter tent. This latter consisted of a strip of tow cloth about four feet wide and six feet long, issued to each man, which, when folded up, made a small roll of cloth weighing but a pound or two. By joining two of these sheets together a strip was obtained web enough, when stretched over sticks, to form a low, kennel-like structure, under which two men could crowd and lie recumbent during a night or storm. They were universally known in the expressive vocabulary of the army, as "dog tents." As for cooking utensils, not much was expected at that practical stage of the war. Every effort of very able generals at the head of affairs in the department, and the ready wit and ingenuity of the soldiers themselves, turned toward "flying light." Each one on a march had slung somewhere about his person an old oyster or fruit can, tin cup or pail, which during the day's tramp dangled merrily behind, but when a halt came was the sole dependence for cooking purposes. Rations were generally issued for three days' supply to the men, and for field purposes consisted of smoked side-meat, hard-tack, coffee, sugar, salt and



pepper. Of course these were supplemented by whatever else could be obtained from the country, which was often-times nothing, if in the rear of the column. In quantity, as well as variety, all rations were subjected to fluctuations, according to the exigencies of the campaign.

The usual procedure adopted by the soldiers was to associate in groups of two or more, as suited their taste, and all rations would be pooled. Of course little bags had been provided long before, frequently consisting of an old stocking, for the purpose of holding salt, coffee, sugar, pepper and the like, so that they would not become mixed before the proper time. These parcels, with other *impedimenta*, were apportioned among chums as they saw fit, and put in the haversacks to be carried. Occasionally a man noted for his good nature and endurance, like Jack Berlin, would sling to his kit a frying-pan, coffee-pot or Dutch oven, to be used in common with his friends. Any halt would be followed by the instant building of innumerable small fires, and the cup or little pail would be filled with water from the canteen, or an adjacent water-course, and in an incredibly short time each would be supplied with strong coffee. The hard-tack and smoked meat were always ready for engorgement, without additional preparation. To the above method there was at least one exception, in the person of Heme Harris, otherwise "Tobunkus," of Company I, who upon receiving his three days' rations proceeded to eat them up, then and there, and after performing this phenomenal act of deglutition, would pass the next three days in a state of semi-somnolence nearly resembling that of a boa constrictor. In transporting blankets, wearing apparel, three days' rations, camp equipage, water, gun, sixty rounds of ammunition, and shelter, each soldier was his own baggage-wagon.

For war purposes, the volunteer became on the march a pack-mule, a fighting machine, and at intervals an intelligent thinker and talker upon the strategy of campaigns, prospects of foreign intervention, and the policy of the government. When occasion demanded he built bridges, repaired railroads, ran engines or steamboats, printed newspapers, cut cord-wood, killed men, or stole chickens; and did all these things



well. Clearly the "kid-glove" era of the war was a thing of the past, and each one in his own way had determined to make life a burden to the people of the South who brought it on. The first and most apparent result was, that the contemptuous and defiant derision of "Yankees" instantly ceased, and gave place to a tearful wish that the war would end upon any terms. The contraband had no pecuniary value in the camps, neither could he be eaten; but the rebels called him live stock, and his stout arms could build breastworks and raise corn, so there was ample satisfaction and justification for seducing him away from the alleged patriarchal and legal owner.

About noon of the pleasant November day referred to, Morgan L. Smith's division of Sherman's army marched due east from Memphis to Germantown, and stopped at the latter place during the night. The whole movement was an advance toward Vicksburg from the interior, and Sherman's forces formed the extreme right. Morgan L. Smith's detour to the east, before turning south, was simply intended to relieve the roads toward the Tallahatchie of unnecessary crowding. On the morning of the 27th the division turned south, and after marching ten miles the Fifty-fifth bivouacked in a cotton-field, where the "dog tents" were erected for the first time. The next day fifteen miles were traversed, and a corn-field afforded the stopping place for the night. Just before dark a good-sized hog made an unfortunate break from the brush, and was bayoneted instantly by the men. It was expected that the march would soon end for the day, but in point of fact it continued for about three miles further. Nevertheless, the bleeding sacrifice, weighing at least two hundred pounds, was carried along somehow in the ranks, and arrived at camp with the men. It is believed that the imagination of a moderately intelligent reader can supply all additional details required to account for the final disposition of the captured property.

After a march of five miles on the next day, the high ridges skirting the valley of Pigeon Roost Creek were reached. It was known that the main column of Grant's army was keeping abreast some miles to the left, and that all parts of



the army were converging toward Holly Springs and the Tallahatchie River, the line of rebel occupation. Occasionally the distant firing of cannon echoed through the great valleys and reverberated over the high ridges of the country. General Smith's column deployed on the high ground overlooking Pigeon Roost Creek, in line of battle, and there was an air of approaching conflict in the various preparations in sight. While the Fifty-fifth lay stretched through the woods in battle order, on that warm autumn day, the chaplain made his appearance. Indeed, he was never far in the rear if there was a semblance of danger. Deeming the occasion a proper one, and no movements for the time interfering, he inaugurated an impromptu meeting. His exhortation was a flaming war speech, bristling with eloquent, patriotic and religious sentiments. There was no cant about it; it breathed the feeling and inspiration of a genuine christian soldier. His hymns were such soul-stirring lyrics as the "Battle Cry of Freedom," and sung in fervid concert they swelled out over the valley in noble pathos. The scene was worthy of the Covenanters, and was incited by a broader purpose, if not more conscientious zeal. The enemy drew back, however, and the patriots pursued their way to Chulahoma and encamped for the night, to be drenched by a heavy rainfall. Sherman's column had gained a day's march on the right, and the next day the Fifty-fifth and Eighth Missouri were drawn out to make a reconnaissance to the Tallahatchie, and the return to Chulahoma the same night completed a march of twenty-two miles for the day.

On December 2d, Sherman's whole line proceeded to the borders of the Tallahatchie, pelted the whole day by a driving, cold rain-storm, and Stuart's brigade encamped at Wyatt, a squalid village. The next three days were employed, wet and disagreeable as they were, in erecting a bridge across the river under the immediate direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg. On the 5th the river was crossed, and after passing some extensive, unfinished and abandoned earthworks, the brigade bivouacked in a pleasant woodland, just at the borders of the valley. The One-hundred-and-twenty-seventh and One-hundred-and-sixteenth Illinois and Eighty-third



Indiana, all splendid new regiments of the brigade, kept well up in this their first march. They came a year later into the service than the rest of the brigade, had been paid an additional bounty, and started overburdened with baggage, as all new troops did. They had thrown away their burdens, lain in the fence corners, and been unmercifully chaffed as is usual, and perhaps salutary, in such cases. Of course the old troops stole from them at will, marched them as hard as possible, bedeviled them in every way, and then consoled them with the cry that it "took a bounty before and a draft behind" to force them into service at all. They soon became veterans and famous regiments, and when the time came they put other raw troops through the same rough process of initiation. Actual battle soon gave the regiments of 1862 a chance to offer the "blood atonement," and then they belonged to the great brotherhood of veterans.

As soon as arms were stacked at the new camping place the veterans scattered over the country in pursuit of plunder. This was against orders, as it was desired to do the foraging systematically by detail. While a patrol of the One-hundred-and-twenty-seventh Illinois was ranging the region to arrest the marauders, they came across Jim Watkins of the Fifty-fifth, who had just made a capture suited to his grotesque ambition. It was a basket-full of fine china-ware. He was taken in charge, and as a matter of course gave a false name and regiment, and, as all thieves did, claimed to belong to the Eighth Missouri. A single guard was detailed to take Jim to camp and deliver him to the provost-marshall. On the way he got the gun of his captor, shifted the burden of the plunder and the offence, and turned the guileless recruit over to the headquarters guard as a villain of the deepest dye, and escaped to his own comrades, leaving the patrol to explain matters.

Any quantity of fresh meat and corn meal was obtained, but salt was so scarce as to be finally unobtainable, and many meals which would otherwise have been luxuries, were insipid and almost uneatable for the want of it. Enormous log camp-fires were built at night, and officers and soldiers gathered around to listen to some noted story-teller. Quarter-



master Janes took occasion to perpetrate his favorite joke about the man going to mill, upon Commissary-Sergeant Fisher, and shouts of happy laughter rang through the woods. These nights presented a pretty picture, when the flames blazed out among the trees and fitfully lighted up the gloom. Its red glare made plain the faces of the grim soldiers who lay and lounged close around, and blending into the darkness, flickered among the bright bayonets stacked in long rows at the rear.

At noon of December 10th, Morgan L. Smith's division, with General Sherman in person, turned again toward Memphis, which point was reached by hard marching on December 13th. As shortly appeared, this movement was for the purpose of adding Smith's division to the formidable expedition intended to capture Vicksburg, by way of the Mississippi and Yazoo Rivers. On the march just described, Colonel David Stuart received notice of his appointment by the President as brigadier-general, to which position he had been warmly recommended by General Sherman, Governor Yates and others. So far as known, his promotion excited no opposition in his own regiment, except at the hands of the chaplain and Captain and Lieutenant Augustine, who forwarded a protest, setting forth his unfitness and charging him with disloyalty. As to the latter disqualification no actual proof exists. It should be remembered, however, that the army was righteously sensitive about its leaders' hobnobbing with the disloyal citizens. This, Stuart had been injudicious enough to persist in, but his conduct in this respect can be accounted for by ascribing it to motives quite different, and though not especially commendable, less hurtful to the cause. The chaplain was satisfied with nothing less than whole-souled single-minded patriotism, and Stuart's conduct did not by any means reach that high standard. He had, too, a certain recklessness of speech, and frequently made foolish statements which, literally interpreted, justified the charge, but it is not believed that the crime of actual sympathy with rebellion can fairly be sustained by evidence. As is now well known, this promotion resulted soon in Stuart's complete discomfiture through the failure of the



Senate to confirm his appointment. When that took place, the contest in which he sought with his brilliant talents to win success, seems to have been given up, and a defeated and deeply disappointed man, he dropped into obscurity. It is probable that social causes existing in Chicago, and having powerful ramifications in the state of New York, mainly caused his rejection by the United States Senate.

Upon the return to Memphis, learning of the petition for the promotion of Sanger and Black, the late colonel, then general and soon to be Mr. Stuart, forwarded another urgent letter to Governor Yates, asking for the promotion of the lieutenant-colonel, and making the point that he was first in the line of promotion. This seems to have been a new revelation, for he had never observed that rule himself, except by accident. This anxiety for the immediate receipt of commissions for the colonel and major, seems also to have been a new-born zeal, for he had never asked for the commission of a line officer, and had persistently refused to deliver those voluntarily sent him by the Governor. The missive sent at this time pronounces Captains Chandler and Heffernan to be "by far the best officers in the regiment," and reiterates the sweeping abuse of the former letter as to all of the others.

When the Fifty-fifth arrived at the beautiful camp abandoned on November 26th, it was found occupied by other troops, and the shelter tents were erected upon a bare slope further toward the river. Everything betokened the concentration of a large army and a speedy movement. The regiment was mustered and received pay for July and August. It was at this time that extra muster rolls were obtained to send to the Governor for commissions, as before stated. One day nearly all the mule teams of the division were sent into the country toward Wolf River for wood. They were without an escort, and had with them only a few men detailed to load wood, and without arms. A company of guerillas swooped down upon them, and without a single casualty captured all the men and mules, and abandoning the wagons mounted the prisoners upon the animals and struck for the interior. At Germantown they paroled the



men, who returned the next day crest-fallen enough. A sweeping impressment supplied the place of the missing animals in a few hours. Such matters do not get into military reports, because they are evidences of carelessness—hence the above loss of fifty or sixty thousand dollars' worth of property, when the detail of a single company from the fifteen or twenty thousand men present would have prevented it—is not related in the reports of the war.

On Sunday, December 20th, the Fifty-fifth went early in the day to the steamboat landing, and on board the fine transport Westmoreland, which was also headquarters for the brigade commander and staff. The day was spent in loading baggage and getting on board the men too drunk to exercise locomotion. This last unpleasant duty was attended to by Captain Shaw, who narrowly escaped serious stabbing at the hands of a reckless character. The next morning Helena, Arkansas, was passed, and the fleet pulled up at Friars Point until the next day. The troops were taken on shore, and some uncertain attempts made at battalion drill, which were intended as exercise, and the transports were meantime thoroughly policed. At this place the large division of General Steele joined the command, and by an order soon issued became the First division of the celebrated Fifteenth Army Corps—the division to which the Fifty-fifth was attached retaining the title of Second division, a name entitled to imperishable honors. Indeed, the order creating corps organizations had already been issued at Washington, but did not reach this portion of the afflicted republic until after the battle of Arkansas Post. About noon, December 22d, the Planet, having on board the Eighth Missouri, closely followed by the Westmoreland with the Fifty-fifth, swung loose from the river bank and started down stream.

Here again there stretched out before the beholder one of those grand military panoramas never seen except upon the great inland waters. The swift flowing and majestic Mississippi was again troubled by the restless throbs of a great fleet, bound upon a historic errand; a mighty array of men that kept restlessly pounding along its forest-covered shores, until the river itself flowed "unvexed to the sea." To that



end these sturdy men of the Northwest, under leaders they had helped teach in the art of war, waded swamps, climbed rugged hills, dug trenches, stormed breastworks and fought the battles of a campaign now gloriously conspicuous in the history of the world. They so wrought that the Confederacy, like the vail of the temple, was rent in twain, and from thence they turned toward other and distant fields of conquest. They carried into use all the existing arts of war, discovered new principles and invented new theories and applied them to the practical purpose of saving a great republic; and when they had done, they left the Union safe and the science of war enriched by a multitude of valuable discoveries.

On the night of the 23d of December the Fifty-fifth, with the Fifty-seventh Ohio, landed and marched eight miles, but the trip was barren of results, if any were expected. From time to time the fleet turned inshore to obtain fuel captured from wood-yards, cut from the forest, made from fence-rails and old buildings, as the emergency demanded. These occasions were enlivened by the exercise of the foraging propensities of the men. There was little official interference with this, and when the zeal of the new-made brigadier induced him to interpose on one occasion, an indelicate allusion by a member of the Eighth Missouri to one of Stuart's notable conquests at the court of Venus, quickly suppressed further effort in that quarter.

On Christmas day of 1862, Milliken's Bend was reached, and from there the first view of the frowning heights of Vicksburg was obtained. It presented nothing visible to the naked eye at that distance but a compressed appearance of high bluffs, upon which sat the dome of the court house in silent watch. With the aid of field-glasses it could be seen that the rugged hills were seamed and scarred with massive earth-works and garnished with abundant artillery.

During the forenoon of the next day the perspicuous orders of the commanding general were promulgated, and at noon the entire expedition, preceded by a convoy of gun-boats, steamed up Old River into the Yazoo, and at the end of thirteen miles Morgan L. Smith's division tied up at Johnston's Plantation, its assigned place of debarkation. On the



morning of the 27th, the army of thirty thousand men began to untangle itself from the seeming confusion of the landing, and each of its units sought the place designated for it in the contemplated assault. The Second division, led by that of Steele, unwound across the bottom and old fields, and after tramping through a huge growth of cockle burs, reached the forest further back, which was wild with the luxuriance of semi-tropical vegetation, through which the column slowly pushed its way. As is necessary and inevitable on all such occasions, when the enemy are known to be concealed not far away, halts were frequent. During one of these a musket was discharged, and an unearthly howl went up from the ranks of Company D. This volume of noise issued from the dumpy form of "little Chris" of that company, who had accidentally discharged his gun while sitting upon a log, barked the end of his pug nose, blown the visor of his cap to pieces, and was left firmly convinced that his whole head was gone. He soon regained his wonted stolidity, and took his place in the ranks under a fire of humorous remarks from his comrades.

Shortly after noon firing was heard at the front, which indicated that the head of the column had run against the advance of the enemy. After waiting some time, Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg, who had gone ahead, came tumbling back on "Charley," as though he was the bearer of good tidings, and announced that he had obtained for the Fifty-fifth the privilege of going in advance to open the battle. This unappreciated call to honor was obeyed by the regiment, led on by the graceful equestrian who commanded it, and passing through the woods and by the throngs of soldiers who filled the road, until the head of the line was reached. Here in the edge of the timber was a bayou, on the other side of which the rebel skirmishers had been found posted. The Fifty-eighth Ohio, a splendid German regiment of about four hundred men, belonging to Steele's division, was already engaged in crossing and deploying on the other side. At the head of the line, halted and at order arms, stretched the long ranks of the Thirteenth Illinois, which, although the senior regiment from the Prairie State, had not yet lost a



man in battle. Under a grove of trees near by, intently watching the proceedings, sat upon horseback Generals Sherman, Steele, Stuart, A. J. Smith, Blair, and other star-spangled soldiers of note. As the Fifty-fifth approached the bayou, over which it was necessary to cross by traversing a log, the rich voices of Company I, led by its brave Orderly-Sergeant Ebersold, rang out with the opening stanza of the Battle Cry of Freedom. The whole regiment took up the anthem, and a strain of soul-stirring music swelled out into the vaults of the forest in a magnificent volume of melody. The generals forgot their momentous councils and turned curiously and admiringly to watch the little line as it disappeared into the tangled thickets to open the battle of Chickasaw Bayou.

When once across the stream—through which poor “Charley” had to swim—the Fifty-fifth and the Fifty-eighth were in a measure separated from the army, and the command of the advance fell to Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg, who was the senior officer present. The Fifty-eighth was already deployed, and the Fifty-fifth was massed in reserve, close up. From the latter, companies were taken from time to time to strengthen or extend the skirmish line, and the slow process of pushing back the rebel advance through the dense, swampy woods, next ensued. During the afternoon this was accomplished, and just before dark the Federal line reached the main, or Chickasaw Bayou, along which the battle was fought. The Fifty-fifth being mainly in support met with no loss, but the Fifty-eighth had several struck, including one captain killed. The rebels retired to the southern bank of the stream and stopped behind the levee, a splendid protection, from which they kept up an angry fire of musketry.

The body of the regiment had advanced during the afternoon, formed in “column by file,” a movement originating somewhere among the tactical reminiscences of the lieutenant-colonel, and unknown in the books in use. It consisted in advancing the color-guard to the front, when the two wings of the regiment doubled in behind, making a sort of flank march in ranks of eight men deep. From this unique formation some companies had been taken to strengthen the



front, leaving the remainder of the regiment standing irregularly and disconnected, like the pieces on a checker-board. About dark, while the men were halted in this awkward position, a sudden fusilade of the enemy very nearly caused a stampede to the rear; but this was quickly controlled by the strenuous efforts of the line officers, who then marched their men into line of battle, independent of any order from the regimental commander. Just in front, perhaps fifty yards away, the intervening space being greatly obstructed with fallen timber, was Chickasaw Bayou. Behind it, and less than one hundred yards distant, lay the enemy. To their rear was three-quarters of a mile of swampy bottom, and then the frowning Walnut Hills, terraced all over their sides with innumerable rifle-pits and intrenchments. Still beyond were the great billows of eroded ridges, stretching to the main works of Vicksburg, five or six miles away.

When the regiment disembarked in the forenoon, Dick Needham, an Irishman of Company I, was in a glorious state of bibulous exaltation, and as became his race, was belligerent in the extreme. During the afternoon he had to be placed under restraint to prevent him from instituting an individual assault upon his own sole responsibility. He called his comrades all cowards for moving so slowly, and loudly proclaimed in rich brogue that he could "whip the whole d——d scrape of 'em" alone. After arriving at the main bayou Dick had neither whiskey nor water left, and his consuming thirst became unbearable. There was no place to obtain water except at the bayou, not fifty yards in front of the rebel line behind the levee, but Dick was bound to take the risk. The patience of the lieutenant in command was finally exhausted at his persistence, and remonstrance ceasing the reckless soldier loaded himself down with canteens and started on his perilous adventure. He immediately commenced stumbling over brush and logs in the dense darkness, whereat his profanity waxed vigorous and voluble, all of which drew the fire of the rebel line in his direction, but unscathed he reached the water's edge and deliberately filled the dozen or so canteens he had with him. When done he sat down and opened the vials of his wrath upon the foe. Above the noise of their volleys Dick's rich Irish voice could



be heard as he yelled, "Come out av yer holes, ye bloody  
ribils, and I'll lick the whole d——d scrape of yez!" Finding  
they would not accept his challenge, he returned unhurt,  
and distributed the canteens of water to the owners, and  
dropped down on the ground to sleep, muttering anathemas  
at the enemy who would not come out of their holes while  
he "licked the whole d——d scrape of 'em."

At four o'clock the next morning, and long before a single  
ray of light had penetrated the foggy atmosphere, a battery  
which had come up during the night was placed in a belliger-  
ent position by Malmborg. The occasion was one for inde-  
pendent action, and neither the intense darkness nor want of  
an object to fire at was an obstacle to his vaulting ambition.  
Notwithstanding the impassable bayou was between the  
battery and the rebel skirmish line, it must be supported  
according to rule, and the Fifty-fifth was dragged through  
the brush and impenetrable gloom, and massed in two lines  
close behind the artillery. This done, a fire of six pound  
missiles was opened upon the Southern Confederacy on gen-  
eral principles. Malmborg in command, walked back and  
forth among the guns, giving directions about the length of  
fuse, which made but little difference since the location of a  
single position of the enemy was not known. Of course the  
Federal position was lighted up by the fires of the ridiculous  
bombardment, and a few shells were returned. Some very  
narrow escapes there were, but fortunately no casualties.  
With daylight came other troops and superior officers, and  
the useless noise ceased with the relegation of Malmborg to  
his proper command.

The division commander, Morgan L. Smith, soon rode by  
the right of the regiment toward the front, accompanied by  
a single orderly. As he passed a group of officers by the  
Fifty-fifth, they called his attention to the dangerous prox-  
imity of the Confederate sharp-shooters. To this he made  
some facetious reply, and proceeded to the edge of the brush  
that fringed the slashed timber, took out his glass and began  
to look into the lifting fog to get a view across the bayou.  
All this happened near by and in plain view of the group of  
officers before alluded to. Presently he put up his glass,  
calmly reined his horse to the rear and returned as he came.



As he went by where the troops were standing he gave some pungent and profane directions, and disappeared in the woods at the rear. He had, while looking through his glass, been shot by a rebel sharp-shooter, the bullet striking him near the top of the hip bone and ranging across the back to the spine; yet such was his splendid nerve that the wound, almost mortal, did not cause a tremor of the voice. He fell from his horse when out of sight of his men, and was carried to the boats. He never recovered entirely from the injury. This deprived the army of the services of a very valuable officer, which fact is deeply deplored by the commanding general in his report. General Stuart, by virtue of his rank, assumed command of the division, but was soon placed under control of General A. J. Smith, whose troops were on the right.

Chickasaw Bayou followed in sinuous way from the Yazoo above in a southwesterly direction several miles to the Mississippi below. It was impassable, except at two points. One of these was a narrow sand-bar in front of the Second division. On the side of the Federals this crossing was protected by an abatis of thickly fallen timber, the interlocked trunks and limbs being covered with festoons of Spanish moss. On the opposite side was an impracticable bank, surmounted by a levee, which formed a perfect parapet for the foe. The problem was to cross this bayou in the face of these obstacles, overcome the resistance and gain a foothold upon the bluffs beyond, from whence it was hoped that Vicksburg, a few miles away, might be approached.

Companies A and B of the Illinois artillery were brought up, and with them the celebrated twenty-pound Parrott guns so well known to the Fifty-fifth. In order to make even the poor route spoken of accessible, it was necessary to clear the road and approaches to the bayou, and for such purpose these guns were opened and the edge of the bayou lined with riflemen, hoping in a measure to control the fire of the rebels on the other side. The artillery fire was incessant for some hours, but without doubt entirely harmless to the well-protected Confederates. Meanwhile the Fifty-fifth, with the exception of Companies A and B, which were engaged in



the sharp-shooting tournament, lay near the cannon, lazily watching the explosion of the shells and the curious rings of smoke going up from the muzzles of the guns. Malmborg amused himself by occasionally aiming one of the Parrots, and forever after felicitated himself upon having dismounted one of the enemy's guns, situated upon an Indian mound some distance out upon the bottom. This dubious honor, however, was disputed by an ambitious lieutenant, who claimed to have fired a small revolver in the same direction. Some rebel shell plunged about, and the narrow escapes were numerous. General Stuart, while ranging around in the rear in a state of exaltation, not at all induced by an overdose of river water, valorously ordered one of Captain Barrett's battery forges into position, but countermanded his desperate mandate upon being told by the Dutch sergeant in charge that he had no other ammunition than horse-shoes.

Early in the afternoon the Fifty-fourth Ohio was ordered to remove the obstacles from the road, clear the approaches to the sand bar and prepare the way for assault. This was a task of great danger and was attempted with the zeal and gallantry which always characterized that excellent regiment in battle, and which earned it well merited praise in the subsequent reports. To aid and protect this effort, the fallen timber along the shore of the bayou was crowded with the sharp-shooters of the Fifty-fifth, who were sent to the front from time to time. The companies were taken from the right and left, alternately, until eight companies were engaged. They were directed to scatter out among the logs, and keep up an incessant fire at the top of the levee beyond. When it became the turn of Company F to go, it was led forward by its newly made captain, Casper Schleich. A few rods brought him within the circle of danger, but he walked fearlessly at the head of his men, the very impersonation of soldierly valor. With his arm outstretched for the purpose of directing one of his followers to a place of safety, apparently not thinking of his own peril, he was struck fair in the breast by a bullet, and with a gush of blood from his great heart he fell dead into the arms of his comrades. So fell one of the marked heroes of



the Fifty-fifth, and one who had every grace of mind and person to qualify him for an ideal soldier and officer. He had before going into battle felt one of those mysterious presentiments which sometimes seem to beckon soldiers across the silent river. He told of his premonitions and appeared to believe them, but walked to his fate without faltering,

"Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

All the companies had been taken from the right of the regiment up to Company I, which stood in line expecting to be sent to the front next. Just as Captain Schleich's bleeding corpse was being carried by on the left, Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg, who had not yet learned of the calamity, approached from the opposite direction. The lieutenant in command of Company I stepped out in anticipation of the order to advance, but without waiting to receive it announced that Captain Schleich was killed. The colonel's lip quivered. In an instant a tear stole down his cheek which he brushed away as though it might seem unsoldierly, and in a tremulous tone gave his directions. As Company I moved by him, he said, "There goes my singing company. God bless you, boys, do your duty." It was one of those rare moments when the noise of battle had humanized him, when the every-day turbulent emotions of his being seemed to be suppressed and he could see with a clearer vision. It was an act of feeling on his part which made one inclined to forget the past and hope for the future.

This sharp-shooting finally involved eight companies of the regiment, and was very close work. The men were exceedingly expert in seeking cover among the logs and trees, and draped themselves with the moss hanging everywhere from the limbs for further disguise. The slightest exposure of the person brought an instant messenger from some foe behind the levee across the bayou, and every bullet was aimed at some one. Narrow escapes were frequent. Happy Dan Negley of Company A, was hit full in the breast, but the many folds of the blanket slung around him interposed and saved a valuable life. When unrolled, the



blanket had more than twenty perforations in it. At this time the only casualties of the regiment in the battle occurred. Besides the death of Captain Schleich, already mentioned, Captain Cootes was badly wounded in the shoulder; Charles Quinn of Company B was killed outright. He had enlisted at Memphis and this was his first battle. He was brave to rashness, exposed himself recklessly, and was shot through the head. William Bond of Company E was mortally wounded. Sergeant Phillip B. Ferguson of Company F, and Sergeant James Harrell of Company D, were badly wounded.

Under the cover of this fire the gallant Fifty-fourth Ohio was employed in clearing the way to the sand-bar, and suffered considerable loss. During the afternoon, Colonel Wyman of the Thirteenth Illinois, was killed just to the left and in sight. At dusk, all of the companies of the Fifty-fifth were withdrawn from the edge of the bayou to the place close in rear where the deployment commenced. That night and the next day were spent on the same ground near the batteries, constantly under arms, and shot and shell were flying around. Some portion of the regiment was generally on the skirmish line, but no further loss followed. Just on the right, the Sixth Missouri, with its brave Colonel Blood at its head, essayed to cross the sand-bar. It passed the narrow path entirely beyond the bayou and remained for hours under the steep bank with the rebels directly overhead, and suffered a greater loss than any regiment in the division. This was one of the notable feats of the war. The superb officer who commanded the Sixth has since obtained some notoriety as one of the numerous husbands, brevet or otherwise, of Victoria Woodhull. Colonel Blood, in war times, was a gallant officer, though somewhat a soldier of fortune, and as these lines are written word comes that he has lost his life leading some sort of venture into the wilds of Africa. It was on this day, too, that the main assault was made by Morgan's and Steele's men, somewhat more than a mile to the left.

Shortly after dark on the 29th a violent, cold rain-storm set in, and sleep was impossible during its continuance. On



the next day the Fourth brigade was withdrawn from the immediate front, having been under fire without rest and with but little nourishment since the first occupation of the ground. The nervous strain and the sleepless exposure had brought about a great degree of exhaustion. The regiments were taken about four hundred yards in the woods at the rear, and fires were allowed to be built. The tired, wet men dropped in limp groups around these, and instantly fell asleep. The indefatigable Fisher arrived during the day with hard-bread and bacon, which, without the frivolity of division, were set down in the woods where each could help himself. The two following days and nights were spent by the brigade in comparative rest, but without any pretence of shelter. At times the bullets from the rebel front dropped thickly among the trees, but their force was well spent and protection plenty. The plans of the great general in command all failed, but for causes which added new lustre to his fame. It was not known, and there was no means of knowing, that the entire movement of General Grant by way of Holly Springs had miscarried, and that more of the rebel army than could be used was in front of General Sherman.

The new year dawned upon the baffled army, but brought no feast beyond the scant rations of hard-tack and raw pork, and no more cheering beverage than slimy bayou water. Just after dark the Fifty-fifth silently moved again to the edge of the stream to build a redoubt for Captain Wood's battery, A. While performing that duty, in silence and without interruption, word was whispered along the line to quietly withdraw to the place of bivouac. The boxes of rations were broken open and the contents distributed, and the regiment started to march into the foggy night, it knew not whither. In winding around over the rough corduroy roads through the woods, all sense of direction was lost among the rank and file, but late at night the Yazoo was reached, and the long line of steamboats tied up at its bank loomed up through the darkness. This made it sufficiently apparent to all that a retreat was in operation.

On the morning of the second of January, 1863, the Fifty-fifth embarked, when it was learned that General McClellan



had arrived to succeed General Sherman in command. It was not welcome news to the troops, for they had by no means lost confidence in "Uncle Billy." During the day the boats carrying Stuart's division passed down out of the Yazoo into the Mississippi, and tied up at Milliken's Bend. With the Fifty-fifth were the remains of the brave Captain Schleich, which had been coffined and taken in charge by Chaplain Haney. They were deposited at Milliken's Bend, close beside the majestic stream. Presently, in one of its angry moods, the Father of Waters washed away the spot, and another hero, as brave as De Soto of old, found an unknown resting place in its turbid depths.

The report for the closing month of the year 1862 has been found, and an abstract of it may be interesting as showing the exact condition and strength of the Fifty-fifth at that period. There were present for duty, as follows:

Company A, 48.	Company F, 44.
" B, 36.	" G, 50.
" C, 40.	" H, 35.
" D, 37.	" I, 41.
" E, 40.	" K, 38.

A total of 409 men. There were present with their companies 13 line officers, exclusive of the acting field officers. An aggregate of 625 names still appeared upon the rolls of the organization.

On January 4th the whole fleet turned up the river in the direction from which it came, it being then known that the movements on Vicksburg, both from the interior and by way of the river, had failed. Newspapers began to arrive bringing accounts of the villainous copperhead spirit in the North. This was especially vicious in Illinois, and since the army on the Mississippi was largely made up of regiments from that state, the response is worth noting. It came in the shape of a universal cry of indignation and protest from the soldiers, who abated not an iota of their fierce determination to subdue the rebellion, and promised further to inflict suitable punishment upon the malcontents at home. In this display of righteous wrath the Fifty-fifth held its own. That these troops, undergoing the suffering and exposure of an unsuc-



cessful winter campaign, did thus manfully reply to the "fire in the rear," is as creditable to them as anything in the history of patriotism.

The expedition apparently recoiling, really had an aggressive purpose. The restless genius of General Sherman had conceived the plan of capturing Arkansas Post, a fortified point fifty miles up the Arkansas River, and General McClellan, his successor, readily adopted the idea, and gave orders to that end. Landing at intervals to supply the transports with fuel from the forests, or that already cut and found upon the banks, the army passed the mouth of the Arkansas and arrived at the White River, January 8th. The fleet turned into the latter river, and soon from thence, through a cut-off, into the Arkansas. Fully thirty thousand Federal soldiers covered and occupied every variety of transport known to river navigation. These were the ripe fruits of Northern patriotism, that had

Come as the winds come, when  
Forests are rended ;  
Come as the waves come, when  
Navies are stranded ;

and were on their way to exact a tribute for the disappointment at Vicksburg.

Notrib's Farm, three miles below the fort, was reached on the evening of the 9th. Cavalry and infantry pickets, with adequate supports, landed at once, but most of the troops remained on the more comfortable transports during the night. The fort itself was in plain view, and commanded two miles of the stream. It was a staunch little work, with three eight-inch guns pointing down stream, heavily casemated with timber and railroad iron. In the interior of the fort, mounted in barbette, was a ten-inch gun. This loud-voiced messenger of the rebellion could be turned in any direction. From the fort, situated upon the river bank twenty feet above the water's edge, there extended inland and up-stream a long line of earth-works, which, after enclosing sufficient territory, returned to the river above. Along these were distributed the infantry troops of the garrison, and



considerable field artillery. Between the work above described and the landing-place of the Union army there were various lines of rifle-pits, some of them only partially completed, which were not strenuously defended by the Confederates. The main work and its dependencies were held by about six thousand men, under the command of General Churchill. The purpose of the work was to defend Little Rock and the interior. The plan of the attack was to stretch a cordon of troops from the river below entirely around the rebels to the river above, and in conjunction with the gun-boat fleet, belabor them into surrender.

On Sunday, the next day, the fifty-fifth disembarked. Many officers and men remained on board, sick and disabled from the recent very severe exposure. This with the accompanying ill success of the few weeks previous, and the copperhead news from the North, somewhat depressed the troops. The superseding of General Sherman by General McCleernand was not well received by the men. Captain Slattery, who had just recovered from a serious fit of illness, was serving upon the staff of the division commander. As the regiment was forming on the shore, preparatory to marching out to the attack, it was interrupted by the clatter of a squadron of cavalry which came dashing up. At their head rode a dark, bewhiskered man upon a black stallion, who, arriving in front of the colors, reined his war-horse back upon his haunches, raised his plumed hat in the air and grandiloquently inquired the name of the regiment. Upon being told, he gave the hat a flourish and shouted, "May your gallantry on this occasion equal, if not excel your gallant conduct at Shiloh." The colonel called for three cheers for General McCleernand, who this turned out to be. Presently the Fifty-fifth, closely followed by the Thirteenth Regulars, started toward the rebel intrenchments. There were thirteen officers and three hundred and forty men in the regimental line, showing a loss to the effective force of nearly one hundred since entering the battle of Chickasaw Bayou. This was of course mainly from sickness, and illustrates the terrible nature of the exposure.

After following the river bank a short distance to a line



of unoccupied rifle-pits, the column turned inland and proceeded in a northwesterly direction into the small but dense timber covering the country. Two miles from the main works the rebel skirmishers were found, commanded by Colonel Garland of Texas. The Thirteenth were deployed as skirmishers, and followed in close support by the Fifty-fifth, the contest opening in the usual desultory way. Occasionally an enormous shell whipped through the timber, seeking out the blue line. The enemy were slowly pressed back toward their works by the gallant Thirteenth, and occasionally a squalid, dead Confederate was passed who had met a swift messenger of reconstruction. During the movement Companies A, F and C were deployed, and as night approached, the Confederates were forced back out of the timber into the cleared space in front of their works. As the sun was setting, the Union line in close pursuit, came in sight of the intrenchments and the log buildings used as barracks. Darkness came early on that short winter day and found the Federal line of environment incomplete. The heads of the various columns like Stuart's had reached the vicinity of the works, and a part of the Fifty-fifth was pushed out among the brush and stumps of the open space, while the remainder lay down in line a few rods in the rear. The rest of the division was massed in column by regiments close at hand, no opportunity existing for extending the lines over the obstructed country. Blankets and overcoats had been left on board the transports in the expectation of immediate engagement, and the night set in freezing cold and threatening snow. Of course no fires were allowed to be built under the circumstances. The suffering in consequence during the night was extreme.

Presently a flash like that of lightning illuminated the west, and a great shell from the pivot gun in the fort came shrieking toward us. It went just above the Fifty-fifth, but passed to the rear before exploding. Every man dropped prone upon the ground instantly, and as close to the bosom of mother earth as the somewhat rigid limits of human anatomy would allow. All eyes turned to the fort in expectation of another ten inch shell from the same source. It soon



came screaming along leaving sparks of fire behind. This time it passed not over six feet high and exploded with a terrific splitting sound a few feet to the rear of the regiment and among the troops massed behind. In the Fifty-fifth Dedrick Garbs of Company E, a good soldier, was mortally wounded. Tom Clark of Company I, another fine soldier who had been wounded at Russell's House, had a leg broken. Among the other regiments several were hit, the loss from the single explosion being stated at the time as three killed and fourteen wounded. The brave Captain Yeomans of the Fifty-fourth Ohio lost his left arm. He was refused promotion to the majority of his regiment for this disability, but subsequently raised a colored regiment and came out of the last Richmond campaign a brigadier-general. A third shell followed from the same gun which went further to the rear before exploding. Just then it was struck by a shot from the gunboats and its voice silenced forever. Daylight and the appearance of large board targets placed at various distances over the level country explained the accuracy of the shots fired by this gun. The firing soon almost ceased except here and there a shot rang sharply in the night air from some alarmed picket. In trying to establish a connection with the pickets on the right, Sergeant Reidenour who had been sent on that duty, narrowly escaped with his life. Michael T. Cox of Company A, heard some one near his post in the direction of the enemy, and his quick rifle was aimed and fired that way, with deadly effect. The shot was followed by the most heart-rending moans and exclamations, until after some hours they subsided in the silence of death. Who this was or why he was approaching the line was never known.

Finally the long, dreary night passed and daylight dawned. The slow movement of investing the Confederate works was resumed. Toward noon this was completed. All the batteries with the army were brought up with the line and opened upon the enemy. The entire front of the army in plain view of the rebels behind the works, was curtained with a cloud of skirmishers who, when ready, advanced against their fellow citizens in like formation upon the other



side. The ground gained from time to time under the hot fire was occupied by the skirmishers, when the main line advanced accordingly and lay down. This very well describes the character of the whole battle from the land side, which consisted of a series of rushes, as above stated.

In conjunction with these operations, Commodore Porter, with his gunboats, moved up the river directly upon the main fort. The narrow stream was crowded with vessels armed with guns of the heaviest metal of that period. They steamed up to and finally passed the rebel works to the rear of their position, placing the enemy exactly between the army and the navy. During the passage the massive fort had been pounded into an irregular and useless heap of earth, and every gun in it dismounted. Those of its defenders who had not been smashed by the enormous missiles hurled at them, fled to a safer place. Meanwhile the long lines of infantry had been spasmodically gaining ground in the interior, and by this time were in the immediate vicinity of the rifle-pits, all rebel skirmishers having been driven in. The Federal line of battle could not fire because their whole front was covered by their own skirmishers. The rebel bullets, however, flew thickly around, and had it not been for the protection afforded by lying down, and an occasional depression in the ground, the casualties would have been serious. As it was, only one man was hit in the Fifty-fifth, and he not seriously. The victim was little Billy Nagleschmidt of Company I, who had been wounded at Shiloh, and died before the war ended. A spent ball struck him in the arm, and, as is frequently the case, hurt worse than it would if the wound had been of a more bloody character. After going to the rear a short distance he was met by the musicians and offered a ride upon a stretcher. While he was being carried the men stopped to rest, and undertook to examine the wound, when, to Billy's surprise, not a drop of blood was drawn. The wounded but disgusted soldier returned swearing to his company, where he remained through the day, but too disabled to carry his gun.

As the lines converged into the open country around the works, their whole magnificent stretch came into view. At



proper intervals the batteries, keeping abreast, moved by hand, opened viciously, and as the rebel skirmishers clustered around or behind some building for protection, every gun in range would, apparently by instinct, open upon them, which overt act would be followed by a stampede of the rebels to the rear. This gradual advance finally brought everything face to face with the Confederate works, which could be seen crowded with men. Any further progress must be a genuine assault upon the enemy's fortified position. That was determined upon, and orders were repeated along the whole front. At least twenty-five thousand men clad in blue arose from their recumbent position and stood erect at the word of command. When the order came to fix bayonets, a mighty wave of burnished steel rose from one flank to the other. It flashed in the eyes of the opposing host, and struck terror to their hearts. Just as the bayonets were fixed and the line came to a charge, awaiting breathlessly the final word to rush forward, several white flags appeared above the breastworks. Without any order, generals, staff officers, line officers and enlisted men, with a wild cheer and without a shot being fired, swept over the works and the capture was complete.

The surrender seems to have been the spontaneous act of the men and the moral effect of the fierce preparation going on just before them, and led to much recrimination among the rebel authorities. The stupid, ragged and misguided Arkansas and Texas men quailed before the on-coming loyal wave, and terminated their first battle in a way their own officers stigmatized as cowardly. As they fell back from their works the rebels in front of Stuart's division gathered in a promiscuous crowd around a small pond of water, and commenced quietly tossing into it knives, revolvers and such like personal gear. This was soon discovered, and the icy, cold water explored by the victors, who splashed and dove until the last relic was rescued.

To the right of where the Fifty-fifth entered the works a Confederate brigade was commanded by a small, black-eyed, handsome colonel, named Deshler. He refused to surrender his men for a little time, claiming that he had received no orders to that effect; but before a wholesale slaughter was



inaugurated he succumbed to the inevitable. This hot-headed colonel, afterward a brigadier in the Confederate service, literally lost his head at Chickamauga, for it was taken off by a cannon shot. The night after the capture the regiment remained near the intrenchments around camp-fires, dividing their rations with the captured "Johnnies." Some temperate hilarity was indulged in, as was natural after such a victory, and the poor, tired sergeant-major records that "Company I's Dutch glee club kept the camp awake until after midnight with their songs." It is more than likely that Fred Ebersold and Dorsey Andress had something to do with this atrocity.

Work was immediately commenced for the complete destruction of the rebel stronghold, it not being intended to occupy the place. The Union dead and wounded, amounting in all to ten hundred and thirty-two, were properly taken care of. The Confederate dead were pitched unceremoniously into the ditches, and the earth-works shoveled down upon them. The ragged, forlorn prisoners, shivering with the cold, were placed upon transports and sent north under a proper escort. Some preliminary steps were taken toward going into camp while General McClernand was incubating a fanciful plan of proceeding up the river to Little Rock, and so on into the wilds of Arkansas. Happily the water in the river was not sufficient for any such knight-erranty.

On the foggy evening of January 13th the Fifty-fifth dismantled its slight bivouac and proceeded along the muddy, crowded road to the landing below. On the way a bedraggled squad of men, scarce more than a company, were passed who were acting as guard to a wagon train. The rough jokes of the Fifty-fifth were turned in that direction, but they were instantly followed by a respectful silence when it was learned that this was all that was left of the brave Germans of the Fifty-eighth Ohio, since Chickasaw Bayou. The steamer South-Wester was embarked upon at nine o'clock at night, and during the next day remained tied up to the shore. This was the transport infected with the small-pox, which gave to the regiment its first and only attack from that epidemic, from the effects of which several men died. The weather alternated between rain and snow, and Napoleon,



the vile town at the mouth of the Arkansas, was reached on the morning of January 16th, where the first news of the great battle of Stone River was received, as well as the details of General Grant's failure in the Vicksburg campaign by the way of Holly Springs. This last, of course, fully explained why so overwhelming a force had confronted Sherman at Chickasaw Bayou. By the same mail also came a large package from the Governor of Illinois to Captain Augustine. This contained the commissions belonging to the various officers of the regiment, before alluded to, and their delivery was announced in a loud tone of voice by the captain, in the presence of General Stuart, who let loose certain ineffectual profanity thereat.

On Sunday, January 17th, the Fifty-fifth was sent up the river a short distance for the purpose of foraging at a large plantation. This extensive domain was thoroughly cleaned out with profitable results. It belonged to a rebel, General Clark, who was wounded at Shiloh, and subsequently mortally hurt at Baton Rouge. From this point several men deserted from the regiment, incited thereto by cowardice, discouragement, and the copperhead demonstrations at home. The place was convenient for an escape into the woods, and was much more practicable than when the whole army was present; besides guerillas were hovering near who would readily put the deserters through the form of a parole, a common method of proceeding under such circumstances. Among these was one Andrew Mitchell of Company I, a constitutional coward, who had commenced his warlike career by aspiring to a commission, but who disgraced his corporal's chevrons at Shiloh by running away. His escapade in way of desertion at this place is worth noting, because he made his way in the dead of winter through the sparsely settled wilds of Arkansas and Missouri, afoot and alone, fully seven hundred miles, to his home in Illinois. A small share of the hardships and privations of such a journey, if they had been endured in the line of duty, would have honestly earned the promotion he once aspired to.

On Monday, January 19th, the fleet turned down stream toward Vicksburg, to reopen operations against that strong-



hold. The Fifty-fifth Illinois Infantry was in it, destined to take an important and creditable part in that memorable campaign. In its efforts to maintain national supremacy that regiment had already lost two hundred and sixty-seven men by the casualties of battle. Fifty-four of this roll of honor had been shot dead, and thirty-eight so grievously stricken that death soon followed.





## PART II.

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FROM YOUNG'S POINT TO ATLANTA.

JANUARY, 1863, TO NOVEMBER, 1864.

BY

CAPTAIN HENRY S. NOURSE.





## CHAPTER V.

### THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

BEFORE the coming of the year 1863 nearly every one, from president to private soldier, had been educated to understand that henceforward all strategic operations in the West ought to aim at one definite object—the secure possession of the great natural highway which binds the Northwest to the gulf states. To the opening of the Mississippi all the tireless energies of the Western armies and the military genius of their generals were to be directed. The expedition which—as has been described in the previous chapter—resulted in destruction of the intrenched camp at Arkansas Post, was held excusable, only because it was seen to be in some sense subsidiary to the grander work, and because ably conducted to brilliant success. Further eccentric digression, planned and fully resolved upon by Major-General McClellan, would have been a serious military blunder. The immediate return of the victorious forces to their proper task was imperative. But about the processes by which the solution of the great problem should be attempted, there was much reason for question. Indeed many and unfortunate differences of judgment respecting these had previously arisen among those highest in authority. The ambitious schemes of self-confident political brigadiers, pushed by personal pressure at Washington, had more than once marred a skilfully directed campaign. But for such schemes, added to ill-advised interference from the War Department and the



untoward consequences resulting therefrom, General Grant would doubtless have persisted in grand strategy accordant with established military science;—strategy which during the preceding twelve-month had proved eminently productive, compelling the successive abandonment by the Confederates of one stronghold after another along the Mississippi until the river was freed of hostile blockade from the mouth of the Ohio to that of the Yazoo. The Northern people, moreover, always impatient of slow onward movement and meagre victories, became more and more clamorous for a positive success; and a return to Memphis as the base for a campaign along railroad lines southward, however wise upon military grounds, would have been at once heralded as a retreat, and, temporarily at least, would have added to the grave discouragements already felt in the ranks of the army and in political councils. Thus hampered by instructions of superiors and the popular outcry for advance, there was but one course to pursue, and General Grant promptly ordered the army back to Vicksburg, taking command in person.

Three days were consumed in the journey down the river. It being the third passage by the regiment through this lonely region, the novelty of travel had largely worn off. The broad stream, often picturesquely varied at the north, here rolled a turbid, sullen torrent, between low shores densely covered with woods of little value, and as we neared our destination funereal with cypress and the sombre-hued moss that draped the trees. Few indications of civilization appeared on either bank. Sometimes houseless chimneys were seen standing where little communities once had homes; for retribution by fire had fallen wherever had been sheltered the guerilla parties that assailed supply boats and transports. The enlisted men, having few duties to occupy their time, wandered listlessly about the boat or whiled away the weary hours with cards and sleep. The officers took lessons in river navigation of the pilot at the wheel, and drew out the captain's stock jokes and highly spiced stories of steamboat life, or wrote homesick letters in the cabin. No startling event disturbed the monotony of the trip. On the twenty-second of January the regiment landed at Young's Point and set up its tents



in sight of Vicksburg, by the channel seven miles from the city, but in a direct line little more than three miles from its lower batteries.

The camp was near the northern end of a canal which had been dug by negroes across the upper end of the peninsula during July, 1862, under orders of Brigadier-General Thomas Williams. This noted canal, from which wonderful results were anticipated and confidently foretold by those who, hundreds of miles distant, managed the war upon maps, greatly disappointed the soldiers encamped in the swamp beside it. In appearance it was little more conspicuous than a farm ditch, being generally not over ten feet broad and six feet deep where completed. It was about one mile and an eighth in length. The Fifteenth Army Corps was at once provided with spades and set at work enlarging it to a width of fifty or sixty feet. Those of little experience, having seen the vagrant propensities of the Mississippi, and learning that it often at flood-time within twenty-four hours cuts for itself in the alluvium an entirely new channel across similar peninsulas, had large hope of this cut-off. There were, however, hundreds in the army better acquainted with the river, who, in the free discussion of the situation by the camp-fires, talking wisely about the eddy before the proposed entrance and the clayey nature of the subsoil, prophesied that the wayward current could not be coaxed to enter the channel being laboriously prepared for it. There was for this reason after a time not much heart put into the work; but for twelve hours daily the men by details took turns at digging in the treacherous mud, and the aid of two dredging machines was finally called in. It was soon obvious to all that, even if the canal became navigable, it would be of little utility for aiding any flank movement, our vigilant opponents having located new batteries so as completely to command its southern outlet. Besides, it became well known that Warrenton and Grand Gulf upon the river below presented formidable bluffs, frowning with batteries little less impregnable than Vicksburg itself. Intelligent soldiers saw that we were only "marking time," and impatiently awaited the next movement. The fruitless labor went regularly on, however, and the little city



looked scornfully down from its steep hillsides, and occasionally sent from the far-reaching rifled cannon, known to both armies as "Whistling Dick," a shrieking shell to crash through the tree tops above the dredges, giving warning of her watchfulness and of the nature of the welcome ready for foes daring a nearer approach.

The period of its stay at Young's Point was on many accounts one of the gloomiest in the career of the regiment. At the time of its arrival the river was rapidly rising, and the turbid waters gradually crept up the slope of the high levee several feet above the level of the encampments. It was a winter of excessive rains and unusual floods. The swamps became lakes, and camps and roads were sloughs of black mire. If one put his foot squarely down anywhere, it was questionable, when he raised it again, if the shoe would not stay behind; and if it yielded reluctant allegiance where it belonged, it brought with it a pound or two of unctuous earth. The nights were so damp and chill that, when attainable, log fires were kept before the tents, while the days were sometimes oppressively sultry. The men, although now hardened campaigners, working day after day midleg deep in mud and water, in a malarious climate, under various discouragements and a lack of generous food, gradually lost spirits, grumbled audibly, and began to fail in health. Several cases of small-pox appeared, causing great alarm; but they proved sporadic and of mild type for the most part. For five months the paymaster with his iron chest had not been seen, and not only men and officers, but their families, suffered many discomforts by consequence.

Sadly missed in tent and field were two captains recently lost by death: Casper Schleich and George Lee Thurston. The former, slain at Chickasaw Bayou, was a jovial companion and gallant soldier, whose nobleness of spirit was graced with manly beauty of form and face. Buoyant with enthusiasm and that self confidence which talents, health and youth give, every one he met was his friend. His loss for a time seemed to cast a shadow over the whole regiment. About this date came notice of the death of Captain Thurs-



ton, who for several months had been on sick furlough at his father's home in Lancaster, Massachusetts, awaiting the acceptance of his resignation. While on duty with the regiment, he had been one of the most universally popular men in it. Connected from his earliest manhood with military companies at the East and in Chicago, he was more accomplished than most of his comrades in the elementary knowledge of the art of war and the routine details of an officer's duty. Ambitious and valiant, equipped by nature with a taste and aptitude for arms and inspired with patriotic fervor, he seemed to deserve, and to be destined to win, high command. But his health, always frail, utterly succumbed after the exposure and toil of Shiloh and the campaign against Corinth. Upon the stone over his grave these appropriate lines of "L. E. L." are inscribed:

"That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,  
Where every step was over the slain;  
But the brand and the ball had pass'd him by,  
And he came to his early home to die."

A saddened group one evening in the camp, embracing all with the command who had been their fellow officers, joined in a feeling expression of esteem for, and grief at the loss of, these valuable patriots and battle-tried comrades.

By the mail of January 27th a commission from the Governor of Illinois came, promoting Lieutenant-Colonel Oscar Malmberg to be colonel, in place of David Stuart, whose resignation had been accepted while he awaited confirmation of his appointment as brigadier-general. Major William D. Sanger was at the same date commissioned lieutenant-colonel, and Captain Theodore C. Chandler, major. Major Sanger, who had enjoyed the advantage of three years' military education at West Point, having entered as a cadet in 1848, was a gallant and accomplished officer, much liked by the command. Although detached from the regiment since the date of its leaving Paducah, he was probably the unanimous choice of the line officers for colonel. He, however, declined a regimental commission at once, in a letter which is honorable alike to him and the Fifty-fifth.



HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS, IN CAMP }  
-BEFORE VICKSBURG, 9th February, 1863. }

His Excellency RICHARD YATES,  
Governor State of Illinois.

GOVERNOR: Upon my return to this corps from a convoy of prisoners taken at Post Arkansas, I received an enclosure covering a commission as lieutenant-colonel of the 55th Regiment Illinois Vol. Inf'ty. I am compelled to decline the acceptance of this commission. The reasons are these, viz: Soon after the regiment took the field at Paducah, I was appointed an aid to General Sherman, and in that capacity I have served since the 10th of March last, until by an order of the War Department I was mustered out of service. At the time notice of the act of the War Department was received, the corps of General Sherman was taking the field as part of the expedition to open the Mississippi; I had so long been associated with the corps, that I felt reluctant to leave the field at that time in consequence of an order of the War Department which originated in error. I therefore remained with General Sherman as a member of his staff. In that position I served through the campaign and its battles. General Sherman has seen fit to recommend my promotion to a lieutenant-colonelcy on his staff. I have therefore not been identified with the 55th as a field officer, during any of the campaigns in which the regiment has distinguished itself. It is but just that the line officers who have served with the regiment during its arduous, eventful and brilliant history should receive the promotion which changes have made necessary. I therefore most respectfully decline the commission as lieutenant-colonel of the 55th Ill. Vols.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

W. D. SANGER.

Major Sanger never entered the service again. He died in St. Louis, November, 1873.

Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg's manners and temper had so little commended him to the good-will or respect of those subject to his humors that, as has been told in preceding pages, an earnest remonstrance against his promotion, signed by nearly every line officer, had been received by Governor Yates. The news of the futility of this attempt to limit the continuance of an unreasoning despotism, though not unexpected, was far from inspiriting. Five officers, among them some of the best manhood in the regiment, resigned, and were shortly after lost to the service. They were Captains Joseph Black, Timothy Slattery and William F. Cootes, and Lieutenants Elijah C. Lawrence and Henry A. Smith. Captains Black



and Slattery, the two senior captains, were officers whose sturdiness of character, military capacity, and wisdom in the management of men, were a grievous loss. The three others bore honorable scars received in the front of battle. Special Order 105 of the War Department, dated March 5, 1863, mustered out of the service six first-lieutenants who had been left behind at Memphis, sick or on detached duty. This order discharged them "for alleged disability, to date from November 26, 1862, they having failed to file the necessary certificates." They were: John H. Fillmore, Josiah E. Keyes, Daniel McIntosh, Albert F. Merrill, Joseph W. Parks, Joseph R. Roberts. Without doubt they must be considered victims to the unjust prejudice of an autocratic colonel, whose personal reports to the War Department respecting them effected a discharge which they had not sought. They had shown themselves earnest patriots, and were intelligent, worthy young men, who, under other auspices, would have won larger honors. Brave and competent soldiers, meriting promotion for their battle records, succeeded to the numerous vacancies as they occurred; but the departures were none the less deplored, and the sundering of many friendly ties that had been welded in the heat of such experience as the Fifty-fifth had passed through together, left disheartening wounds slow to heal among those constrained to remain.

The wearisome camp routine during February was stirred with few excitements or alleviations more noteworthy than the coming of a mail from the North, a learned (?) discussion in the officers' debating society, the killing of a poisonous snake among the tents, or rumors of a marvelous cut-off at Lake Providence or the Yazoo Pass, which was expected to drink up the Mississippi. At times some movement in Admiral Porter's fleet awakened general curiosity;—and curiosity rose to admiration and rejoicing on the morning of the second of the month, when the Queen of the West, a side-wheel unarmored ram, commanded by Colonel Charles R. Ellet, was seen, apparently loaded with bales of cotton, steaming down past Vicksburg and audaciously running the gauntlet of the batteries which, with much sulphurous smoke and infernal din, objected uselessly during the hour she was



within their jurisdiction. During the night of the thirteenth all were awakened by the thunder of the same batteries, and saw the hills appearing through the darkness like active volcanoes in miniature, belching flames and iron missiles towards some object in the river below. The news quickly spread that the Indianola, a powerful ironclad, had successfully followed the ram. Both soon fell into the hands of the enemy. Three or four days later eight thirteen-inch mortars, mounted upon rafts, opened fire upon the town, and kept up the bombardment night and day almost continuously thereafter, until the surrender.

Again on the eleventh of March the batteries of Vicksburg woke the Union camps by their vigorous and prolonged bombardment of some object to us invisible. This proved to be an enormous sham ironclad, which had been fabricated in Admiral Porter's fleet and set afloat down the stream to trick the rebel gunners. It was founded upon an old barge. Its two stacks were made of hogsheads wrapped about with blackened canvas, and poured out a thick black smoke from kettles of burning tar hung within them. Big quaker guns peered from the port-holes of an imitation casemate, and huge mock wheel-houses bore a derisive legend for rebels. Such feverish alarm did this burlesque naval monster produce among the enemy that it may be set down as the best practical joke of the war. Being at the mercy of every eddy, it chanced after passing Vicksburg to be thrown over to our side of the river, and came to land just below the mouth of the canal. Company B of the Fifty-fifth happened to be on picket duty at that point, and very early in the morning, seeing this strange black object, looming large through the dense fog, the men supposed it one of Porter's boats. A sentinel, Charles S. Vandervert, making a closer inspection, discovered the real nature of their voiceless visitor, and aided by his comrades succeeded with poles in pushing it off the bank and swinging it around until it was caught by the current from the canal and borne away into the main channel, headed straight for Warrenton. Just then the sun rose, slowly dissipating the heavy curtain of mist that enshrouded the river. The rebel artillerists caught a glimpse of the



black bugaboo steadily approaching, silent and mysterious as Fate, and opened fire upon it from every available gun. The ram Queen of the West, a few weeks before captured from us and refitted, which had come up to Warrenton to procure some tools needed in the work of raising the sunken Indianola a few miles below, at sight of this appalling apparition advancing unharmed by the tons of iron hurled upon it, turned and fled at her utmost speed.\* Reaching the Indianola that valuable gunboat was hurriedly blown up, and the Queen of the West, with her consort, the Webb, under full head of steam, hurried south before the dread unknown. This was the first naval victory in which Fifty-fifth men were prime factors, and by it they got neither salvage nor prize money, nor even "bubble reputation." They may of right claim, however, that they caused the destruction of the Indianola, and thereby prevented a dangerous reenforcement of the rebel navy on the Mississippi.

Newspapers were regularly received in camp, and often were found to contain letters "from the front," giving darkly colored description of hardships endured by the soldiers, discouraging accounts of the sanitary condition of the army, or complaints of its inaction, and even slanderous suggestions of inefficiency or worse in the commander. Sometimes grand strategic movements warranted to give us Vicksburg instanter, were urged upon the War Department—movements all too evidently planned upon a copy of Mitchell's school atlas. Such blind guides sadly misled the public, gave comfort to the foe, and exerted a seriously demoralizing effect upon the Union army in general. But the veterans of the Fifty-fifth, like most who had long served with Sherman, had learned to sympathize with "Uncle Billy's" contempt for the average newspaper reporter as an "eye witness" depicter of battles, or an unbiased chronicler of anything. The remembrance that their heroism and almost unparalleled sacrifice at Shiloh was practically ignored by the press at the time, and that their brigade or division rarely got more than bare honorable mention from any paper, seemed to them full justification for scepticism respecting letters wherein sundry exaggerations and the tenor of praise and blame pointed to



the probability that the correspondent's news had been inspired by generous hospitality at the headquarters of one of our political generals. Experience in other ways also warranted their suspicions of special communications dated "under fire," but which bore internal evidence of having been written far from the smell of powder, in the cabin of a corps quartermaster's supply boat, or a hospital where sanitary stores were handy, and the stories of the homesick or demoralized made a convenient woof in the weaving of an article.

The great state of Illinois was that winter disgraced by a copperhead majority in the legislature. A rugged speech made by the patriotic Isaac Funk, in the senate, was printed and circulated among the troops from that state, exciting great enthusiasm.

The rank and file throughout the armies had by this time become sharp critics of the political policy of relying exclusively upon a volunteer system for the suppression of the rebellion. Most soldiers could point to neighbors unexempt by any natural law, who had thus far evaded all share in the public burden, and were reaping in domestic ease and safety a golden harvest by shrewdly taking full advantage of the public exigencies. With reason they pointedly asked why the public-spirited and willing patriots should pay the whole blood tax for the nation, permitting the faithless and selfish, though bound by the same allegiance, to escape by the payment at most of a money tithe out of the rich rewards offered at the rear to the shrewd speculator and dishonest contractor, as well as to the thrifty and energetic worker and tradesman. The army was in the spirit to hail with enthusiasm the enforcement of a draft fairly distributing the burden of toil and peril, as taxation did the money cost of war, upon all men alike. But the cowardly and traitorous cry for conciliation and compromise had few sympathizers, in the Fifty-fifth at least.

A disloyal sheet published in Fulton county printed a lugubrious letter from Daniel Hedges of Company D, which was sent to the colonel by a lady, with a note asking if the troops were really in the miserable plight and discontented spirit set forth in that soldier's screed. The whole subject



was laid before the regiment, and the enlisted men were so furious against their maligner that he narrowly escaped lynching. The following patriotic resolutions—the original draft of which is found in the hand-writing of Captain L. B. Crooker—were passed, on the same day that President Lincoln signed the Draft Act, and sent to the Illinois newspapers. Hedges, contemptuously spurned by all his comrades, was thereafter forced to tent and eat by himself:

CAMP OF THE 55TH REGT. ILL. VOL., }  
YOUNG'S POINT, LA., March 4th, 1863. }

At a meeting of the 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., of which Col. Oscar Malmborg was elected chairman, and Chaplain M. L. Haney, secretary, held March 3d, 1863, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted without a dissenting vote:—

Whereas, the ordeal through which our nation is passing is a very trying one, indicating the necessity of union upon the part of its friends against all enemies whatsoever; and whereas certain diabolical agencies have been operating to divide and paralyze the defensive powers of the government, and in order to accomplish dastardly ends, would make the impression upon the public mind that those who have been ready to sacrifice their all upon their country's altar, and have stood midst the desolating agencies of the bloody field for the rescue of her flag and the perpetuity of her institutions, are now ready to bend the knee like craven cowards to those who have menaced our liberties and murdered our brothers; and whereas, through the kind agency of some unknown Christian patriot of the city of Canton, Ill., a copy of the Fulton County Ledger has been furnished the colonel of our regiment,—accompanied by a very appropriate patriotic note,—containing an article headed "Camp Correspondence" and signed: "D. H." the author claiming to be a member of the 55th Regiment, and to represent its views, which article, on account of its falsehood and its cowardly truckling, is highly discreditable to the character of our regiment; and whereas, said paper circulates in communities largely represented by the 55th Regiment; therefore,—

*Resolved*, That we have left our homes and separated from our avocations for the defence of the best government upon the earth.

*Resolved*, That the present rebellion against the rightful authority of the United States of America, is unparalleled for its atrocity in the annals of the world.

*Resolved*, That all sympathizers with armed traitors are our enemies, and, in proportion to the sympathy rendered, they are weakening our hands, nerving the rebel arms and making our conflict prolonged and terrible.

*Resolved*, That the same reasons which prompted us to stand unflinch-



ing at Shiloh, Russells' House, Corinth, Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post, will nerve us for each succeeding conflict until we witness the death agonies of this godless rebellion.

*Resolved*, That we will heartily sustain the administration in each and every effort put forth consistent with the laws of civil warfare, for the suppression of rebellion, and we hail with gladness the Conscription Laws of Congress, hoping thereby all vacant ranks will be filled, treason speedily annihilated and the majesty of the law vindicated.

*Resolved*, That, for reasons indicated in the preamble, we denounce the execrable article of Daniel Hedges, and regret that its drunken, vulgar author should mar the beauty of our ranks; and that those of us who have been personally acquainted with him, both at home and in the army, know him to be better clothed, better fed and less drunk, as well as less a vagrant here than elsewhere.

*Resolved*, That a vote of thanks is hereby tendered to our patriotic friend of Canton, for the interest taken in our regimental honor; to the government for leaving none of our wants unsupplied; and to all who rejoice at our success and weep over our misfortunes, assuring such that to the end we are one and inseparable.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these proceedings be furnished for publication in the Fulton County Ledger, Canton Register and Fulton Democrat.

O. MALMBORG, *Colonel commanding 55th Ill. Vols.*,

M. L. HANEY, *Chaplain,*  
*Secretary.*

Chairman.

The Confederates had early attempted by breaking the levees to flood the low lying lands, and had loudly proclaimed that they would drown us out of our camps like muskrats out of their holes. Their attempts had availed little save to widen the bayous into lakes, and to relieve us from need of picketing our rear. We were slowly developing into semi-amphibians; but suddenly, on the seventh of March, the river burst through its artificial bounds at the junction of the old with the new embankment at the head of the canal, and chased the troops upon the levee. Along the inner slope of this mound the Fifty-fifth formed a huddled, uncomfortable camp. The tents were by necessity placed on the steep incline, for the narrow crest had to be reserved as the only possible thoroughfare for the troops. This necessitated the removal of head-boards and the leveling of graves, many of which there were upon the levee, the only dry ground in a water-logged land. Here, on the twelfth, Major Hazeltine distributed four months' pay.



The next day the regiment was ordered on board the steamboats, D. A. Tatum, Fanny Bullitt and Champion, leaving convalescents in charge of the camp, and moved up the river about one hundred and twenty-five miles to the Great American, or—as the boatmen generally preferred to style it—Shirt-tail Bend. There we disembarked at the landing of the extensive Worthington plantations and took possession of large amounts of corn and sugar, scores of hogs, nine hundred head of cattle, and over five thousand bales of cotton. The last was discovered in three huge piles in the woods four or five miles from the river, the place of its concealment having been revealed by slaves attached to the plantation. The bales were all marked C. S. A. On the fifteenth the outposts had an unimportant skirmish with a company of Confederate cavalry, and mounted scouts were constantly hovering about during our stay. Colonel Malmborg finding himself the senior officer of an independent expedition, proceeded at once to magnify his opportunity, and began the development of an elaborate Halleckian policy in his department. And first he set about planning and constructing a fort in the swamp. About the time this redoubt assumed shape, Captain E. D. Osband of General Grant's staff who was present, found it advisable to send for Colonel T. E. G. Ransom, then at Lake Providence. He appeared on the eighteenth, bringing with him detachments of the Eleventh Illinois and Fourteenth Wisconsin Infantry, and took command. While here his commission as brigadier-general arrived. Additional boats were sent for from Milliken's Bend, and during ten days all worked diligently hauling the confiscated property to the landing and loading it upon the transports. The soldiers lacked no creature comforts in this land of abundance; but some of them, reasoning from the stand-point of hard work, thirteen dollars a month and no prize money, made wry faces when, as they tumbled the cotton from the army wagons at the landing, they saw a gold-laced official from the "tin-clad" gunboat in the stream, standing by with pot and brush to mark each bale in staring capitals:—"Captured by the U. S. Navy."

The extensive negro quarters of the plantations were



occupied by motley battalions of slaves of all shades and ages, whose excited manifestations of feeling at the coming among them of the "Linkum army," were by turns intensely ludicrous or pathetic. We had here a rare opportunity to study the characteristics of the negro race, and especially their religious fervor; for abounding joy at the loosing of their bonds broke out in rapturous song and prayers of thanksgiving. The chosen preacher of the community was a noteworthy character in his line, and probably selected, as usual, because ready with a glib answer to every possible question upon theology or biblical exegesis. One evening several of the regiment attending the meeting at the quarters were surprised to hear him, while wrestling in prayer, use the expressions:—O Lord! come down and jine with us; come down mongst us hyar. Come two Lords, come three Lords, O come down!" The next day one seeing him asked if he believed there was more than one Lord. "Sutny, massa," said the old man, "sutny; gret many Lords; don know how many, but jes ez many Lords ez debils; an doan de scripter tell how seben debils wuz carse out o won pusson?"

The Fifty-fifth, returning upon the Von Phul, landed at Milliken's Bend on the twenty-fifth, and marched down the levee to its old camp the next day. Upon the boat during the journey unusually noisy hilarity among the men led to the discovery that, although no rations of strong drink had been issued for a long time — except to field officers—canteens containing something exhilarating were passing from hand to hand and mouth to mouth. A single barrel containing whisky stood among the commissary stores on the deck in plain sight, apparently undisturbed; but upon examination a considerable portion of its contents had disappeared. A picked squad of the fittest, having slily made careful measurements to fix the geographic position of the barrel relatively to the hatchway, had gained access to the hold with a small auger, and boring up through the floor into the cask, inserted a piece of cane as a faucet and issued rations without formality of surgeon's orders. An investigation failed to discover the depredators.

During our absence the other regiments of Stuart's divis-



ion had been sent out with a combined naval and land expedition up Steele's Bayou, in search of a navigable passage through the labyrinth of creeks in the Yazoo wilderness, to some point flanking the fortifications at Haines's Bluff. Coming back unsuccessful from their laborious and exciting trip on the twenty-seventh, a novel and inspiriting sight met them. A short distance below the southern end of the canal—which had been abandoned as a complete military and engineering failure some days before—were anchored two war vessels from Farragut's fleet, the Hartford and Albatross. The admiral's pennant waved over the former. With taper masts overtopping the trees and their gracefully curved hulls standing high above the water-line, they formed a marked and pleasing contrast to the frail, light-draft stern and side-wheel river steamers, the tin-clad mosquito boats, the rams and iron-clad "turtles," which made up the fleet of Admiral D. D. Porter. The next day the two vessels steamed down out of view again, and the booming of their guns in reply to the hostile salute of the batteries at Grand Gulf was their final good-bye to Vicksburg and Grant's army.

Work upon the Duck-Point canal to connect Walnut Bayou with the Mississippi at a point four or five miles above the Young's-Point canal, was begun early in April, and the regiment having moved its camp a mile or more north to dry ground near the levee, was frequently called upon to aid in its excavation. This water-way was to be two miles long, sixty feet wide and nine feet deep, and would enable light transports to pass by a circuitous route into the river at New Carthage; but on account of a sudden fall of several feet in the waters, it never was completed. It served, like the former canals, only to give abundant exercise to the troops, turn their eyes from too constantly gazing at the discouraging landscape presented by Vicksburg's impregnable front, and satisfy the insatiable demands of the general public for experimental schemes.

On the fourth of April, Major-General Frank P. Blair assumed command of the division—the Second of the Fifteenth Army Corps—relieving David Stuart, whose appointment as brigadier-general, dated November 29th, 1862, had



been refused confirmation by the Senate, March 11th, 1863. From this date General Stuart disappears from the history of the Fifty-fifth Illinois Volunteers, and from army annals. For fully six months he had performed the duties of a brigade or division commander, and General Sherman in his "Memoirs" speaks of him in terms of high esteem. His autocratic sway and unscrupulous self-seeking, however, inspired fear rather than affection, and perhaps the majority of his regiment felt little sympathy for the proud-spirited man as he left, bitterly disappointed of his chief ambition in life; but they at least recognized the fact that his great natural abilities, energy in organization, and early services, had been ill requited. He died of apoplexy, at Detroit, Michigan, September 11th, 1868. His farewell order follows:

HEADQUARTERS 2D DIV. 15TH ARMY CORPS, }  
YOUNG'S POINT, 3d April, 1863. }

*General Order No. 6.*

SOLDIERS OF THE SECOND DIVISION: The order is today published, which relieves me of command. In taking leave of you, I cannot refrain from expressing, in orders, the strong sentiment of interest and attachment which I cherish for you, and the sincere regret with which I part from you. I do not desert, or abandon willingly, the defence of a cause we have so long maintained together. I do not, of my own pleasure, leave *you* whom I brought into the field, nor *you* whom I have labored to fit for its duties, to encounter its perils and hardships, unshared by your leader. No exigency of private convenience or affairs could have withdrawn me from my duty to you and our beloved country. We contend for the supremacy of our Government, for absolute and unqualified submission to its law. That law retires me from your command and from the service. It does not become you, or me, to debate or discuss its wisdom or its justice. Our submission must be at once respectful and cheerful—but the same country which has dispensed with the services of your commander, commands your continued and patriotic endeavor.

Veterans of so many well fought fields—earnest, brave and disciplined soldiers—you will not fail to achieve the destiny which your endurance, chivalry and pride assure me is yours. Sooner or later you will be hailed by your countrymen with grateful acclaim, where you may seem now to be deemed as the pensioners of their bounty. Abide fast by your honor and your flag! Confide in the justice of your holy mission, and in the wise purposes of a Providence, who rules and governs the nations of the earth, and who will so direct your arms that the haughty and traitorous disturbers of your country's peace and happiness shall be humbled and crushed at your feet, and you will soon be returned to the



loving embrace of your families and friends, whose highest aspirations, whose proudest hopes, you shall fulfill and realize.

I leave you, fellow soldiers, proud to have been your leader; proud in the consciousness of having done my duty faithfully with you, and cherishing with lively gratitude the demonstrations of confidence, of personal regard and affection with which you have sought to qualify with me the pain of separation, or the supposed indignity of my official retirement. I shall remain mindful of your perils, toils and hardships; my sympathy and concernment for you my absence will not abate, and in some sphere I may hope to serve you, if only in the humble, though not unimportant character of "Rear Guard." Farewell!

By order of Brig.-Gen. D. STUART, Com. 2d Division.

C. McDONALD, *Asst. Adjt-Gen.*

On April 11th the regiment was paid by Major Clark, and on the 13th General Blair reviewed his division. The waters were now slowly receding into their proper channels, daily drills and parades were resumed, and spades and axes were again called into action; not, however, to deepen canals or open bayous, but to extend corduroy roads and build bridges. From Milliken's Bend came news of the movement of the Thirteenth Corps past our rear, southward. Unusual activity in the fleet betokened preparations for running the blockade in force, and that this was proposed was made certain by a call for volunteer boatmen from among the soldiers, the crews of the transports generally declining the dangerous service. At midnight of the sixteenth we witnessed, from a safe distance but as intensely interested spectators, the most terrific yet grand scene of the war in the West-- the passing the batteries at Vicksburg by Admiral Porter with eight gunboats and three transports. Each of the latter was protected with bales of cotton and hay, and had in tow large barges loaded with provisions and forage. For two hours and a half the heights were all ablaze; bonfires were kindled along the shore as soon as the leading gunboat was discovered, and brightly illuminated the river and town. The rebel cannoniers fired their guns with the utmost rapidity, and the ironclads briskly replied. Soon the transport Henry Clay burst into flames; but all the other vessels could be seen finally passing down, apparently safe. The next morning we learned that with all the thunderous uproar and lavish burning of villain-



ous saltpetre, not a man had been killed in the fleet and only eight had been wounded, although every boat and barge had been hit, and more than once. It seemed little short of miraculous. On the twenty-second the same scene, but upon a smaller scale, was repeated, six transports with double that number of barges daring the perilous trip. Five of the former and half of the latter reached their destination little damaged.

The bold strategy of our reticent commander was unfolding itself before us. The various schemes for circumventing the Mississippi Gibraltar by means of canals and bayous had been perseveringly tried, and all had signally failed. Now the falling waters precluded further attempts of the kind, but there was to be no step backward. Flank movements from the northward were to be abandoned, and the field of operations transferred to some point below. This much was disclosed to us by the large store of army supplies sent down in the barges, and the prospect of a change of base was hailed with universal joy.

The Adjutant-General of the United States Army, Lorenzo Thomas, was at this time making a tour through the Western camps to ascertain the prevailing sentiment among rank and file respecting the proposed employment of negro troops, and to promote the organization of colored regiments under white officers. April 21st the question was submitted to the division of General Blair, assembled for the purpose and massed in hollow square to hear various speakers upon the subject. An army wagon served as a rostrum. The chief address was made by General Thomas. Following him came General Sherman, who called upon the soldiers present to bear witness that wherever he had exercised chief authority no fugitive slave had ever been remanded to bondage; but that he had always and everywhere encouraged the employment of the colored race as teamsters, cooks, laborers and officers' servants. He strongly favored their employment as soldiers. Colonel Benjamin Spooner made a telling, common-sense address, and was succeeded by a German colonel, who spoke eloquently in his native tongue to those best understanding that language. At the final taking of a vote



upon the question, every man of the Fifty-fifth save one, Michael Lyon of Company G, declared himself in favor of arming the negro.

A few in the regiment avowed their intention to seek commissions in the proposed organizations of colored men. Richard Taylor was commissioned first-lieutenant of the First Mississippi Cavalry, to date from October 2, 1863. This regiment, under Colonel E. D. Osband, gained repute as the Third U. S. C. C. Taylor was promoted to a captaincy May 29th, 1864, and resigned January 15th, 1865. Orderly-sergeant James M. Shreves was detached with the Fiftieth U. S. C. T. at Vicksburg, and died August 19th, 1863, acting as quartermaster-sergeant while awaiting his commission. He was a brave and wholly unexceptional soldier, a young man of sterling character and ability. He had been chosen orderly-sergeant of the company at its organization, but prejudice in the appointing power had long kept him from deserved promotion; and this in spite of the fact that he was wounded at Shiloh, and then received honorable mention for bravery in the battle report from that same power. But for this unexplainable prejudice he would at his death have been captain of Company F, and would have graced the position. John Cadwallader was comissioned second-lieutenant of the Second Mississippi Colored. Silas S. Garrett was transferred to the First Tennessee Heavy Artillery, December 11th, 1863, and became first-lieutenant. The regiment was stationed at Memphis. Amos Sanford was made second-lieutenant in the Twelfth Louisiana Colored, in October, 1863. William L. Early was also a second-lieutenant in the last named regiment.

April 29th, ten regiments of the division left Young's Point upon such transports as could be collected, preceded by the ironclads Baron De Kalb and Choctaw, Admiral Porter's flag-boat Black Hawk, three mortar rafts, the wooden gunboat Taylor, and certain nondescript black craft that at a distance might pass for gunboats. The Fifty-fifth was assigned to the Belle City. The expedition started at ten o'clock in the forenoon, steamed up the Yazoo fifteen miles and halted, sending out pickets along the shore, and the next morning proceeded until within sight of the fortifications at



Haines's Bluff. It had been published in orders that a feint only was to be made, its object being to draw attention from the operations of General Grant in the vicinity of Grand Gulf. The troops were landed and displayed in battle line, skirmishers were sent forward, the mortars and ironclads threw shells into the earth-works crowning the hill, and nothing of smoke, noise or ostentatious tactics was omitted that could aid the impression that an assault was imminent. The rebel batteries replied to the gunboats which were frequently struck; and solid shot rolled through our lines. One man only in the expedition was wounded, and he but slightly. There was obviously great excitement among the camps of the enemy. Their works were extended and strengthened by night, and additional guns were mounted. Re-enforcements were seen coming up from the direction of Vicksburg. In fact, as we afterwards learned, General Pemberton was fully deceived, and troops half way on the road to General Bowen were recalled and hurried to confront us. By consequence the latter general's little army, in spite of its stubborn resistance, was overborne by General Grant's advance, and Port Gibson and Grand Gulf, and the roads between Jackson and Vicksburg fell the more easily into our possession because of this ruse. Our demonstration was kept up until the night of May 1st, when, having accomplished its purpose, the fleet returned as it came.

Loading our camp and garrison equipage from the levee at Young's Point upon the boat, we moved to Milliken's Bend, and there, on May 3d, established our camp about a mile in rear of the landing. Despite the terribly unfavorable sanitary conditions inseparable from the locality, and the long lists of the sick at the surgeon's morning call, but five men of the regiment found graves at Young's Point. These were Samuel Piper of B, Corporal James W. Frazier and Philip Pitts of C, Corporal Joseph Lightfoot of E, and J. K. P. Moneymaker of K. Pitts was one of the few who succumbed to the loathsome disease, small-pox. He was a manly boy enrolled as a musician, but being bravely ambitious chose to serve in the ranks. Many of the seriously ill were carried north upon the hospital boats, and from time to



time company commanders got notice of the death of some valued comrade in the great hospitals of Memphis and St. Louis.

In our new camp we received a call from our former division commander, Brigadier-General Morgan L. Smith, who left us at Chickasaw Bayou, having been grievously wounded. Hearing of his arrival on a steamer from Memphis, and that he proposed to visit the troops, Colonel Malmborg put out scouts to give timely warning of his approach, and drew up the regiment on the parade. We waited long, but at last the general appeared, riding in an ambulance; the ranks were opened and arms presented. The colonel, leaving the regiment standing at present, hastened to aid *his* distinguished guest to alight, and began to address him with verbose congratulation; but General Smith, leaning on his crutches, pushed him aside with characteristic brusqueness, exclaiming, "O hell! I didn't come out here to see you officers. How are you, boys?" The "boys," without waiting for orders, instantly broke ranks and flocked around their crippled chief, eager to shake him by the hand and listen to his quaint and pungent remarks. Among other things touched upon in his unconventional talk, he took occasion to praise in generous terms our new division commander, General F. P. Blair, probably surmising that our prejudices might do him injustice, his appointment being notoriously a political one. After a brief stay the general hobbled to his ambulance again, and rode away amid hearty cheers.

It was understood that General Blair's division would remain to guard Milliken's Bend until the arrival of other forces from Memphis, and we elaborated and polished our camp, anticipating a stay of weeks; but on the fifth the regiment was ordered five miles west to Lomm's Plantation, for outpost duty, and on the seventh joined the brigade while on the march towards Grand Gulf, which we then learned had, together with Port Gibson, been captured by the van of the army. Passing through Richmond, La., we were met and briefly addressed by Governor Richard Yates, who was making a tour of inspection through General Grant's department.

The men marched gaily along with springy step, singing .



their army songs, chaffing each other and every one we chanced to meet, and exhibiting in all variety of rampant jollity their elation at escaping from the malarious swamps. Full of confidence in themselves and trust in their leaders they rejoiced at the prospect of meeting Pemberton's army in a fair field, and already counted Vicksburg their own. We had little conception of the desperate nature of the enterprise into which our obstinate commander was leading us despite the warning advice of his most trusted lieutenants. We could not then know that, contrary to all military precedent, we were about to cut loose from a base of supplies, abandon connection with the navy, and thrust ourselves between two formidable armies, one of which was equal to our own in numbers;—and this in a region by nature among the most easily defensible to be found in the land, where victory must be speedy and unqualified, or our destruction certain.

About fifteen miles were traversed each day, notwithstanding we were somewhat delayed by the frailty of the numerous bridges and the incumbrance of the army train placed in our charge. The route lay along Bayou Vidal to Perkins's plantation, and thence beside the curved Lake St. Joseph to Hard Times on the river a little above Grand Gulf. The whole region is a low-lying plain possessing a rich, deep soil capable of sustaining a dense population; but was occupied by a few wealthy planters, whose mansions faced the road at intervals of from one to three miles. These residences, mostly of modern construction and by far the most costly and elegant we had seen in the South, were filled with every appliance of taste and domestic utility. Behind them were the usual twin rows of whitewashed cabins for the slaves; and cotton presses, corn-barns, and often a steam-mill, all furnished with the best machinery, were located not far away. These had been built by Northern mechanics, and it was currently reported that a soldier of our brigade found at one of these plantations his tool-chest, where he had left it when the war began, being obliged to flee to avoid conscription, and unable to obtain his wages or remove his tools. There was also a rumor that he now took payment in the satisfaction of seeing the work of his hands reduced to ashes.



The lords of these manors had deserted them in haste, and a few slaves only remained in charge. The troops that had passed before us left proofs of their customary lack of respect for the deserted property of rebels, and at our noon halts groups of tired, dust-covered "mud-sills" were to be seen seated on satin-upholstered chairs amid roses or in the shade of fig-trees, and eating their bacon and hard-tack from marble-topped tables and rosewood pianos. Sometimes for miles the road was shaded by beautiful live oaks, and catalpas in full bloom, or bordered by a tangled hedge of red and white roses, forming a barricade of beauty eight feet high and more in breadth; while in contrast on the left hand lay the muddy bayou, an occasional dead alligator poisoning the air with its hideous, swollen, malodorous carcass. Abundance of food for men and animals was found in the store-houses, and the fields were lush with growing corn.

On the eleventh, after nearly a day's delay at Hard Times landing, we crossed the river late in the afternoon and went into bivouac at Grand Gulf,—not inappropriately called by the Confederates "the little Gibraltar." An attempt to storm this fortress from the front would have disastrously failed. So far as its defensive qualities were concerned, we could not see that the naval bombardment had done it much injury. During the next four days we were moving towards Jackson; reaching Auburn on the thirteenth, moving in a violent rain storm to New Auburn on the fourteenth, and arriving at Raymond on the fifteenth, to find ourselves amid hospitals, newly made graves, and other sad signs of the battle won three days before by General Logan's division of the Seventeenth Army Corps. The contrast between the Louisiana shore we had just left, and the landscape passed through during this march in Mississippi, was very striking. Our road here wound along sharp-crested clay hills one to two hundred feet above the river, with numerous deep ravines and water-worn gullies radiating on either hand, the precipitous sides of which were densely clothed with deciduous forest-growth—trees, vines, and underwood in great variety. In such ground the party assailed had enormous advantages over the assailant, for every hill top could be quickly converted into a fortress.



While in the Young's Point encampment, the enlisted men of the regiment raised by general subscription nearly four hundred dollars for the purchase of a horse and equipments complete to present to Surgeon Roler as a testimonial of their gratitude and affection. They declined to accept proffered contributions from the commissioned officers, desiring to emphasize the gift as their own unanimous acknowledgement of obligation for the conservative skill, tireless patience, tender solicitude and humanity, always experienced from Doctor Roler, by the private equally with the highest official.

The ten orderly-sergeants acted as a committee, and selected Sergeant-Major Hartsook to write the address of presentation which was fitly and eloquently done. A valuable and beautiful black steed was found and bought while the Fifty-fifth lay at Young's Point, but the equipments did not arrive until the opening of the Yazoo as the base of supplies. The horse was presented at Grand Gulf, and the doctor's letter of grateful acceptance and acknowledgement was read by the orderly-sergeants to the several companies on the evening of the arrival at Raymond.

At this point we learned that the advance divisions of the Fifteenth Army Corps were already in Jackson, which had been abandoned by Johnston after a brief defence, and that the whole army of Vicksburg had come out to attack us. At daylight on the morning of Saturday the sixteenth, we moved west on the direct road to Vicksburg, and about half-past seven the occasional rattle of musketry in front told that General A. J. Smith's skirmishers were at work. They had encountered the cavalry constituting the rear guard of General Pemberton's army, then just attempting a retrograde movement in order to recross Baker's Creek and march to join Johnston's army at Canton. Half a mile further on an artillery duel ensued. We were then within four or five miles of Edwards Station and had advanced about twice that distance from Raymond. General Blair's division, being detached many miles from the Fifteenth Corps, was placed under command of General McClemand and formed battle-line at right angles with the road in conjunction with the division of General A. J. Smith, which was the extreme left



of the army until General Ransom's brigade arrived late in the afternoon. We were ordered to connect on the right with the division of General Osterhaus. Within an hour we heard sounds of skirmishing at a distance, in a northerly direction, but a dense forest hid from us all views of the country on either side. By eleven o'clock the continuous roar of battle far to the right warned us of a fiercely contested and general engagement, and we were momentarily expecting orders to advance upon the foe supposed to be in our front, or to move by the right flank to the aid of those there hotly engaged. No orders came, and for hours we lay idly on our arms, unmolested and un molesting. Occasionally a forward movement was made from one low ridge to the next. Once while the regiments of the brigade, marching by the flank, were crossing a wide open field with no skirmishers in advance, a rebel battery opened upon them; but before it had acquired the proper range a change of our formation and position saved us from loss. Captain Augustine was about this time sent forward in command of skirmishers. But the tactics upon the left flank of the Federal army were continuously defensive. It had apparently impressed itself upon some one high in authority that the enemy meditated a desperate attack in force down the road along which we were manœuvring, in order to cut off the Union army from Grand Gulf, its supposed base of supplies. About five o'clock a hull in the fight was noticed, and soon a few solid shot from a rebel battery ricochetted harmlessly through our line. It was the farewell of Pemberton's army in full retreat;—a retreat that we soon after knew must have become a disorganized rout or surrender, had the left wing, to which we were temporarily joined, advanced with promptitude and energy. General McCleernand had lost a magnificent opportunity to show that he deserved his high position. Through an excess of caution he had permitted the rebel General Loring's three brigades to hold four Federal divisions inactive during the whole day. Obedience to repeated orders or intelligent enterprise on his part, would have made the costly siege that followed unnecessary.

The next morning our division marched to Bridgeport,



about five miles up the Big Black, and a rubber-pontoon train was brought to the front. A small earth-work on the opposite bank was found occupied by a few riflemen, who made it hazardous to approach the river. General Blair, after watching the skirmishing awhile, had ordered a flanking party to swim the stream a short distance above and drive the force away; but just then General Sherman came galloping to the scene and quickly advanced a section of artillery, under shelter of an out-building, two well aimed shells from which induced the waving of a white handerchief over the parapet, and the surrender of an officer with his picket of ten men. Captain Crooker of the Fifty-fifth and eight of his company immediately rowed over upon a pontoon and were the first of the army to cross the Big Black. A picket-guard was soon advanced, but no hostile force faced us. In the early morning hours the noise of conflict at the railroad bridge below had been heard, but the quiet that soon followed gave us assurance of another success, which messengers before noon made certain. The pontoon bridge was in position before it became dark, and the passing of troops continued all night by the light of fires upon the river bank.

By two o'clock of Monday, May 18th, we had advanced twelve or thirteen miles from the night's bivouac, and our skirmishers drove the enemy's pickets into the formidable earth-works encircling Vicksburg. We were upon the Graveyard Road, so called. Generals Grant and Sherman rode near the head of the column, their imperturbable countenances showing little of the terrible load of anxiety they were yet bearing. To our right were the very hills with their deserted works which we had so desperately assailed five months before. Below, concealed by the forest, lay Chickasaw Bayou, and beyond, the base of supplies from which the army had been separated nearly a fortnight without thereby experiencing bodily discomfort or disappointment of regular appetite, but rather to the improvement of their diet. From this statement our own division must be excepted, however, inasmuch as it had found but scanty gleaning during its march at the rear, and was now suffering for food. Bread had been for some time exhausted throughout the army, and there was



general and noisy rejoicing when the reopening of the "cracker-line" was announced.

The regiment lay under arms in a corn-field within musket range of the fortifications that night, and occasionally a bullet came hissing among us. One of these struck A. A. Williams in the lower jaw, causing a painful wound. Another seriously wounded Corporal Hugo Arndt in the arm. Company F, under Captain Crooker, was sent forward to cover the front and kept up a brisk skirmish with the enemy, preventing them from using artillery. About noon of the nineteenth, Company F was relieved by Companies A and B, who continued the duel. Some artillery had been got into position and opened fire. The men of Company G, who had been educated in artillery practice at Paducah, were detailed to aid Chicago Battery A, upon our left.

At two o'clock, in accordance with a general order for assault along the whole line, the skirmishers upon the signal of three volleys from the artillery, sprang forward, and the waiting battle-line rushed cheering to the charge—a human wave that seemed irresistible when it began surging onward towards the rebel lines. But as it dashed over stumps and tangled limbs of fallen trees, struggled through deep gullies bristling with brush and cane, and climbed the steep slopes opposite in the face of a roaring, whistling storm of lead and iron rain, men dropped by tens, stopped behind some sheltering log or bank, slackened speed for sheer want of breath, until all the momentum of the start had worn itself out; and a thin line of panting, staggering humanity pressed on and on until a few of the pluckiest and strongest perhaps straggled nerveless into the ditch, attempted to climb the abrupt scarp, and were there either slain, desperately wounded or captured, or only escaped by miraculous fortune when the shades of night kindly covered them from sight. The brigades on either flank of ours were driven back to cover of the ravine with heavy loss; but we reached the crest of the hill as a definite brigade line of battle within fifty paces of the east curtain of the bastion at the Graveyard Road, and there remained, slightly sheltered by the ground so long as we lay prostrate, and kept up such a persistent fire that no



rebel dared show his head above the parapet. Our colors waved for hours within pistol shot of the line of defence, and were riddled with bullets. Without support it was foolhardy to advance; it was equally dangerous to attempt retreat. As darkness came upon the landscape, the Confederate soldiers lighted fires that they might see any movement we made, but this proved more dangerous to them than to us, and finally by tacit consent firing ceased. About midnight we were ordered back, and gradually withdrew to our position of the morning.

Upon counting our losses we found with surprise that only twenty-four of the regiment had been killed or wounded during the day. The effective force of the command had been reported as three hundred and eighty-three a few days before; but under the deceptive rule in vogue in the armies of the Union--although in no others--special and extra duty men were always included among the "present for duty," so that those in the ranks during an action were frequently not over four-fifths of the reported effectives. Owing to the large number detached temporarily with the artillery, perhaps not more than two hundred and fifty stood in the charging battle line. In an assault which to those in the flame of it gave promise of extermination, we were not quite decimated.

CASUALTIES OF FIFTY-FIFTH ILL. VOL. INF'TY., BEFORE  
VICKSBURG, MAY 19, 1863.

KILLED.	COMPANY.	REMARKS.
LEVI HILL, <i>second-lieutenant.</i>	A.	Shot in thigh and groin.
JOHN C. GLASS, <i>orderly-sergt.</i>	A.	Shot in head.
PATRICK TOTH,	A.	Shot in head.
MICHAEL AINSBURY, <i>corporal.</i>	C.	Shot in head.
ORIN BARCOCK,	C.	Shot in head.
ROBERT A. HAMER,	C.	Shot in head.
JAMES A. CURRY, <i>corporal.</i>	D.	Shot in breast.
OLIVER J. HOYT.	F.	Shot in breast.
 WOUNDED.		
OSCAR MALMBORG, <i>colonel.</i>		Contusion over eye.
JOSEPH C. PARKLEY.	A.	Slightly, in head.
JOSEPH A. DEEMS, <i>corporal.</i>	A.	Seriously, in thigh.
MATTHEW MITCHELL.	A.	Seriously, in thigh.



WOUNDED.	COMPANY.	REMARKS.
RIENZI L. CLEVELAND.	C.	Slightly, in arm.
ORION P. HOWE, <i>drummer.</i>	C.	Slightly, in thigh.
ROSWELL J. RILEY, <i>corporal.</i>	C.	Slightly, in arm.
HUGO ARNDT, <i>corporal.</i>	E.	Seriously, in arm.
FRANKLIN PEACAR, <i>sergeant.</i>	E.	Slightly, in hand.
LUCIEN B. CROOKER, <i>captain.</i>	F.	Arm broken by bullet.
LEWIS T. WINGET.	F.	Slightly, in hand.
ANDREW A. WILLIAMS.	G.	Bullet in lower jaw.
JAMES W. GAY, <i>color-corporal.</i>	G.	Bullet in shoulder.
WILLIAM C. TEITGE.	H.	Seriously, in shoulder and side.
JOSEPH EDWARDS.	I.	Seriously, in shoulder.
ROBERT MCVAY, <i>sergeant.</i>	K.	Bullet through lungs.

Lieutenant Levi Hill was a daring young officer of great promise. He is said to have gone into the battle depressed by a premonition of his fate. Orderly-sergeant John C. Glass was slain while advancing too imprudently ahead of the skirmishers—an irreparable loss to his company. The three killed of Company C, all fine soldiers, fell one after the other in the same spot, victims to the deadly aim of some expert rifleman. Corporal Curry was a man of ability, had been a teacher and was a thorough soldier. Captain L. B. Crooker's wound, added to severe injuries previously received at Shiloh, permanently disabled him for further military service, and he never rejoined his command. His confirmed habit of making himself too conspicuous a target for rebel bullets lost us a sagacious and resolute officer; but he has been spared for a life of great usefulness to state and nation.

A story that has been twice told by General Sherman and more than once sung by patriotic poet, must not be omitted here, for it is a romantic incident in the history of the day and of the Fifty-fifth. Among the several boy musicians of the regiment the youngest were two sons of Principal-Musician Howe, one but twelve and the other fourteen years of age when enrolled. They were both small of their years. Our "infant drummers" attracted much attention on dress parade in the great camps of instruction, at Camp Douglas even rivalling our original "giant color-guard." The little Howes drummed well, proved hardy, never seemed homesick, were treated as regimental pets, and passed through battle



after battle, and march after march, untouched by disease, unscathed by bullet and shell. In the charge of May 19th the youngest Howe, like the other musicians, with a white handkerchief tied about the left arm to designate him as a non-combatant, followed in the rear of the line to assist the wounded. At the advanced position finally held by the regiment, it was essential to our safety not to allow any cessation in the firing, and the cartridge-boxes became rapidly depleted. Ammunition, from the difficulties of the ground, could only be brought to us by special messengers and in such quantity as they were able to carry about the person. Sergeant-Major Hartsook was instructed to go back to the regimental ordnance wagon, take command of the musicians and such other men as he might find detailed near our camp, and send them to the front one by one, with cartridges. This dangerous duty was promptly and well performed.

The little drummer, by his own statement, was not at this time with the other musicians, but in the ravine just in rear of the regiment, having been ordered back from the front to be out of danger, by the colonel. About him were several dead and wounded men. Collecting the ammunition from their cartridge-boxes, and using his blouse for a sack, he carried this up to the command. Flattered with some praise then received, he started for the ordnance wagon and returned in safety, with his small but valuable contribution. Again he sped down across the ravine and up the steep opposite slope. We could see him nearly the whole way as he ran through what seemed like a hailstorm of canister and musket-balls, so thickly did these fall about him, each throwing up its little puff of dust where it struck the dry hillside. Suddenly he dropped, and hearts sank thinking his brief career ended; but he had only tripped over some obstacle. Often he stumbled, sometimes he fell prostrate, but was quickly up again, and finally disappeared from us, limping, over the summit, and the Fifty-fifth saw him no more for several months. As the boy sped away the last time the colonel shouted to him, as he alleges, "Bring calibre fifty-four." General Sherman's letter to the War Department will best tell the rest of the story:



HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
CAMP ON BIG BLACK, Aug. 8, 1863.

Hon. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

SIR: I take the liberty of asking through you that something be done for a young lad named Orion P. Howe of Waukegan, Illinois, who belongs to the 55th Illinois, but is at present absent at his home, wounded. I think he is too young for West Point, but would be the very thing for a midshipman.

When the assault on Vicksburg was at its height, on the 19th of May, and I was in front near the road which formed my line of attack, this young lad came up to me wounded and bleeding, with a good healthy boy's cry: "General Sherman, send some cartridges to Colonel Malmborg; the men are all out." "What is the matter, my boy?" "They shot me in the leg, sir; but I can go to the hospital. Send the cartridges right away!" Even where we stood the shot fell thick, and I told him to go to the rear at once, I would attend to the cartridges; and off he limped. Just before he disappeared on the hill, he turned and called as loud as he could, "Calibre 54!"

I have not seen the boy since, and his colonel, Malmborg, on inquiring, gave me his address as above, and says he is a bright, intelligent boy, with a fair preliminary education. What arrested my attention there was, and what renews my memory of the fact now is, that one so young, carrying a musket-ball wound through his leg, should have found his way to me on that fatal spot, and delivered his message, not forgetting the very important part even of the calibre of the musket, 54, which you know is an unusual one.

I'll warrant the boy has in him the elements of a man, and I commend him to the Government as one worthy the fostering care of some one of its National Institutions.

I am, with respect, your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN, Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

In the Atlantic Monthly for September, 1864, the following poem by George H. Boker was published:

#### BEFORE VICKSBURG.

MAY 19, 1863.

While Sherman stood beneath the hottest fire  
 That from the lines of Vicksburg gleam'd,  
 And bomb-shells tumbled in their smoky gyre,  
 And grape shot hiss'd, and case shot scream'd,  
 Back from the front there came,  
 Weeping, and sorely lame,  
 The merest child, the youngest face,  
 Man ever saw in such a fearful place.



Stifling his tears, he limp'd his chief to meet;  
But, when he paused and tottering stood,  
Around the circle of his little feet  
There spread a pool of bright, young blood.  
Shocked at his doleful case,  
Sherman cried, "Halt! front face!  
Who are you? speak, my gallant boy!"  
"A drummer, sir,—Fifty-fifth Illinois."

"Are you not hit?" "That's nothing. Only send  
Some cartridges. Our men are cut,  
And the foe press us." "But, my little friend——"  
"Don't mind me! Did you hear that shout?  
What if our men be driven?  
Oh, for the love of Heaven,  
Send to my colonel, general dear——"  
"But you?"—"Oh, I shall easily find the rear."

"I'll see to that," cried Sherman; and a drop,  
Angels might envy, dimm'd his eye,  
As the boy, toiling towards the hill's hard top,  
Turn'd round, and, with his shrill child's cry  
Shouted, "Oh, don't forget!  
We'll win the battle yet!  
But let our soldiers have some more,  
More cartridges, sir, calibre fifty-four!"

A slangy plagiarism upon this, styled "Calibre 54," was printed with a full-page illustration, in Harper's Weekly for August 22d, 1885.

There remains one singular fact unchronicled. The sentimentality that has been expended upon the solicitous recollection by the wounded boy of "calibre fifty-four," is wholly based upon somebody's blunder. The rifles of the regiment were all calibre fifty-eight, and if cartridges of number fifty-four had been sent, they would have been of small practical use for us; even buck-shot would have been better, fighting as we were at close quarters. It is, moreover, extremely doubtful if there was any calibre fifty-four ammunition near that battle-ground. Calibre fifty-seven cartridges were furnished to the regiment, were used, and when the guns became foul and heated in action were highly convenient. This size was the one desired at the time. Unlike most battle-field blunders this had no doleful sequence, made no widow or



orphan, is responsible for no bloodshed; but simply lives embalmed in rhythmic romance, like many another error.

Young Howe was again wounded May 28th, 1864, at Dallas, being then an orderly at the headquarters of General Giles A. Smith. He received an appointment to the Naval Academy from President Lincoln, ordering him to report for examination June 25th, 1863; but was finally allowed a year for study, and entered the academy July 28th, 1865. He was unable to meet the requirements of the course, and left at the end of his second year. He then entered the merchant service, and was one of the crew of the ship Thornton, wrecked on the Irish coast in November, 1867, losing everything but life. Having had enough of the salt water, but not yet sated with adventure, he tried the roving life of a cowboy in Texas, participated in some Indian fights on the plains, and went in a civil capacity with the noted Powder River expedition; but has at last found a quiet home in Illinois again.

Though signally failing of its direct object, the attack of May 19th gained important advance of position at every point, and valuable knowledge of the natural and artificial obstacles to be overcome. It sufficiently demonstrated that General Pemberton's army had recovered in great measure from the demoralization it had shown at the Big Black. But the assault had been far from a general one. Neither the corps of General McPherson nor that of General McClellan had approached sufficiently near the enemy's lines to attempt a *coup de main*. In fact the assault made by the division of General Blair was the only one really deserving the name, and that was made upon a portion of the defences which chanced to be manned by steady veterans who had not experienced disheartening defeat in the field. The Fifteenth Army Corps was confronted by the divisions of Generals Martin L. Smith and J. H. Forney, and the salient upon which our charge had spent itself, was defended by a brigade of General Forney's division which had garrisoned Haines's Bluff, composed chiefly of Mississippi regiments commanded by Brigadier-General Louis Hebert. They were fighting upon their native soil, and behind works where one cool-



headed man ought to be equal to four or five uncovered assailants.

The army at this time garrisoning Vicksburg was underestimated by our generals, who supposed it not to much exceed eighteen thousand men; but after the losses of the siege over thirty-one thousand were surrendered. An army reported to be of nearly equal size to our own was threatening our rear, and daily receiving additions. Under the able leadership of General Johnston it was not likely to neglect any opportunity that presented to attempt the relief of the beleaguered city. To cope successfully with the two forces combined, heavy columns of troops must be summoned from points hundreds of miles away. The hot season was at hand, and the few springs hidden among the hills were fast drying up. A consultation of the corps commanders warranting General Grant in ordering preparations for the second assault along the whole line, the twenty-second of May was selected for the murderous experiment. Those of us who had been favored with a very near view of the exterior slope of the bastions and connecting rifle-pits, knowing these works to be thoroughly manned by veteran soldiers of similar blood to our own, felt little hope of a successful issue. But when a call was made for fifty men from the brigade to constitute a storming party, equipped to cross the ditch and climb the parapet in advance of the main columns of attack, the Fifty-fifth at once offered more than double its due proportion. One commissioned officer and twelve men only were accepted.

Precisely at ten o'clock the bugles sounded a charge. The field batteries all along the Union line, and the gunboats and mortars in the river below, had opened a fast and furious fire an hour before. The army, by divisions in column with fixed bayonets, rushed forward, preceded each by its forlorn hope of one hundred and fifty men. Again the rebel parapet blazed from its entire length. The greater the daring displayed by the assailants, the more numerous the victims, and after an hour or two of desperate struggle the assault had failed at every point. Nowhere had our troops succeeded in crossing the bulwarks, although the storming parties had generally succeeded in reaching the ditch and



planting their flags on the embankments of the bastions, whence the Confederates tried in vain to pluck them away. The three brigades of General Blair's division, commanded by Brigadier-General Hugh Ewing and Colonels Giles A. and Thomas K. Smith, marching by the flank and successively plunging into the terrible fire that swept the Graveyard Road, were unable to withstand it, and deployed to the left along the steep sides of a ravine, where they gained partial protection and could prevent the rebel gunners from firing.

Three or four hours later the two brigades just at our left, under Colonel Giles A. Smith and Brigadier-General T. E. G. Ransom, attempted to storm the rifle-pits in their front. The Eighth Missouri of the first named brigade, our faithful allies in many a bloody fight, we heard had volunteered to make one more charge, if the Fifty-fifth would support them. Suddenly we saw the tall form of Colonel Smith rise from the ground at the right of his men. A prominent target for hundreds of bullets, he waved his sword and shouted, "Boys, they'll give us one volley; before they can reload, we'll be inside their works. Forward, double-quick, march! and hurrah like ——!" The charging line nearly reached the trenches, only to be driven back by the withering fire poured into their faces by the serried ranks of men in grey that rose behind the parapet. A renewed order to assault at three o'clock, when General Mower's brigade was sent to our support on the right, resulted only in further useless slaughter.

The Fifty-fifth, as before, attained a position very near the line of Confederate works, where the brow of the hill afforded protection in front, and there remained in line and in comparative safety, if the foe could be kept down by constant fire. As before our opponents were the men of Hebert's brigade, re-enforced by the Tennesseeans of Brigadier-General Vaughan's command. We were fully in sight from a redan on our left, half a mile distant, known to us as Fort Hill, and during the afternoon a rifled cannon was there trained upon us, much to our annoyance and loss. The adjutant was much rallied then, and has been often congratulated since, for the astonishing prescience and agility he displayed, when once, after the flame and smoke leaped from the muzzle of this gun, he

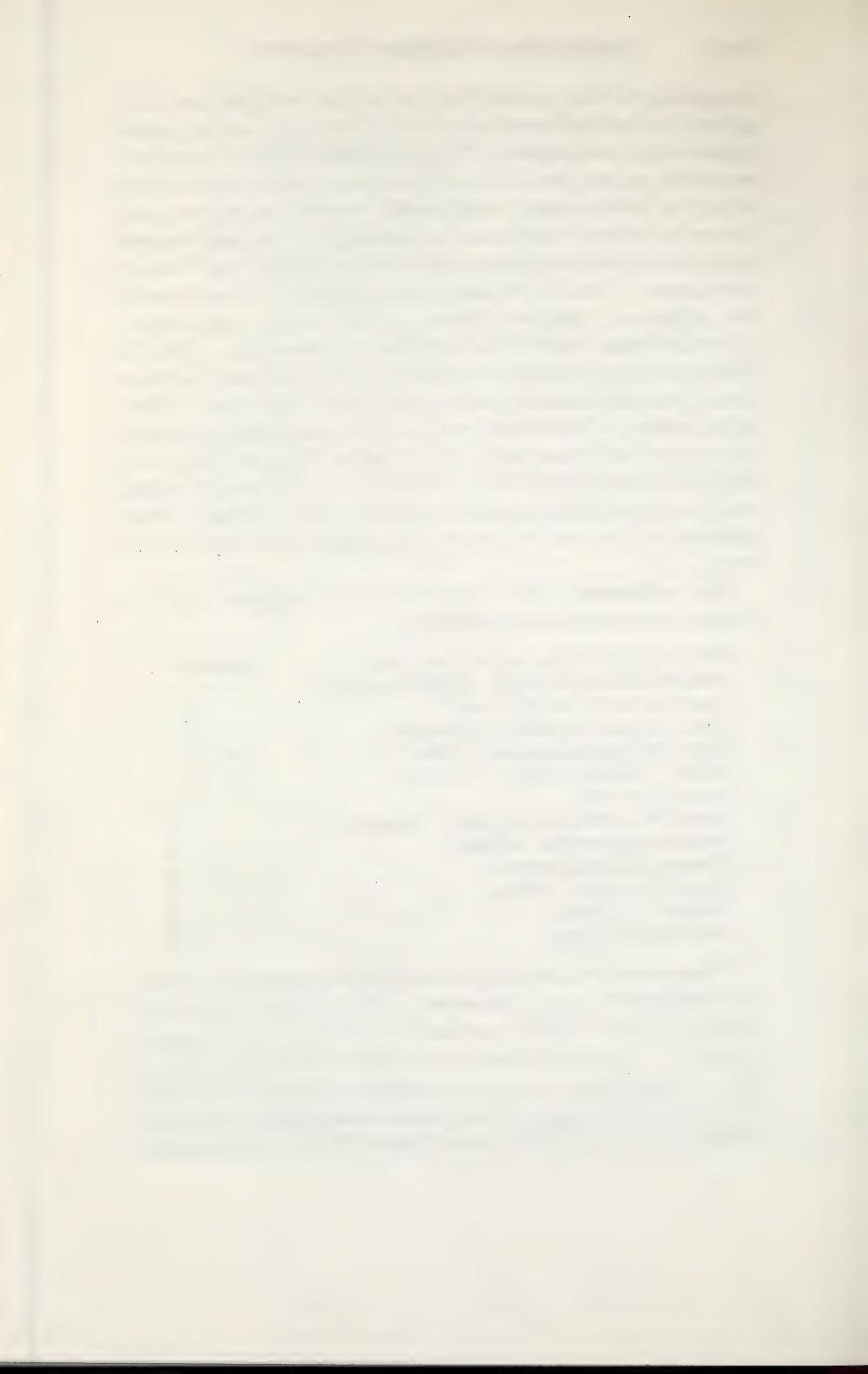


jumped out of the path of the ball which tore out the footprints his feet had barely left and ricochetted on its fearful errand along the hillside. The prescience was the more remarkable in this, that it could not have been derived from sight, the officer's back being nearly turned towards the gun. It was an inborn cognizance of coming evil, as positive and peremptory in its warning to move as a comrade's push would have been. The ball terribly wounded three or four men in the regiment. Sergeant Burns, a noble soldier and exemplary Christian, died of his wounds the same day. Charles Dhelo survives, although his arm was shattered and the flesh torn from his shoulder, baring the blade bone for a space eight inches in diameter;—one of the most ghastly wounds ever seen that did not take life. Martin Popp lost both feet, torn off by the same shot. We held our position all night, and were recalled the following day to a deep ravine a short distance in the rear, where we were allowed to rest for two days.

The volunteers who represented the regiment in the storming party were the following:

WILLIAM C. PORTER, <i>second-lieutenant.</i>	Company E.
JOHN H. FISHER, <i>corporal.</i> Slightly wounded.	" B.
JOHN SMITH. Mortally wounded.	" E.
JOHN WARDEN, <i>corporal.</i> Wounded.	" E.
RICHARD HANEY, <i>sergeant.</i> Killed.	" F.
AMOS SANFORD, <i>corporal.</i> Wounded.	" F.
JACOB SANFORD.	" F.
JAMES W. LARRABEE, <i>sergeant.</i> Wounded.	" I.
MILTON BELLWOOD. Killed.	" K.
ROBERT M. COX, <i>corporal.</i>	" K.
JAMES DONAHUE. Killed.	" K.
ROBERT A. LOWER.	" K.
WILLIAM WALKER.	" K.

Fortunately, we are not left entirely dependent upon fading recollections for our knowledge of the doings and experiences of these valiant patriots on that day of desperate endeavor. Joseph Hartsook at the time took down from the lips of Lieutenant Porter his account of the forlorn hope, and from that many of the facts to be given are drawn. Robert M. Cox, John H. Fisher, James W. Larrabee and John



Warden, four survivors of the party, have furnished their reminiscences, which have been used to fill the brief record.

The company of one hundred and fifty volunteers was commanded by Captain J. H. Groce of the Thirtieth Ohio, aided by three other officers—one each from the One-hundred-twenty-seventh Illinois, the Sixth Missouri and the Fifty-fifth Illinois. The ensign, borne by a mere boy of the Eighth Missouri, Trogden by name, was the headquarters flag of General Ewing's brigade. Beside their guns the men carried axes, boards, and rude scaling ladders. Before the order for the charge the heroic men, drawn up in line, were briefly addressed in the presence of General Sherman, by General Smith. They were promised sixty days' furlough if they captured the fort. When the company sallied out upon the Graveyard Road from the ravine that concealed them, but few shots were fired, and it was not until the leaders were within one hundred feet of the ditch that they were met by a volley. If a surprise was to be hoped for, the main column should have charged unheralded by the storming party or artillery fire. Pressing on at double-quick past the "lone oak" and turning to the right, those not hit by the first volley threw themselves into the ditch, and Trogden, with a few others, climbed the slope and planted the flag. Digging places for protection with their bayonets, they clung there until one or more of their number were hit, apparently by our own men, when all fell back to the foot of the slope. It was now past noon; the charge of the main column had been repulsed, and there seemed no hope of relief. The ditch in which they were huddled was four or five feet in depth, about double that in width, and the crest of the parapet was nine or ten feet above the bottom of the ditch. The sharpshooters in the rifle-pits on either flank of the fort commanded portions of the ditch, and killed and wounded several. Bellwood was one of those thus killed. After a time the occupants of the fort began to shout to those in the trench, "Surrender, Yanks!" and the response was, "Come and get us." Once or twice a sally was attempted, but failed. Then a few hand grenades were thrown over, most of which, having received too great impetus, fell beyond the ditch. During the



afternoon they began to roll grenades down over the crest of the parapet. These were stopped by holding up a rail upon bayonets at the edge of the crest. Only one of these shells dangerously hurt any of those in the ditch, but that one, bursting under Richard Haney as he lay against the slope, instantly killed him. He was buried where he died, by the Confederates, two or three days after. After dark the party fell back a few at a time, carrying with them the wounded, and Trogden climbed to the parapet and brought away the flag.

Of the one hundred and fifty, nineteen were killed and thirty-four wounded, including the two senior officers. Sergeant Larrabee narrates that as he lay upon the slope near the top a hand grenade came over near him, and in attempting to avoid it he raised his head sufficiently to get a glimpse of the inside of the bastion. It seemed to him "a solid mass of men." Just then a rebel shot him through the neck, the muzzle of the gun being so near that powder from it was blown into his face, the marks of which he carries to this day. Donahue and Smith were victims of the first volley, the former being instantly killed, the latter mortally wounded.

#### CASUALTIES OF FIFTY-FIFTH ILL. VOL. INF'TY., BEFORE VICKSBURG, MAY 22, 1863.

	KILLED.	COMPANY.	REMARKS.
	JOHN BURNS, <i>sergeant.</i>	A.	Side crushed by cannon ball.
	RICHARD HANEY, <i>sergeant.</i>	F.	Killed instantly by grenade.
	DAVID A. SULLIVAN.	F.	Shot through breast.
	MARTIN BELLWOOD.	K.	Musket ball through head.
	JAMES DONAHUE.	K.	Shot in body.
	WOUNDED.		
	HENRY LENHART, <i>corporal.</i>	A.	Slightly, in arm.
	BARTHOLY HOLDEN.	A.	Slightly, in hand.
	JOHN H. FISHER, <i>corporal.</i>	B.	Slightly, in right hip.
	JOHN WARDEN, <i>corporal.</i>	E.	Musket ball through legs.
	MARTIN POPP.	E.	Feet shot away by cannon ball.
	JOHN SMITH.	E.	Mortally, bullet in thigh.
	AMOS SANFORD, <i>corporal.</i>	F.	Face burnt by grenade.
	WILLIAM J. KENNEDY.	G.	Arm broken; died June 25.
	HORACE T. HEALEY, <i>lieutenant.</i>	H.	Bullet through shoulder.
	CHARLES DHELO.	I.	Cannon ball wound in shoulder.
	PETER EBERSOLD.	I.	Slightly, in head.



WOUNDED.	COMPANY.	REMARKS.
JAMES W. LARRABEE, <i>sergeant.</i>	I.	Bullet through neck.
ALEXANDER LITTLEFIELD.	I.	Slightly, in face.
JOHN SHIELDS.	I.	Musket ball in leg.

Sullivan was acting as orderly for the colonel, and having been sent by him to the commissary department with a canteen, fell dead, shot through the heart, as he was returning over the ridge. He was a bright, brave youth. Kennedy was on duty in the ordnance department, but for some reason went out to the front and was there struck by a bullet which broke his arm. The wound might not have proved dangerous but for the upsetting of the ambulance on its way to the hospital, by which accident he received additional injuries, causing his death.

May 24th our brigade received a new commander in the person of Brigadier-General J. A. J. Lighthorn. He was from the Eastern army, a total stranger to our division, and the reason for his unwelcome assignment over us was a riddle about which we often worried, but which we never solved. The next day a cessation of hostilities was declared on the motion of General Pemberton, "in the name of humanity," continuing from six until half-past eight o'clock in the afternoon, to give opportunity for the burial of the slain, many of whom yet remained near or in the trenches, where they had fallen on the nineteenth and twenty-second of the month. A few bodies, being in too advanced a stage of decomposition for removal, were buried by the Confederates where they lay; but most of the dead were brought back to an established line by stretcher bearers detailed for that purpose by the rebel officers, and were there received by comrades and carried to graves prepared for them. Towards the end of this distressful scene an affecting incident was witnessed by many. A Confederate sentinel on the line, looking at a group of Union soldiers approaching, suddenly exclaimed, "Good God! John, is that you?" and springing forward the two men, one in blue and one in grey, were clasped in each others arms. They were brothers.

On the twenty-sixth after dark the regiment was marched about six miles north along the Walnut Hills, going into



bivouac at midnight. In the early morning advancing to Snyder's Bluff, we found ourselves assigned to a select division sent out on a reconnaissance under command of General Blair, in search of a rebel force supposed to be prowling about the Yazoo valley, and instructed to destroy all stores which could be of use to the rebel army. On the night of May 27th we camped at Mill Springs, twelve miles from Haines's Bluff, and on the two following days made leisurely marches of ten or twelve miles. We passed through Mechanicsburg on the thirtieth, which was the limit of our advance, although the van reached a point within twelve miles of Yazoo City, having unimportant skirmishes with cavalry. May 31st the division encamped at Haines's Bluff. It had subsisted upon the country, destroyed granaries, cotton, and the bridges over all streams between the Big Black and the Yazoo, and brought back from the fertile bottom lands a long wagon train loaded down with grain and forage, and an immense herd of mules, horses, sheep and cattle. Here the Fifty-fifth rested three days, and again took its place in the second line behind Vicksburg. It had marched during the month two hundred and forty miles.

Regular siege operations by this date were well under way. The pick, spade and sap-roller had replaced the bayonet, and skillfully intrenched batteries were beginning their vociferous arguments. There seemed at first some doubt where to use the regiment, for on the fourth of June, receiving marching orders, it had proceeded a mile or two on a road towards the left wing, when a countermanding order came and it was marched back to the familiar ravine. Details of men were called for night and day to work in the trenches. The parallels and approaches, laid out and constructed under direction of engineer officers of the regular army, were more elaborate than any we had yet seen. Heavy bags of sand were aligned on the ordinary earth parapet with just space enough between each two for the musket barrel of the sharp-shooter, and on these heavy head-logs were raised; while at points where there was risk of an enfilading fire, the whole way was covered with logs and earth so that those passing to and fro could walk without fear;—in fact more safely than



in the ravines at the rear where glancing bullets and bursting shells found many a victim. The pioneers had in every ravine the greatest abundance of vines, cane and saplings for the fabrication of gabions and fascines, and the yellow-clay formation of the hills is peculiarly favorable for mining operations.

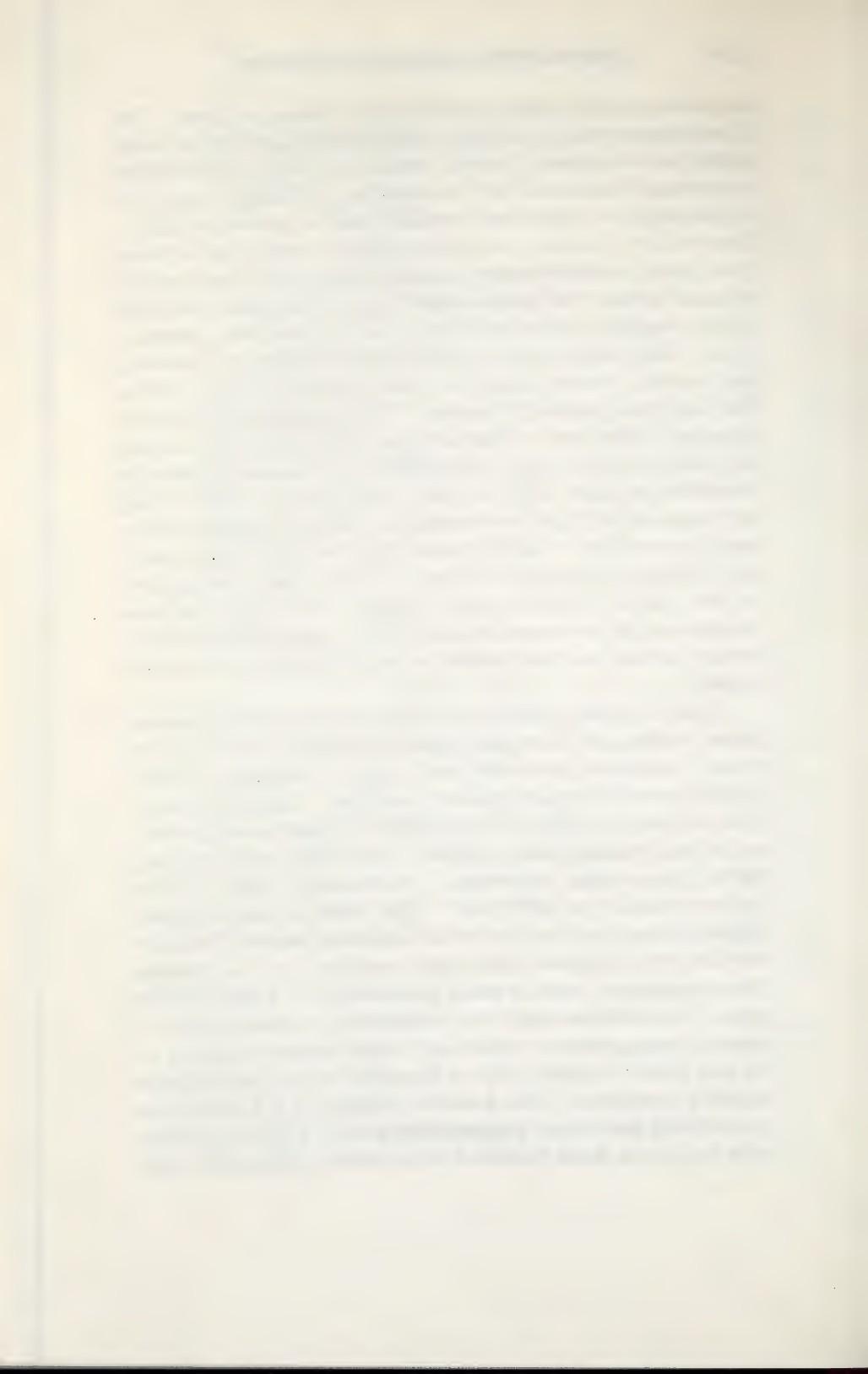
On the eighth of June we relieved a brigade in the front line, facing the redan on the Graveyard Road, named by us Fort Pemberton, which had been the objective point of our two assaults. We occupied and improved the neat cane-woven huts our predecessors had built among the oaks. A battery of thirty-pounder Parrott rifles crowned the crest just above us at the left, which every morning nearly deafened us with its din. In this location the Fifty-fifth remained until the end of the siege, well sheltered by the foliage from the blazing sun and by the brow of the hill from hostile missiles; save that sometimes one of the thousands of minie balls that daily went hissing over our heads would glance down, or a shell would tear off the limb of a tree to drop among us. Even a paymaster, Major Judd, was induced to make us an official visit in this camp, June 26th. We had far more distinguished visitors. The commanding general established his headquarters at a short distance directly in our rear, and almost every day General Grant came to our front, very often accompanied by General Sherman. The one taciturn, smoking slowly, his impassive face telling no tales of any workings of the mind within,—the other nervously chewing a cigar and voluble, his restless eyes noting everything within the field of vision,—they would shelter themselves from the deadly marksmen of the fort behind convenient tree-trunks, thoroughly and coolly view the situation and retire discussing it.

Over two hundred guns were at last strongly intrenched, threatening every point in the seven miles of defensive fortifications about the hundred hillied city, and a general bombardment was ordered June 20th. During the whole forenoon the roar was incessant and terrible, and the tornado of shot and shell tore the ramparts at some points into almost shapeless mounds. But the work of a night and a



few cotton bales would repair all the damages done. The Confederate artillery seldom replied because, as he afterwards stated in his report, General Pemberton felt it advisable to economize his stock of ammunition although large, in expectation of numerous assaults and a protracted siege. Our artillery, however, was numerically so much the superior that when a rebel battery opened upon us it was quickly silenced by the fire concentrated upon it, and the guns had to be removed to new positions to save them from destruction. The Union batteries were busiest during the morning and evening hours, resting in the middle of the day when the heat was generally intense. The popping of the sharp-shooters' rifles was continuous, and the lines soon coming very close to each other everywhere, it became extremely hazardous to show a ~~fig~~fire above the parapet. Thus during the hours of daylight the tumult, like that of a great battle, rarely paused; but the daily casualties were not very numerous, although generally serious or fatal, many being shot in the head. Hair-breadth escapes were so common occurrences in our experience that they called forth no more remark among us than would a needle's prick in a sewing circle.

By night strong covering parties were picketed to protect those working in the saps, and the enemy, wherever the ground permitted, also stationed pickets in advance of their intrenchments to guard against a surprise. Captain Browne, who had been detailed on staff duty at brigade headquarters, as he was posting the sentinels one night, was suddenly halted by a sharp summons: "Surrender, Yank! Throw up your hands or we'll fire." The captain had mistaken either distance or direction in the darkness, or the Confederates had crept beyond their usual position, and he with his two companions were in close proximity to a hostile picket post. Notwithstanding the tantalizing remembrance of pressing engagements elsewhere, there seemed nothing to do but yield as gracefully as possible to the invitation so urgently proffered. The horrible shadow of a Confederate prison hung over them oppressively near. The rebel officer, who had risen from behind a huge stump, ordered his men



to take the captain to the rear. Now or never! One desperate leap for liberty, a headlong rush and tumble, and the grey-headed, but still agile, captain was out of sight in the gloom, his comrades following close, unhurt by the bullets hurriedly sent in pursuit of them.

After a time it became the custom for the men on outpost duty, by mutual agreement, to abstain from firing upon each other; a contract extremely favorable to our labor details. Private interchange of Union hard-tack and coffee for Confederate tobacco was not uncommon. A Mississippian one night inquired for the whereabouts of the Fifty-fourth Ohio, and being told that the Fifty-fourth men were our particular friends and near neighbors, asked that Sergeant --- of that regiment, if alive, might be notified to come to the picket line at a certain hour the next night, where he would recover something of great value to him. The sergeant was found, and appearing as requested, received from the Southerner a letter enclosing the likeness of his sweetheart, which he had somehow lost during the battle of Shiloh.

In our immediate front the saps were soon carried so near the bastion that hand grenades came into use, and even field-artillery shells were tossed to and fro, very rarely doing much execution—upon our side, at least.

The navy completed the ring of fire about the doomed city. We could daily hear the roar of the ten-inch and one hundred-pounder rifled guns, both below and above the town, pounding away at the water batteries. From our camp, although not far distant from the river, the water could not be seen because of intervening forest; but by night, usually at intervals of fifteen minutes or less, a flash as of lightning below the horizon glowed above the woods, and a dull red star would come up out of the flash, curving towards the city. Higher and higher it rose, until at an immense apparent altitude it became for an instant a fixed star in some reigning constellation, and then faster and faster in downward haste it rushed along its parabolic course, gradually brightening and leaving a faint phosphorescent trail, at last to break into a blaze of red and blue flame, followed by darkness. The roar of the mortar as its twenty-five pound charge of powder



hurled forth the huge projectile thirteen inches in diameter, would just reach us when the missile attained its highest point; and the sound of the exploding shell, nearer us by a mile or more, came about fifteen seconds after the dazzling flame; while quick succeeding, if the night were very still, could be heard the crash of breaking trees or pierced roof, as the ragged iron fragments tore through the oaks or plunged into the buildings.

Mines were pushed under the chief salients by the pioneers, which the countermining of the defenders rarely intersected. The redan confronting the brigade of General M. D. Leggett, a mile to our left, had been very effectually undermined, and the hour of three in the afternoon of June 25th was assigned for exploding a ton of powder that had been sealed up beneath it. This important salient, commonly styled Fort Hill, was prominently in view from either flank, and the moment assigned for firing the train was generally known. The eyes of thousands drawn up in battle line as for assault were intently fixed upon the position as the time drew near. The Fifty-fifth took a very personal interest in the scene, from the fact that but a few hundred feet before its own camp a similar mine was then excavated and nearly ready to receive its charge of powder. A few days more and we were expecting to be called upon to become prominent actors in a similar enterprise. About half-past three the parapet was seen to heave, and instantly up rose a huge dark column of earth, mingled with timber, tools and bodies of men, in the centre of which for a second gleamed a lurid flame wreathed in white smoke. From the platform of the battery where we stood we could see, as the dust settled back and the smoke drifted away, that the face of the redan had sunk into a shapeless hillock, over which a storming party, with the stars and stripes in their van, were struggling to the charge, while on the other hand the Confederate reserves, expectant of a general assault, were everywhere hastening towards the threatened points. A heavy musketry fire across the crater lasted until dark, while our artillery and sharpshooters from every quarter sent their missiles of many calibres hissing, whistling and shrieking into and over the



trenches. Half the fort was finally won and held with great sacrifice of life, but the enemy, fully aware of the existence of a mine though they failed to reach it with their counter-mines, had constructed another work in the rear as strong as that destroyed.

While a group of men were watching the assault from behind the battery above our camp, supposing themselves completely sheltered from hostile bullets, a minie ball from a sharp-shooter's rifle half a mile away struck Corporal Murphy in the forehead, killing him instantly. He was a young man of attractive presence and character, who had left his studies, impelled by patriotism, to enlist, and was loved and respected by all who knew him.

In the afternoon of July 1st we were again assembled to see the second redan in the same locality, with its unfortunate occupants, blown into the air, but no attempt was this time made to storm the crater.

Now and then willingly-captured pickets were brought in by our men at night. They all told the same tale of being worn out with sleeplessness and fatigue; of hospitals crowded with sick and wounded; of women and children slain in the city by fragments of shells. They sometimes had with them copies of a newspaper, the Daily Citizen, published in Vicksburg at fifty cents a copy, printed on the blank side of half a yard of wall paper. They reported that the whole population had little caves dug in the clay hills, into which they retreated like woodchucks into their burrows whenever the rain of shot and shell fell fiercest. They bitterly complained that their daily ration of meat was but a mouthful of bacon, and half spoiled at that; that beef and flour and even corn meal had long been exhausted, and that they had neither coffee nor any substitute therefor; that raw pork and musty pea-meal bread formed a monotonous diet, and that whiskey cost one hundred dollars per gallon in Confederate money.

In short, these deserters confirmed in us the belief that the end could not be far away. At night from our camp we could hear "Yank" and "Johnny" bandying jibes with each other across the brief interval that separated them, and chatting of this and that; and Yank was wont to close with:



"Well, Johnny, Old Unconditional has promised us that we shall dine in Vicksburg on Independence-day, and he will keep his word, you bet!" This threat was even printed in the city paper. Indeed the soldiers themselves, from the forwardness of preparations at various points, believed that another assault was to be made on the fourth of July, and they meant it should succeed this time. The tired garrison read the belief behind the jest and were despondent in proportion to our confidence. This disheartenment in the Confederate ranks doubtless hastened the surrender, for the officers feared the assault and had lost all trust in Johnston's ability or will to make any effective attempt at their relief. That prudent general, we well knew, was preparing to dash with a large force across the Big Black for a desperate effort to help the imprisoned enemy. But we also knew that Sherman was in our rear watching him, and desiring nothing better than to see that horde, half made up of ill disciplined recruits and conscripts, attack his strong lines manned as they were by seasoned veterans.

Friday, July 3d, the forty-sixth day of the siege opened, the sun sending down its fiercest rays from a brazen sky. Even the customary morning salutation of our batteries to the foe seemed languid, and at a very early hour nearly all firing ceased, save from the river; consequently the navy seemed more noisily busy than usual. Before noon a rumor ran from man to man and camp to camp with telegraphic speed, quickening each heart with an electric thrill of joyous expectation, that a flag of truce had come out from General Pemberton asking for terms of capitulation. Soon the lines of men in grey and the lines of men in blue, lean over or climb their respective parapets and gossip flippantly to conceal their anxiety. In the course of the afternoon the mortars cease their fire, and silence becomes almost oppressive. The camps at night are as quiet as though there had been neither war nor rumor of war in the land. At the dawn the hush of painful suspense was relieved, for all along the dread ramparts which we had been girding ourselves to storm, gleamed the white signals of surrender. Yet there was little that was boisterous in the glad acclamation; but



universally joy-illuminated countenances, hand shakes of mutual congratulation, moist eyes and silent prayers of thankfulness, attested the depth of feeling. Every regiment was held within its lines until at ten o'clock the traitorous but brave grey brigades filed out, each upon its own front, stacked arms, hung upon the stacks the various accoutrements, placed the colors at the centre of each regimental line—all at words of command given in so low a tone that we could not hear them—and returned as they came, marching towards the city. On our part there was no cheering, but we silently gazed upon the spectacle presented by this sad procession of our humbled foe with the respectful demeanor of those who stand where a funeral pageant passes. Soon after the starry banner was raised upon the court-house and the navy with all its bunting displayed steered for the landing, blowing steam whistles and firing the national salute, now doubly appropriate to the day consecrated to Liberty.

#### CASUALTIES OF FIFTY-FIFTH ILL. VOL. INF'TY., DURING THE SIEGE.

NAMES.	COMPANY.	REMARKS.
THOMAS J. ELRODD,	A.	Shot through thigh, mortally, June 17, when going to spring.
JAMES B. MURPHY, <i>corporal.</i>	G.	Killed by bullet in forehead, June 25.
PETER GALLIGAN.	G.	Slightly wounded in shoulder by shell, July 2.
WILLIAM WALKER.	K.	Shot through arm, flesh wound, July 2.

Already the Fifty-fifth had marching orders:—"Be ready to move with ten days' rations at short notice"—and no opportunity was given to explore the captured city. A brief visit over the lines in our front disclosed along their rear slopes a confused jumble of disabled cannon, damaged wheels, wrecks of caissons, dead mules, empty ammunition boxes, cotton bales, useless muskets, worn out clothing and discarded equipments. The works though amply strong were inferior to our own in extent and neatness of construction. The inner trench was bestrewn with grenades and shell ready for use in the expected assault, and abundant



evidence appeared that the garrison had no dearth of supplies save percussion-caps and provisions. Fragments of the huge shells of the navy and the shot and shell of the land batteries belittered the fields and roads, and every tree was maimed. But what most engaged the soldiers' attention was the multitude of little holes excavated in the hill slopes, covered in such a manner as to be almost shell proof. So numerous were they that each man must have had one, into which when off duty he could dive like a gopher to escape the all-searching bullets. An examination of the arms and equipments surrendered showed them to be of superior class. The guns were chiefly Enfield rifles which had been brought into the Confederacy by the blockade runners. General Pemberton's army was the best appointed we had yet met.

We knew that Port Hudson only waited the news from Vicksburg before yielding to General Banks. The Confederacy was at last cut in twain, and the Father of Waters, again free of blockade from source to sea, thenceforward was to lend all his mighty forces to the protection of the Union.





## CHAPTER VI.

### THE JACKSON CAMPAIGN.—CAMP SHERMAN.

AT five o'clock on the morning of July 5th the regiment moved out from its little camp beneath the oaks and marched towards the Big Black. The enemy having been driven from the opposite shore of that stream by artillery, and a bridge constructed, we crossed at Messenger's Ford the next day. Thence we advanced, pursuing the direct road for Jackson, constantly retarded by skirmishing in front. Towards night of the seventh a terrific thunder storm burst over the weary battalions, and amid the awe-compelling elemental war before which the red bale-fires of battle "pale uneffectual," we went into bivouac near Bolton. We reached the vicinity of Clinton on the eighth, and came within sight of Mississippi's capital on the night of the ninth. The weather was of the hottest; the dust rose in suffocating clouds about the sweltering columns, and the men suffered wofully. Several were seriously affected with sunstroke, and others were constantly seen dropping out of the ranks and lagging behind from exhaustion. The little water-courses were now mostly dry gravel beds, and the few natural or artificial reservoirs of water remaining had been maliciously polluted by throwing into them the carcasses of slain animals. About mid-forenoon of the tenth we moved within gunshot of Johnston's intrenchments surrounding Jackson, his artillery greeting our advance with a few harmless shells. Our position was near the centre of the lines of investment.



During the tenth and eleventh hostilities were chiefly confined to the artillery, and our guns were served but slowly for the ammunition trains had not reached us. On the twelfth a furious but brief cannonade, accompanied with volleys of musketry, was heard upon the right, caused by a general advance of that wing of the army, and more especially by an unfortunate charge of a brigade of General Lauman's division which ended in a repulse and needless bloodshed. That day we began intrenching as for regular siege. The ground compared with that we had lately fought over, was quite level. The forest had been felled for a width of several hundred feet wherever it approached the defensive works, which were built of cotton bales covered with earth, and at suitable points were enlarged into bastions, turfed and constructed with embrasures for several guns, which had an enfilading fire upon the wide open spaces on either flank. General Sherman had evidently no intention of ordering any hasty or unnecessary assaults upon such defences, manned as we knew them to be by an army as large as that which had held us at bay seven weeks before Vicksburg. We lay quiet by day and worked diligently upon the trenches in the shades of night.

At noon, on the fourteenth, a truce was declared for the burial of those slain on the twelfth, and the pickets in our front stacked arms, met each other half way, and fraternized for three or four hours. Each side had very important news to impart to the other, inasmuch as the account of Meade's great victory over Lee and the destruction of the Confederate army at Gettysburg had just reached us, and our opponents had recent advices of Lee's great victory over Meade, at the same place, and the annihilation of the Union army—both on the day of Vicksburg's surrender. As neither could be expected wholly to distrust their sources of information, this subject had to subside, awaiting later advices. About the fact that Vicksburg had fallen there could be no dispute; but the rage against Pemberton for its surrender was so vociferous and unreasonably bitter—going even to the length of charging him with being a traitor bought and paid for—that one of us pointedly suggested to



these bellicose critics that they should wait calmly a few days, when they might, guided by some instructive experience of their own, arrive at a less captious judgment. The Johnnies, as usual, had their rough and ready rejoinders in which always figured such stereotyped phrases as: "We'll die in the last ditch before we'll surrender;" "You-uns can't ever conquer we-uns;" "Why don't you take Richmond?"

All belligerent feelings were apparently left behind with the stacked muskets. Neither the blood that had been spilled nor thoughts of the morrow, with its myriad dangers, cast any spells upon good fellowship and mirth. Jokers in grey and humorists in blue plied their festive witticisms, vying with each other to win the ready laugh of the listeners. A little before the hour that was to end the truce, a rebel colonel came out to the front among the men, clad in a coat bereft of most of its tail. He called attention to this, and explaining that the missing cloth had been carried away by a shot from our artillery, asked his Yankee auditors if any of them could boast a closer call than that proved. After hearing much wonderment expressed at his escape, "O," said he, "I forgot to mention that when this coat was thus curtailed it hung not on me, but on a tree!" After the uproar of ha-has that greeted this cheap sally had subsided, the same officer asked: "Who was that, last Saturday, in the oak covered with grape-vine yonder? He cleaned out a whole picket post for me, killing and wounding several men." "That was Sergeant Ridenour of the Fifty-fifth Illinois, with his revolving rifle," was the reply. "Well, I'd like to make the sergeant's acquaintance—after the war." And ordering his men back to their places, in a brief time the jovial gossips had become vigilant foemen again, doing their best to take each other's lives.

The exploit referred to by the colonel deserves further mention. Company A being on picket during the eleventh of July, was seriously annoyed by the enemy's sharp-shooters, and the orderly-sergeant was sent with a squad of five or six picked marksmen along the bed of a little creek, then almost dry, to try to abate the nuisance. After posting his men, the sergeant himself crept on within shorter range of



the rebel lines and found a double stump under the shadow of a vine-clad tree on the bank of the creek, peculiarly adapted to his purpose. He was not only an excellent shot but carried a noted five-chambered Colt's rifle, which had been used with potent effect to persuade enlistments for the Douglas Brigade, all the recruits for certain companies being assured they would probably be armed with one of those wonderful weapons. The magazine rifles had not then appeared in the army. Watching for a mark, the sergeant saw an officer in full view walking a little behind the rifle-pits, and fired at him, only, however, to make him hastily dodge under cover. The smoke of the gun of course disclosed the lurking place of the sergeant, and a score of hostile bullets came like angry hornets in search of him. One of the rebels, who exposed himself in firing, became a victim to the sergeant's second shot, and, keeping the rifle in the same position, another suffered from his deadly aim while gesticulating contemptuously and shouting, "shoot again," evidently laboring under the mistaken impression that the rifle, even if a double barreled one, was now unloaded. Bullets hissed through the grape-vine and into the oak harmlessly; but when the rifle spoke from between the twin stumps some rebel had a narrow escape, or was borne off on a stretcher. Those remaining soon grew prudent, avoided exposing themselves even to fire at the grape-vine, and left the pickets in peace.

Our batteries soon gained commanding positions whence their shells penetrated every part of the city, ammunition arrived, and when the sun went down on July 15th, everything pointed to an energetic bombardment of Mississippi's capital on the morrow. A vigorous and obstinate defence was expected, for not only was Jackson the seat of government containing valuable public buildings and costly private residences, but as a railroad centre it possessed much strategic importance. The astute General Johnston, however, did not repeat the error of his lieutenant, Pemberton, by allowing himself to be cooped up in fortifications. Before light, the next morning, a large fire near the centre of the city awakened suspicion, and the pickets advanced to find



the enemy gone. General Johnston, from the hour of our approach, had been quietly shipping eastward by rail all his war material, and during the night had withdrawn across the Pearl River by three floating bridges, safely removing his sick and wounded and all his artillery save two siege guns, thus leaving to us a somewhat barren victory. This was not to be our last experience of this general's masterly skill in retrograde strategy.

Entering the city, we were stationed at first in the capitol, upon the dome of which the flag of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts was flying. In the afternoon we crossed the river, expecting to follow in support of the cavalry and a division of the Fifteenth Corps sent to pursue the retreating army, but were recalled to aid in extinguishing fires that threatened to destroy the city, and were then detailed as provost-guard and went into bivouac in the southerly end of the town. Deserters from Johnston's army and stragglers captured by the cavalry were constantly coming in. The city was deserted by most of its inhabitants. Every night of our stay, one or more fires were set by incendiaries, and there seemed a disposition on the part of the soldiery to mete out a severe punishment to the place. This may have been in part because it was the capital of Jefferson Davis's state, but was more probably in revenge for the wanton pollution of the water supply and the planting of torpedoes in the roadways. By these last cowardly contrivances, now a soldier and now a citizen was murdered or mangled. Finally squads of prisoners were sent out under guard to find and remove them.

The infantry having destroyed the railroads for miles to the north and east, and the artillery having battered down with captured ammunition the brick piers of the bridge over the Pearl, the expedition returned towards Vicksburg, abandoning Jackson to desolation. The return march, in its fatigue and suffering from thirst and heat, rivalled that of the advance. The regiment reached Clinton on the twenty-third, Bolton on the twenty-fourth, and on Saturday, July 25th, found a more permanent resting place, about three miles west of the Big Black, which received the name Camp



Sherman. We were between twelve and fifteen miles from Vicksburg. Our camp and garrison equipage, which had been brought to the Yazoo landing, came to us on the twenty-seventh, and in the shade of the beech woods we set up little shelters that were to be our homes for two months. We formed a part of the line of the Fifteenth Army Corps, which extended from Haines's Bluff to the Big Black, at the railroad crossing.

Our brief Jackson campaign had been a fatiguing one, entailing much hardship and absolute suffering at times, chiefly because of the terrible heat and great scarcity of water. Though under fire five days our loss was light. The effective force of the regiment at this date was three hundred and fourteen.

CASUALTIES OF FIFTY-FIFTH ILL. VOL. INF'TY., AT  
JACKSON.

FRANKLIN L. KIMBERK of Company I, shot through arm, July 10.

GEORGE W. BONE of Company F, mortally wounded on picket, July 14.

PETER ROBERTS, *second-lieutenant*, seriously wounded in breast, July 14.

The influence of the then dominant policy in the War Department soon began to be felt. The matchless army that had been concentrated at such trouble and cost, directed by one man's will, had struck a telling blow, paralyzing rebellion throughout Mississippi and shaking the Confederacy to the centre. Yet this success so won, would without doubt have missed its grand perfection had not General Grant's headquarters for a critical week or two been in the saddle beyond hearing of the dictating tick-tick of the military telegraph at Washington. Now, instead of using the giant energies of this army to deal staggering blows in rapid succession and in the same direction, it was speedily dispersed north and south, to garrison cities, to awe guerillas, to guard cotton traders, or to aid expeditions of minor military import and doubtful issue west of the Mississippi. The older regiments were already mere skeletons, yet no new muscle was added to them, either by voluntary enlistments or conscription, and political managers were taxing their ingenuity to invent plans for reconstruction before the retributive destruction of war had been pushed to the point of convincing traitors that con-



ciliation was worth suing for, or even desirable. What with the stubbornness of Halleck, the subordination of military to political strategy, and the plotting and counterplotting of presidential aspirants, the Confederacy was given time to perfect a sweeping conscription, tide over an imminent danger and prolong the war a year.

Life in camp on the Big Black had the usual diversions and employments. Regular company and regimental drills were ordered from six to eight in the forenoon, guard-mount and weekly inspections were renewed, and dress parade was held at six in the afternoon. Nearly every week there was a review or brigade drill in the vicinity of General Sherman's headquarters and under his supervision. The battalion of the Thirteenth U. S. Infantry, which served as headquarters guard, had attached to it a superb military band, which added much to the interest of these occasions. Most of the officers by turns received short furloughs, and many of the enlisted men were granted leave of absence as a reward for gallant services, or other special reasons. The chaplain held daily religious exercises in camp, which aroused much interest, and several were baptised.

Of course a general court-martial, the inevitable concomitant of the close of a campaign, was duly convened. From the Fifty-fifth, Captain J. M. Augustine was detailed as a member of this court, and it was resolved by some that the commander of the regiment should appear before it for trial. Charges were preferred against the colonel in due form and forwarded to the brigade commander, General J. A. J. Lighburn. By him they were detained, and finally suppressed; probably, he would have alleged, with a view to the good of the service; but as the disappointed complainants rudely hinted, because "a fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind." Perhaps no document among the many regimental and company papers that have been preserved better illustrates and gives excuse for certain strained relations constantly existing in the regiment, which, if it were desirable, it is impossible to ignore in writing its history. For that reason alone the suppressed charges are reluctantly reproduced here in full, without further comment:



## CHARGES AND SPECIFICATIONS.

CHARGE I. Violation of the forty-fifth article of war.

*Specification 1.* In this, that the said Colonel Oscar Malmborg, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., during the operations against the enemy at Chickasaw Bayou, Miss., Dec. 27, 28 and 29, 1862, was at sundry times so much intoxicated as to be unfit to properly perform the duties of his position.

*Specification 2.* In this, that the said Colonel Oscar Malmborg, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., during the expedition to the American Bend, Miss., between the dates of March 14 and March 24, 1863, was at sundry times too much under the influence of intoxicating liquors to properly perform the duties of his position.

CHARGE II. Conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman.

*Specification 1.* In this, that the said Colonel Oscar Malmborg, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., did, while on the transport Fanny Bullitt, rebuke Second-Lieutenant William C. Porter of Company E, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., then regimental Officer of the Day, for alleged neglect of duty, in a grossly insulting and profane manner—reproaching him in so loud and angry tones as to awaken officers and men who were sleeping on the boat. This near American Bend, Miss., on or about the night of the thirteenth of March, 1863.

*Specification 2.* In this, that the said Colonel Oscar Malmborg, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., did unnecessarily and in an ungentlemanly manner rebuke Captain N. S. Aagesen of Company D, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols.,—then regimental Officer of the Day; using grossly profane and insulting language towards him, accompanied with threatening gestures; charging him falsely with neglect of duty,—and “damned impudence,” when he (Captain Aagesen) attempted explanation. All this on board the steamer Fanny Bullitt at American Bend, Miss., on or about the fourteenth day of March, 1863.

*Specification 3.* In this, that the said Colonel Oscar Malmborg, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., during the march from Grand Gulf, Miss., to Raymond, Miss., while the regiment was in bivouac, did curse and abuse Private Michael T. Cox of Company A, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., for misunderstanding him—using the following or similar language: “You are a liar, God damn you. I have a mind to kill you right on this spot.” This on or about the fifteenth day of May, 1863.

*Specification 4.* In this, that the said Colonel Oscar Malmborg, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., while riding at the head of the regiment during the march from Vicksburg, Miss., to Mechanicsburg, Miss., did break out in an unusual rage against the men and officers of the regiment, because of a slight disturbance in the ranks; calling the men “damned rowdies,” and threatening ‘to cut in the face with his sword any one whom he should see speaking;’ and upbraiding in loud and profane language the officers of the regiment—using these or equivalent expressions: “You are a set of damned imbeciles, unfit to command a squad of one man, and claim to be officers! Damned fools, that’s what you are.” This on or about the twenty-eighth day of May, 1863.



*Specification 5.* In this that the said Colonel Oscar Malmborg, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., did falsely accuse Assist.-Surgeon J. T. Smith, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., of cowardice and neglect of duty, and did otherwise shamefully abuse him, in the presence of the regiment and Battery B, Chicago Light Artillery. All this near Vicksburg, Miss., on or about the twenty-first day of May, 1863.

*Specification 6.* In this, that the said Colonel Oscar Malmborg, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., did near Vicksburg, Miss., on or about the fourth day of July, 1863, abuse with profane and insulting language Major J. J. Heffernan of the 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., in the presence of the regiment, using the following or similar language: "Hold your tongue, God damn you, or I'll blow your brains out."

CHARGE III. Conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline.

*Specification 1.* In this, that the said Colonel Oscar Malmborg, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., in violation of the third section of the first article of the Revised Regulations, habitually injures officers and men under him by tyrannical and capricious conduct and abusive language.

*Specification 2.* In this, that the said Colonel Oscar Malmborg, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., does habitually reprimand and abuse officers for real or fancied dereliction of duty, in the presence of the enlisted men of their commands.

*Specification 3.* In this, that the said Colonel Oscar Malmborg, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols., does habitually speak derogatorily of the abilities and capabilities of the officers, in the presence of the enlisted men of their commands.

J. M. AUGUSTINE,

Witnesses: Capt., 55th Regt. Ill. Vol. Inf.

Lieut.-Col. T. C. CHANDLER, 55th Regt. Ill. Vols.

Major J. J. HEFFERNAN, " "

Chaplain M. L. HANEY, " "

Adjutant H. S. NOTRESE, " "

Asst.-Surgeon J. T. SMITH, " "

Captain C. M. BROWNE, " "

Captain F. H. SKAW, " "

Captain H. H. KENDRICK, " "

Lieut. A. A. WHIPPLE, " "

Lieut. H. AUGUSTINE, " "

From the twelfth to the nineteenth of August the regiment was stationed at Amsterdam Ford, on outpost duty. The irrepressible craving of the soldiers for fresh vegetables, fruit and other savory additions to the unvarying army rations, often led them not only to break over wholesome military restrictions, but even to imperil their own and others' lives and liberty. In example of this, a sad reminiscence



attaches to our week's sojourn at this place. The neighborhood to the picket-posts of tilled land, orchards, and inhabited houses, was at once discovered, and soon peaches and sweet potatoes were seen in the haversacks of relieved guards. On August 14th, Calvin A. Songster of Company G, while foraging on his own account south of the river, and engaged in animated conversation with a girl in the yard of a dwelling, was surprised by two mounted men armed with double-barreled guns, who dashed up and ordered him to surrender. Looking into the four grim muzzles pointed at his head he saw no chance of escape from captivity. It happened, however, that a comrade belonging to Company K, by name John Greene, was in the house, the old lady whose home it was having agreed to give him some milk. Greene rushed out, raised his gun, and aiming at the rebel cavalry men, shouted, "Surrender!" The old lady followed him, and standing at his side kept crying excitedly to both, "O don't fight here!" But one of the Confederates discharged both barrels of his gun at Greene, who, firing his own gun ineffectually as he fell, dropped face downward at the feet of the woman, ejaculating, "My Jesus, what will my poor family do!" The horsemen immediately wheeled and fled, leaving Greene dying and Songster free. A party, at shouts of the latter for aid, crossing the stream found that Greene was dead, and that two men of Company A—Edgar J. Porter and Joseph H. White--had been captured in the peach orchard near by at the same time. These men were conveyed from one prison to another—Mobile, Atlanta, Columbia, Raleigh--through the breadth of the Confederacy to Libby Prison, Richmond. There Porter safely delivered to Colonel Streight a letter which had been entrusted to him by General Neal Dow, at Mobile. The winter of 1863 was spent by them at Belle Isle, where they met Jesse Gould, another soldier of the Fifty-fifth. Gould had also been captured during August, while upon a foraging expedition, being on detached service in the division train. He died at Belle Isle. Porter and White were paroled thence March 21st, 1864, and after being duly exchanged and recruited from their half-starved condition,



rejoined the regiment in time to take part in the Atlanta campaign.

While in Camp Sherman one of Company F's patriots received notice that a son had been born to him at his home in Illinois, and wanted a name. He immediately wrote to his wife to call the boy William Tecumseh Sherman, and at the same time wrote General Sherman, informing him that he had a promising namesake. The next day an orderly appeared with commands for S. F.—, private Fifty-fifth Ill. Vols., to report forthwith at army headquarters. The soldier with some trepidation obeyed the summons, saluted and awaited the general's pleasure. Sundry of the staff and other officers were present, and their faces wore an air of having enjoyed some joke, and of anticipating more amusement. "Well," said the general, "I see by your letter, Mr. F.—, that your wife has presented you with a fine boy, and that you have done me the honor to name him for me. How long have you been in the service?". "Two years, general," was the respectful reply. "Have you ever had a furlough?" Now it would have been strange if this question did not make the heart of the husband and father leap with hope of soon greeting his dear ones face to face. His general was surely proposing to allow him brief leave of absence for this purpose, reflected the soldier, as he feelingly replied: "No, general; I've never been absent from the regiment a day." "Been two years in the service, and never had a furlough—and your wife has a bouncing boy! Why, really, F.—, I don't understand this." The officers winked slyly at each other, enjoying the culmination of the strategy. The soldier's hopes sank; but his cheeks flushed, and his answer was prompt: "General, my wife last autumn made me a three weeks' visit when we were at Memphis." Amid the laughter of all present, General Sherman owned himself for once outflanked, and told the father that when the boy should be ten years old he would gladly send him something to remember for whom he received his name. The boy did not live to see a tenth birthday.

The regiment had already lost from its rolls by the various casualties of war, more than half of its complement. The



monthly return for August showed the following aggregates:

Present for duty.....	{	Commissioned .....	16
		Enlisted men.....	297
			— 313
Present and absent..	{	Commissioned .....	26
		Enlisted men.....	467
			— 493

The malarious climate asserted itself in due time, and the surgeon's stock of quinine was all insufficient for the legitimate calls made for it. A few cases of typhoid fever proved fatal. Men who had bravely dared and safely passed through the perils of battle, assault and siege--men with sun-embrowned faces and vigorous frames, whose muscles had become hardened with marching, drill and toil until they were as tough and elastic as steel, sickened and were borne to their graves within a few days. No list of those who died while the regiment was upon the Big Black can be made with accuracy now; but among the worthy and brave who surrendered to disease then, or from malarial poison shortly after we had removed thence, a few may be fitly named, even though others equally deserving remembrance, perhaps, may be omitted. Sergeants Henry Lenhart and Charles Rockhold, victims of fever at Camp Sherman, Christian patriots both, were men whose gallantry in action and sterling qualities of mind and heart, endeared them to their comrades. George W. Eckley's death was probably directly chargeable to his becoming overheated on the arduous march from Jackson. He was a beloved comrade, true, intrepid and capable. William Snapp, a fearless soldier of fine personal presence, Edward M. Bruner, an upright and manly patriot, and Leslie Gaylord, an unexceptionable soldier, found graves at Camp Sherman. Sergeant Samuel Kellogg and Franklin Peacar died of malarial disease, the former at Camp Sherman in July, the latter at Memphis in October; both were highly esteemed as men and soldiers.

Captain John T. McAuley was detached from the regiment for staff duty with Brigadier-General Giles A. Smith. Being subsequently appointed Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the First brigade, he did not again serve with his company during the war.



Henry W. Janes, the first quartermaster of the Fifty-fifth, was discharged August 10th, 1863, to accept appointment as captain and assistant-quartermaster of volunteers. Thaddeus H. Capron, who as quartermaster-sergeant and second-lieutenant had for nearly a year performed the chief duties of the office, was commissioned to fill the vacancy. Captain Janes was brevetted major and lieutenant-colonel, March 16, 1865, "for faithful and meritorious service during the war." He remained on duty in the quartermaster's department as captain and assistant-quartermaster, was promoted to major, June 19, 1879, and was retired July 2, 1879, "for incapacity resulting from long and faithful service," in conformity with section 1251 of Revised Statutes. He died at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., February 16, 1883.

On the first day of September, Major Tilden paid the regiment, and a few days later, recognizing the commercial opportunity, a sutler arrived with the usual miscellaneous assortment of goods, in the interest of Shreves and Andrews of Fulton county, Illinois. September 14th the regiment went across the Big Black upon a foraging expedition, but met with no noteworthy adventures, and because of the intense heat of the day failed to find this picnic-to-order particularly enjoyable. September 19th Governor Yates visited the camp and was received with the honors due to his high station. On the twenty-second, in the afternoon, our summer quarters were abandoned, and we moved to the railroad bridge over the Big Black to take the place of some troops of General Osterhaus's division, which had been ordered up the Mississippi. Here we laid out a new camp in an open field near the railroad. Not far away was an extensive encampment of colored refugees, wards of the government. Of this motley aggregation of dusky humanity, just emergent from the condition of marketable chattels, Captain Shaw was made provost-marshall—an honor he evidently did not crave, but bore with his customary quiet dignity. On the twenty-fifth again marching orders came, and two days later the regiment moved to Vicksburg, fifteen miles distant, with all its camp property.

This march was through a doubly-desolated land. Every



corn and cotton field was smothered with rank weeds; houses were windowless and chimneys often houseless, where but five months before rich planters led easy lives of luxury, the envied of the land. Now the proud wives and daughters of these men, little better clad than their former slaves, were perhaps fain to receive their daily bread, doled out by an U. S. commissary.

Arriving at the steamboat landing, we found the Ohio Belle assigned to the regiment and began embarkation. We learned that our division, then under command of Brigadier-General Giles A. Smith, together with the Fourth Division, under Brigadier-General Corse, were ordered to re-enforce the Army of the Cumberland which General Bragg, having driven with a superior force from Chickamauga, had caged in Chattanooga, and was now taming by a process of slow starvation. The next day was spent in loading the fleet and making a tour of the city, which most of the regiment had never before seen save from the swamp camps at Young's Point. The old bastions, rifle-pits and siege works had all been leveled, and a much shorter interior line of forts was in process of construction, suitable for the occupation of a small garrison. Rank vegetation had already concealed many of the wounds of the siege in the rear of the city; but the graves in the "Valley of Death," the shattered roofs in the town, the countless little caves in the slopes of the hills, and the heaps of rubbish and unsightly debris of abandoned camps, were eloquent of the bloody work of May and June.

Twenty-five years have run away since the stirring events occurred which the pen has tried to faintly outline in this and the preceding chapter. The veteran revisiting Vicksburg, however familiar he may have been with localities, will vainly strive to recognize many of them in the changed face of nature. The city itself stands upon its hundred hills as of old; but it is another city than that so obstinately defended by Pemberton's army. The Mississippi no longer rolls a turbid current at its feet; only a sleepy bayou stagnates in the old channel, and commerce has retreated for its landing three miles to the south. Young's Point is unrecog-



nizable; the region about Chickasaw Bayou is a tangled wilderness; the nobly wooded hills have been long robbed of their timber, and the Graveyard Road is no thoroughfare. Upon the bluff just above the city, where the right of the Fifteenth Corps rested on the river, is the beautiful National Cemetery. Among its army of the great majority, these five only of nearly forty belonging to the Fifty-fifth, who laid down their lives for their country in the region round about, have memorials inscribed with their names; and but one of these fell before the bastions of Vicksburg.

LEVI T. HILL, Co. A. Sergt. KELLOGG, Co. E. GEORGE W. BONE, Co. F.  
H. LENHART, Co. A. J. LIGHTFOOT, Co. E.

The many others lie among the "unknown" or sleep in forgotten graves. No, not forgotten; even though undistinguished by verbose epitaph or pretentious marble. Their patriot blood was not shed in vain. Their lives offered in willing sacrifice, and the lives of such as they, are the consecrated foundation of the nation regenerate—the very cornerstone of the new republic. For it was the self-sacrificing manhood of the rank and file, borne upon the resistless tide of national feeling, that in spite of narrow politics, vacillating strategy and sanguinary generalship, overwhelmed the desperate rebellion. The true heroes of the war were not those whose eulogies were loudest proclaimed, nor those at the passing of whose catafalques city streets were draped in black; but the humble volunteers of the ranks, in whose souls the flame of patriotism burned bright and pure, without taint of ambitious self-seeking; who, albeit hopeless of reaping renown or rising to exalted place, and always facing the probability that the last of earth to them would be a nameless grave, yet abandoned ease, possessions, home, youthful aspirations, love, to protect for posterity the constitution which our fathers had built at great cost.

"These died that we might claim a soil unstained  
Save by the blood of heroes; their bequests,  
A realm unsevered and a race unchained.  
Has purer blood through Norman veins come down  
From the rough knights that clutched the Saxon crown,  
Than warmed the pulses in these faithful breasts?"





## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CHATTANOOGA AND KNOXVILLE CAMPAIGNS.

SEPTEMBER 29th, bidding a glad good-bye to Vicksburg, we began the journey up the Mississippi, from frequent repetition familiarly irksome to us all. That night and the next day the boat halted at Greenville, while a supply of wood was collected in the rain. The consumption of fuel had been so enormous everywhere along the river, and the interruption of the wood-chopper's industry so general, that it had become necessary to haul fence-rails or other fuel from some distance to the shore, for the use of transports. This labor frequently consumed as much time as the real journey. Our advance was but slow, partly on this account and partly because of the very low stage of the river. Reaching Helena on the night of the second of October, we halted to secure a supply of coal. Continuing on our way the next morning, the boat struck hard and fast upon a sand-bar about twelve miles below Memphis, and we worked ineffectually hour after hour to get released from it, until the steamboat *Metropolitan* came to our assistance, and pulled us off in time to reach Memphis after dark on the fourth. In the morning the regiment marched out to the site of its camp of 1862, near the fair grounds, and set up tents. Two days were now given us wherein to rest and renew our acquaintance with the city. We found a year had changed Memphis from a half-deserted town in which the spirit of rebellion was insolently rampant, to a busy, prosperous mart



where Northern capital and Northern men throw apace in trade, although it must be confessed not always by purely patriotic or wholly honorable methods. The over-anxiety of the government to relieve the cotton market had opened the way to much illegitimate commerce, and "the Israelites spoiled the Egyptians" without much consideration for Mosaic or the United States laws.

On the eighth we began our long eastward journey. Marching from camp at break of day, the regiment found at the station a long train of box-cars loaded with army stores. Mounting upon the tops of these at ten in the forenoon, we left Memphis, the paradise of Jew sutler and Gentile siren, behind us. Our first day's travel, however, was brief, ending at Moscow because of a break in the track beyond. The rebel cavalry, well led, active and bold, were scouring the whole region bordering the railroad between Memphis and Tuscumbia; the population left in this territory was for the most part bitterly hostile, and the problem of keeping over one hundred miles of track in good working order was a serious one indeed. Not only had every bridge and culvert to be carefully watched and protected, but single rails were often removed at night and concealed. Trains were therefore compelled to utilize daylight only, and to run slowly at that. By a singular accident the regiment temporarily lost its colors during this trip. The flag, carelessly displayed on the top of the car, got caught in an overhanging telegraph wire, and was torn from the color-bearer's grasp. Fortunately it was recovered and forwarded to us the next morning. We proceeded on the train to LaGrange during the afternoon of the ninth, and went into bivouac about a mile beyond the village, where we remained until Sunday, the eleventh.

On the morning of that day we were temporarily attached to General Sweeny's command of the Sixteenth Corps, and set out in pursuit of a force of rebel cavalry reported to be a day's journey south. We marched until dusk, when news came of General Chalmers' assault upon Colliersville, where he nearly captured General Sherman and staff, and we hurriedly marched back six miles and went into bivouac. October 12th, being about eighteen miles from the railroad, we



learned of Chalmers' defeat, and turned south towards Holly Springs, marching until about noon, when we halted at Hudsonville. The next day we made a reconnaissance south for about eight miles, returning to Hudsonville for the night. October 14th we proceeded through Holly Springs and about ten miles beyond. A year before we had visited this locality for the first time, and remembered it as a beautiful town, with numerous tasteful residences, evidently the abode of cultured and wealthy people; while the region round about abounded in signs of prosperity. Now the whole face of nature seemed changed. The place was a slovenly ruin, and the fenceless fields far and wide were barren wastes. On the fifteenth and sixteenth we turned through Chalahoma, and by way of Byhalia marched to Colliersville. The next day we mounted a train for Corinth, and on the eighteenth reached Iuka. Here the regiment was assigned to the First brigade, commanded by General Giles A. Smith, a change altogether agreeable to us. Here, too, we received Springfield muskets in exchange for our heavy but trusty Dresden rifles.

The regiment was detailed to unload the stores from the cars upon the army train. A car was discovered partly filled with sutler's goods, which the owner had managed to smuggle along in direct contravention of General Sherman's orders. As this stock in trade had no place in the military trains, the boys in unloading began to distribute it where they thought it would do the most good. While the sutler was profanely remonstrating and trying to secure his property, General Sherman chanced along, and to him the angry man appealed for help. He received a characteristic response: "Neither you nor your goods have any rights here. My orders were that only army stores should be shipped in these cars. You have stolen transportation belonging to these men, while they have had to make a forced march. You are served just right." The general rode off, while the welkin rang with cheers, and the crest-fallen sutler retired to figure up his profit and loss account, and make out his claim upon government.

Our six-days' scout in pursuit of cavalry, from the fatigue and constant exposure in a malarial region, had caused an



alarming amount of intermittent fever among the men. The daily cases of "chills" were counted by the score, and several seriously ill were left behind at Iuka. Among these were Captains Shaw and Brink. The former recovered, and joined us after three months of fever and slow convalescence; the latter died there, October 31st. Even among the stalwart groups of soldiers in the Fifty-fifth, Vincent E. Brink was a striking figure, and his upright, vigorous physique was fitly matched by moral worth and noble qualities of heart. Before he received his first commission he bore the colors of the regiment.

On the twentieth we marched as rear guard behind the division train sixteen miles to Cherokee Station, just across the Alabama line, reaching it after ten o'clock at night. In advance we found the troops of Generals Osterhaus and John E. Smith encamped. At this station Francis P. Fisher received his commission as first-lieutenant and adjutant, was mustered in and entered upon the multifarious duties of that difficult and responsible position, for which he had peculiar qualifications by reason of his superior education and business experience. October 21st opened with rain and fog, and a proposed advance was delayed until eight o'clock. Soon after that hour General Osterhaus moving forward encountered the Confederate forces under General S. D. Lee. The rebel cavalry appeared clad in blue overcoats and succeeded in getting near enough unsuspected to make a fierce charge upon the van, causing some confusion and heavy loss in one or two regiments. A sharp fight lasting an hour ensued. Here were brought prominently into view at the rear, where we lay in reserve, the pitiful sights and sounds of the field-hospital:—the operating-table never long without its pallid occupant;—the sufferings that could find no alleviation until the death agony ended them;—the surgeons with hands and arms stained with gore, looking like so many butchers. Horrors that in the rage of the battle's front pass almost unpitied, at the improvised camp of the medical corps in the rear are too distressing for the most hardened to look upon unmoved. The enemy soon gave way, but the onward movement was at an end for that day.



We remained at the railroad station until the twenty-sixth, when General Blair, who was in command of the three divisions present, ordered an advance. Our brigade started at five in the morning and formed the right flank of the battle-line. The enemy were found in force near at hand and resisted with artillery, but were slowly pressed back until late in the afternoon when they made a determined stand behind Little Bear Creek, about five miles west of Tuscumbia, holding a strong position, and we went into bivouac for the night confronting them. The next morning our brigade, with that of General Lightburn, were pushed out upon the left flank of the Confederates who retired precipitately after a short skirmish, a few well-aimed shots from our twenty-pounder rifled Parrotts adding to the hot haste of their departure. The country we were entering is pleasantly diversified by rounded hills, well wooded and watered, fertile and altogether attractive. Its farms and villages had a home-like look, suggestive of peaceful prosperity, pastoral and slumbrous. About noon we marched into Tuscumbia to find it nearly deserted, its numerous stores stripped of goods, its hotels inhospitably closed, and its neat white residences left in charge of a few women and boys or decrepid old men, who with sullen stolidity watched our entrance. On the twenty-eighth we moved back to the Chickasaw bottoms about sixteen miles, when we learned that General Sherman had resolved to cease further attempts to repair and use the railroad, and had determined upon a forced march on the north side of the Tennessee River.

October twenty-ninth early in the morning the long roll summoned the troops into line and we were marched out from our camps about Cherokee Station two or three miles, to find that the rebel cavalry had made a dash upon the outposts, probably to ascertain the Union position. On the thirtieth we set out in a pouring rain with the army train for Chickasaw Landing, fifteen miles distant, but the mules floundered about in the deep mire of the country roads, the wagons frequently stuck fast and had to be pried and lifted out of the sloughs, so that we did not reach the river bank until nine o'clock at night of the thirty-first. There we re-



mained in such shelter as we could set up until November 2d, when we were conveyed by the Masonic Gem, used as a ferry-boat, across the Tennessee, and marched eight miles eastward to Gravelly Springs. The next day we proceeded seventeen miles, passing through Cypress Mills and Florence, and halting for the night within a mile of the last-named place. On the fourth, by a sixteen mile march, we reached Blue Water Creek, the way lying through the rich valley lands whose residents were bitter Secessionists and made little secret of the fact. November 5th we advanced fifteen miles to Anderson Creek, a persistent drizzle adding discomfort and difficulties to the miry roadways.

The Elk River, which the van of the army encountered near Rogersville, was found only passable by ferry, and to avoid delay the column was turned to the north in search of a bridge. We took up the line of march regularly at half-past seven each morning, halted about noon for an hour or less wherever we chanced to be, and bivouacked near some crystal stream when the day's journey ended. Often when the roads were heavy and the way grew long—when weary feet began to drag and sorely tried spirits lost their elasticity—when the usual merry chat, banter, quip and laughter died away, and morose silence brooded over the marching column—then Fred Ebersold or Dorsey Andress would strike up "Tobias and Tobunkus," "Doctor Eisenbarth," or other jolly catch—German or English, it was all one to them—and the jovial singers of Company I would chime in with the chores. Or the chaplain, with full, melodious voice, would start some familiar hymn, and Companies A and F, with others here and there, would join until the echoes woke among all the hills and woods around. And if thus hunger and thirst, cold and fatigue were not wholly charmed away, at least every heart and every step grew lighter, and the slow miles were more easily put behind us.

November 6th we marched fifteen miles in spite of a heavy rain, reaching Little Shoal Creek. The Fifty-fifth, sent out on picket upon a steep hillside, made an important capture of fifty or more rebellious pigs, after a brief but spirited skirmish. This fresh meat acceptably eked out the half rations



of hard-bread. On the seventh an advance of sixteen miles was made, the noon lunch and siesta being taken at Pulaski. On the eighth, sixteen miles more of our long journey were counted as passed, our course being directly east through Bradshaw, and our night's camp upon a rocky ridge. The next day we made but nine miles, crossing Buchanan's Creek about noon. The following day, passing through Fayetteville, we crossed the Elk River upon a fine stone bridge of six arches, and thence marched about five miles, bending our steps south again, although the direct route to our destination lay to the east through Decherd. This circuitous course was taken to avoid the mountainous roads and to strike a region more likely to furnish forage for the animals. The two other divisions followed the railway line to the eastward. November 11th our road lay through damp woodlands, then sombre-hued and depressing, for the glowing crimsons and purples which lately clothed the trees had mostly fluttered down and been woven by wind and rain into a russet-brown carpet beneath, already becoming mildewed and redolent of decay. The bridges were numerous and often insufficient for the safe passage of artillery, requiring to be repaired or strengthened, and causing vexatious delays; but we made fifteen miles. During the twelfth we made better progress, covering eighteen miles. About three in the afternoon we crossed the Alabama line, and our camp that night was south of Newmarket. The next day we increased our advance to twenty miles, reaching Paint Rock on the Memphis and Charleston railway.

We were among the picturesque foot-hills of the Cumberland range—a veritable wilderness of unspoiled nature; but soldiers with blistering feet are rarely inspired with any sentimental glamour about their pathway, however romantic; and empty stomachs joined with weariness of body are not conducive to enthusiastic appreciation of impressive scenery. The rations had become wofully deficient, and the incessant toil of the march began to wear upon men and animals. The route here turned to the eastward again. We had made a detour of over one hundred miles to reach a point but fifty miles away by the direct road, because of the unbridged Elk



River. Following the railway, we marched on the fourteenth to Larkinsville, sixteen miles distant, and encamped near a considerable stream that comes to the light of day only to disappear, a "Lost Creek" forever, passing within a few hundred yards into subterranean concealment. Sunday, the fifteenth, we reached Bellefonte, an advance of fifteen miles. We moved on to Stevenson, a village of sutlers, at the junction of the Nashville and Charleston railroads, through swampy woodlands, on the sixteenth, a distance of sixteen miles, and thence to Bridgeport, ten miles, on the seventeenth.

At this point, where the Charleston railway crosses the Tennessee, was the secondary base of supplies for the Army of the Cumberland. Here the military stores, after a journey of five hundred miles over a single line of railroad, had to be transferred to wagons and hauled by mules over a wretched round-about mountain road, sixty miles to Chattanooga. As the path in some places lay beside the river, the south bank of which was occupied by the rebels, sharp-shooters constantly annoyed, and even interrupted, this difficult transportation. Thousands of dead animals and broken wagons lay along the roadside, and with all diligence possible not more than half-rations for the men could be conveyed in this way. The artillery horses perished for want of food, or became too weak to move the guns. October 23d the reticent, iron-jawed conqueror of Vicksburg had entered Chattanooga upon crutches. In a week's time the army was receiving full rations by the river and a shorter road on its south bank, snatched from the Confederates' grasp. By this route we were to enter the field of military operations, the great gateway between East Tennessee and Georgia, thirty miles distant.

Having obtained much needed clothing and food, we continued progress on the nineteenth, crossing the Tennessee upon pontoon bridges, and bivouacked that night at White-side Station, thirteen miles in advance. Our noon rest was at a little stream which flows from the mouth of Nickajack Cave. The Confederate authorities for a time had manufactured saltpetre here, and the remains of their lixiviating



works were yet to be seen. At this place we heard the booming of the artillery in Chattanooga. The next day, travelling through a rough mountain region, rich in bituminous coal, we came to the base of Lookout Mountain and in sight of the enemy's pickets. The battle-ground of Wauhatchie was passed, where on October 28th and 29th, Howard's and Geary's men defeated in a night attack the superior forces of Longstreet, and ensured the permanency of the "new cracker line," which made it possible to hold Chattanooga. Near by were the elaborate camps of the Eastern troops, who had followed Hooker from the bloody fields of Virginia—as we had come from the conquered citadel of Vicksburg—to relieve from siege the Army of the Cumberland.

There was invariably a lively sharpening of wits when the free and easy Western men chanced to come in contact with the "brass-mounted" troops of the Potomac. We pretended to sympathize deeply with our compatriots from beyond the Alleghanies, in their grievous separation from good society and the luxuries to which they had been wonted. We volunteered our condolence because they could no longer draw from the quartermaster rye straw for their beds and Day & Martin's blacking for their brogans. We expressed our earnest hope that they might not be compelled to eat their hard-tack without butter. We said to each other, with simulated admiration, "What elegant corpses they'll make in those good clothes!" We prided ourselves upon not having a superfluity about us, not an ounce of weight that did not mean business—the business of the campaign. While the knapsack was light and clothes were of minor consequence, the gun and its proper accessories were always in perfect order and readiness, and the powder kept dry.

It may not be amiss for us to look at ourselves as seen by the eyes of a gallant officer from New England, who twenty years after the war genially wrote of that day's scene thus:

One day a "coming man" rode by the camp of the Thirty-third; a tall, straight, grisly-bearded, hawk-eyed, blunt old soldier—William Tecumseh Sherman. Behind him came his men, just in from the Mississippi, dusty and dirty, ragged and shoeless, hard marched as they had



been hard fought. It was the Fifteenth Corps of the Army of the Tennessee, Grant's own army which had won him his victories. After the disaster at Chickamauga, Sherman and his corps had been sent for by Halleck. On his way from Vicksburg Sherman had been appointed to the command of the whole Army of the Tennessee. He and his old corps, at the urgent call of Grant, had hurried along the road, fighting their way, bridging streams, repairing railroads and climbing over mountains, but pressing on to be in season to help win one more victory for their beloved and ever successful old chief. They rather despised the tidy camp of the Thirty-third as they passed it, its men's cleanly brushed coats, polished brasses and general marks of Eastern trimness and setting up, and discoursed of paper collars and other articles regarded in their eyes with contempt. They knew the Eastern men better on the long march afterwards, as they themselves came to be better known, and both mutually confessed their respect.

It was here that the men of the Fifteenth Corps awoke to recognition of the fact that they were behind the army fashion in having no distinguishing badge. While the soldiers of other corps organizations displayed everywhere glittering shields, crosses, clover leaves, arrows, acorns, stars, etc., we had no peculiar insignia. "What's your badge?" asked a Potomac man in spruce garb, well-blacked shoes and shiny equipments, of one of the begrimed veterans in our van, as it passed. "Badge is it?" replied the Irishman questioned, slapping his cartridge-box as he spoke, "why fourty rounds here to be shure, besides twenty in me pocket." No one in battle-field or on historic page has ever questioned our right to this the badge of our adoption.

A furious storm that night drenched every one through and through, until it seemed as though the very blood in our veins would be washed out. November 21st we crossed the swift river upon a frail pontoon bridge at Brown's Ferry, and waded three miles in mire through a steady pour until we reached the rear of some hills on the peninsula opposite Chattanooga, where we encamped about noon. The forced march had ended at last. The next morning our brigade, without its camp equipage, moved five miles to the northward, and went into bivouac along the North-Chickamauga Creek, which we found filled with pontoons. From the summit of a hill near by many of us sought and found a comprehensive view of the two armies in their intrenched camps—



the precipitous crest of Lookout, rising fifteen hundred feet above the river on the right of the line, and Missionary Ridge, stretching from the skirts of that mountain six miles north to the Chickamauga River, on the left. All along the rugged range Bragg's legions looked down as from the upper seats of an amphitheatre upon the camps of the Army of the Cumberland, the town, and winding Tennessee. Few more strikingly beautiful landscapes can be found in any land, and "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," the thousands of white tents, the batteries periodically wreathed in white smoke, the marching and countermarching, the gay flags, the busy wagon trains moving to and from the depots of supplies—all added attraction and impressiveness to the scene.

Monday, the 23d, we remained in the same position, and received full instructions respecting an important and dangerous service for which the brigade had been selected, in connection with the grand strategy by which General Grant hoped to overwhelm the Confederate forces then holding Chattanooga in close siege. Certain officers and men of the Fifty-fifth Illinois and Eighth Missouri were instructed to carefully observe the position of the cavalry picket-posts along the opposite shore of the Tennessee, both by day and night. One hundred and sixteen pontoons, constructed in Chattanooga, had been secretly conveyed across the river and by woods-roads to the creek where we lay, about a mile above its junction with the river. Every boat was manned by four oarsmen selected for their acquaintance with water-craft. The company commanders received special instructions, and in turn informed their men. All guns were loaded but not capped, and no one was to fire on any pretence whatever, unless by orders. To each boat was assigned twenty-five men and officers. At about eleven o'clock at night the boats received their quotas, and the expedition started. The Eighth Missouri led, followed by the Fifty-fifth. The long line of pontoons floated silently down the narrow creek until the Tennessee was reached, and then hugged the west shore as closely as possible. Not a loud word was spoken; we hushed our very whispers, and the oars were carefully muffled. The impetuous river, swollen by the heavy rains, bore



us swiftly down, and the darkness was so dense under the clouded sky and in the shadows of the forest-lined shore, that we could hardly see the batteau next before or behind. The rebel picket fires on the opposite bank glimmered through the mist; we could see the guards throwing wood upon them, and once heard the challenge of a sentinel, but rarely was there any sound save the steady monotone of the river's rushing water.

The leading boat directed its course so as to run across the stream a little below the first picket-post, and the instant it struck the land the twenty-five men sprang ashore, quickly surrounded the sentinel and reserve guard, and quietly marching them to the boat, landed them on the opposite side of the river, and then followed the other pontoons. The second boat in like manner took in the second outpost, and so on until all were seized. But one gun was fired, and that by the last sentinel captured, who in his nervous surprise, fired in the air; but this caused no alarm to the enemy. The Eighth Missouri and One-hundred-sixteenth Illinois landed above the mouth of Chickamauga River. The other regiments, following the lead of the Fifty-fifth and passing down three miles from the mouth of the creek, crossed the river at a point which had been selected, a lantern on the west shore serving as a signal to the oarsmen. Landing with intrenching tools, pickets were thrown out and a *tete de pont* was begun at once. Every man worked with a will, the ground was favorable, and in an incredibly short time quite substantial earth-works were thrown up. The oarsmen, as fast as their boats were unloaded, hastened directly to the opposite shore, where the other troops of the Fifteenth Corps were in waiting to be ferried over. Before there was a glimpse of daylight, not only the whole of our own division, commanded by General Morgan L. Smith, but that of General John E. Smith—eight thousand men in all—were in line on the south bank.

The pioneers began constructing the bridge as soon as the landing was effected, each pontoon bringing over its portion of balks, chasses and anchors. The wagons of the train, with twenty-four extra batteaux, had been brought to the place of crossing, so that there was no delay, and as fast as



the boats used for ferriage were needed, the oarsmen delivered them, the construction going on simultaneously from both shores. The little steamer Dunbar also came up from Chattanooga to aid in transporting the forces. By noon the three divisions, with their artillery, were in battle array, marching three columns *en echelon* towards the railroad tunnel at the northern end of Missionary Ridge, the right flank of Bragg's army. A fourth division, under General Jeff C. Davis, was crossing the completed bridge.

Our brigade was formed on the extreme left, and followed the course of the Chickamauga River in the advance. A dense mist which soon increased to a drizzling rain concealed the movement in some degree, alike from friend and foe. Two hills, the northernmost summits of the range, were quickly gained, against no opposition but that of a skirmish line, and artillery upon the ridge to the right. Intrenchments were promptly made upon these, and batteries got into position. These two hills proved to be detached from the continuous crest called Missionary Ridge, by a deep valley, and from the tunnel by a steep hill covered with woods, upon the top of which was a section of artillery and a large force of infantry in a square redoubt built of logs, stone and earth. Over the tunnel was a strong battery of Napoleon guns. Beyond this stretched the unbroken ridge for miles, running in a straight line nearly north and south.

The Union cavalry had crossed the Tennessee behind the infantry, and passing the Chickamauga by a short pontoon bridge thrown across near its mouth, was already on its way to cut the railroad communications between Knoxville and Chattanooga. The First brigade was opposed by skirmishers in its advance, and, when these were pushed back, by artillery which did not long retard our progress. During the melee, however, we lost our brave leader, General Giles A. Smith, who was severely wounded by a bullet. The command devolved upon Colonel Tupper of the One-hundred-sixteenth Illinois. At night we intrenched the lines gained, and the Confederates were heard busily strengthening their defences. Orders came to renew the onward movement at dawn. The clouds fled from the sky, and the mists rolled up the hillsides



and slowly vanished. The moon, thus unveiled for a time, soon became obscured by entering the earth's shadow, and thousands of sleepless men lay shivering on the ground, watching the waxing and waning of the eclipse. The air grew chillier, and wherever they could safely do so, the soldiers built little fires to warm themselves and prepare coffee. These fires, gleaming brightly among the foot-hills, told our allies in the town that Sherman's part in the grand strategy had been thus far well done. General Hooker on the right, seven miles away, having been equally fortunate in the part assigned him, occupied Lookout Mountain.

The general plan of battle proposed for Wednesday, the twenty-fifth, was for General Hooker to cross the Chattanooga valley as rapidly as possible to Rossville, and facing north to envelope the left flank, while Sherman, facing south, vigorously assailed the right flank of the Confederate army; and when Bragg should have weakened his centre in his efforts to resist these flank attacks, Thomas was to assault with his whole line. Shortly after sunrise the Fifteenth Corps began its advance, and General Corse's brigade was soon hotly engaged with the Arkansas and Texas brigades on the fortified hill. We were five miles from Chattanooga, strongly entrenched across the northern end of Missionary Ridge within musket shot of the tunnel, our left flank protected by the Chickamauga River, our right within support of the left of the Army of the Cumberland. It was all-important for the Confederate commander not only to prevent our gaining another rod of ground, but to push us from what we had acquired; for over four divisions of veteran soldiers threatened his railroad communications, his base of supplies at Chickamauga Station, and his line of retreat. But the position on the hill above the tunnel was by nature the strongest defensible point on the whole Confederate line, and the movements of the enemy were entirely masked from us by the dense woods.

The day was cold, the air clear of mist, and from every elevation the extensive and enchanting landscape of which Chattanooga is the centre could be seen bathed in sunshine. Only occasionally the white puffs of smoke from the field



guns told that war's dread work was going on all along the six miles between us and Bragg's left; but no sounds even of artillery could break through the din of fierce conflict near at hand. The desperate charge of General Corse's men failed to carry the hill commanding the tunnel, but gained a threatening position to which they clung in spite of the repeated efforts made to dislodge them. On his right and left the divisions of Generals John E. and Morgan L. Smith advanced in support. Our brigade was moving directly towards the rear of the Confederate position, unopposed, but also unsupported, and nearing a hazardous position where a massed force of the enemy lay in wait; but about noon we were ordered by the right flank into close support of the attacking column, re-enforcements from General Howard's command coming to our aid on the left. The Fifty-fifth, in this movement through the woodland to reach the base of the hill assailed, encountered a sharp fire from artillery at close range. Shells were constantly bursting over, near and among us, but did astonishingly little harm, three men only being slightly wounded by them.

The contest continued for hours upon the same ground with varying success. Where we had hoped to find the enemy the weakest and least prepared, they were evidently in great force and amply fortified. General Bragg had sent regiment after regiment from his left to mass against us in the wooded gorge at the tunnel.

The command of the right wing of the Confederate army was vested in Lieutenant-General Hardee, and the forces directly confronting us belonged to the famous division of General Patrick Cleburne. This division had been ordered to Knoxville, and was already embarking upon cars when recalled, after the successful Union attack upon Orchard Knob, November 23d. General Walker's division was brought from Lookout on the twenty-fourth to strengthen Cleburne, and upon the abandonment of that mountain, during the twenty-fifth, the divisions of Generals Cheatham and Stevenson were also moved to the extreme right. Some of the troops of the last named division were paroled prisoners from Vicksburg, faithlessly declared exchanged by the Con-



federate War Department and forced into service. In a letter to the Richmond Despatch, dated on the twenty-fifth, "Sal-lust" says: "Finding that he could not withdraw his army in time, General Bragg has given orders to mass his whole available force on the right." From this it would seem that the Confederate leader had proposed to abandon the Missionary-Ridge line, which accords with the assertion of a deserter on the twenty-second--information apparently discredited at the time by our generals. General Grant says: "From the position I occupied I could see column after column of Bragg's forces moving against Sherman." The Fifteenth Corps in fact had, so far as was possible, completed the task assigned to it. In pursuance of the plan of battle the general assault was expected to be made before noon, but as is usual in complex tactics over large areas, unforeseen delays had arisen. General Hooker had no considerable force opposing him, for the troops that had garrisoned Lookout Mountain and the Chattanooga valley had marched to confront Sherman. But the distance to Rossville was about five miles, and the bridge over Chattanooga Creek was found destroyed, causing four hours' detention.

Our position was undoubtedly becoming perilous, although few even of Sherman's generals were at the time aware, probably, that so powerful a force was menacing us, watching from covert of the forest for the favorable moment to become the assailants. It was past three o'clock before General Grant, finding that success would be imperilled if he waited longer for the van of General Hooker's force to appear, directed General Thomas to advance. The Army of the Cumberland moved steadily forward, unchecked by the deadly fire it met at all points, and drove the enemy in confusion from the lower line of rifle-pits; then, without halting for re-alignment, as the orders had contemplated, in the enthusiasm inspired by conspicuous success, the men dashed onward up the steep ridge, and carried the main works that crowned the summit, hitherto considered impregnable. Chickamauga was avenged. General Hooker came up in good time from Rossville on the right. The battle was won, and Bragg's left wing, a disorganized mob, was madly fleeing



for the mountain fastnesses of Georgia. But night came down upon the field before we could know of this success, and the troops at Tunnel Hill slipped away unmolested under cover of the darkness.

Our brigade had relieved a portion of the column of attack at dusk, and occupied a line of captured rifle-pits which we were busily engaged in reversing and improving, until an advance by a part of the division, about midnight, disclosed the fact that the tunnel and its guardian hills were tenanted only by the dead. Orders for pursuit came soon after, and at seven the next morning we marched from the battle-ground, crossed the pontoon bridge at the mouth of the Chickamauga river and proceeded ten miles over roads so muddy as to be almost impassable for teams, following the line of the Charleston railroad. At Chickamauga Station, immense piles of corn, beans and army stores of all kinds were burning, and the highway was strewn for many miles with broken and abandoned wagons and camp equipage. November 27th we marched beyond Graysville into Georgia, in a soaking rain. We could see the smoke of conflict across the valley where the fame of General Hooker, the hero of the "battle above the clouds," was temporarily put under a cloud by Pat Cleburne with the stubborn rear guard of Bragg's army, at Ringold Gap. November 28th we effectually destroyed the railway track for miles, and began return northward the next morning, turning from the Chattanooga road to the eastward through Julian's Gap, and marching seventeen miles. The following day we gained Charleston, on the Hiawassee, driving the rebel cavalry from the town.

During the last day's progress we met abundant evidence of the existence of a strong Union sentiment among the population, and frequently little flags were affixed to the gate-posts to advertise the owners' devotion to the Constitution. One young woman, who stood in the doorway of a house in Cleveland waving the stars and stripes in welcome, was greeted with cheer upon cheer all along the column as it passed. Avowed loyalty to the flag here we knew to be something more than a sentimental declaration of prefer-



cence. It meant suffering for conscience' sake; it meant the attestation of faith by endurance of insult, relentless persecution, and even captivity; it meant not seldom deadly feud between neighbors, estrangement in families, and the loss of nearly all that life holds dear. For this idyllic land, this sylvan Arcadia bearing every outward semblance of rural peacefulness and contentment, had witnessed scenes of unrestrained human passion, internecine strife and brutal cruelty, for which the war's history has few parallels.

The high road to Georgia was now open; the nitre beds upon which the Confederacy had placed its main reliance for the manufacture of powder, the coal-mines and foundries were at last within our grasp. The Chattanooga campaign here properly ends. To the Fifty-fifth it had been a terribly laborious and exciting campaign, but one attended with marvelously small loss in view of the perils encountered. The effective force of the regiment was reported at two hundred and thirty-seven previous to the battles of November 24th and 25th. Its casualties in those engagements were but three:—James Howell and Marcus Hardenbrook of Company B, slightly wounded in the face by explosion of a shell, and Henry Reagger of Company C, slightly wounded in the hand by a shell.

There had been intense and outspoken anxiety at Washington and in the North generally, lest General Burnside and his little army, besieged in Knoxville by Longstreet, should be overwhelmed by force or starvation. Reports had been coming to our ears long before the victory that he could not hold out longer than the first week in December, for want of provisions. By every communication from the War Department General Grant was warned to protect loyal Tennessee. Some of this vociferous uneasiness on the part of the authorities at the Capitol turned out to be rather unnecessary. General Burnside proved able to take care of General Longstreet when he became actively offensive, and although his brave soldiers suffered many privations until relieved by the approach of Sherman's column, they were not reduced to such straits for food as the army of Rosecrans had been before our coming to Chattanooga, nor as was our own division



before it regained its camps. General Grant gave up earnest pursuit of Bragg to hasten succor for Knoxville. General Gordon Granger with two divisions had been sent forward immediately after the victory was decided, but the rate of his progress not being altogether satisfactory, Generals Morgan L. Smith's and Ewing's divisions of the Fifteenth Corps, and the divisions of Generals O. O. Howard and Jeff. C. Davis were ordered to follow, General Sherman having command of the six divisions.

The Fifty-fifth had now been a week absent from its camp, whence it started out stripped for fight with two days' rations in haversacks. The weather was severely cold, ice forming nightly over the pools in the muddy roads sometimes nearly an inch in thickness, and all suffered greatly from want of clothing. The knapsacks had been left behind, and most of the men had no blankets. The officers carried rubber blankets only, and these alone formed their bedding save when the bivouac chanced to be near a straw-stack or in the oak woods where leaves could be raked together; and such materials were usually rain-soaked. Soldiers disposed to be scrupulous about personal cleanliness could often be seen at night washing their shirts in the creek and drying them before the camp-fire. The rations were almost exclusively corn-meal and such meat, fresh or salt, as our foragers brought in. We had but one wagon along for all uses, and were forced to rely exclusively upon the neighboring country for subsistence. One day the regiment feasted upon newly cured hams, turkeys, fresh mutton and beef; the next, perhaps, it had little but corn-meal. Large quantities of excellent sorghum molasses were found. Every mill we passed was set in motion to grind grain. One night all who had partaken too liberally of pancakes made of some flour got at one of these mills, were suddenly taken with violent qualms, and the cry of "poisoned meal" began to be heard. But the trouble was soon ascertained to arise from "sick wheat," and the ill effects were brief. Poultry of every kind abounded; but gobbling and quack and cackle were speedily hushed in the land, and the army left of the abundance only bones and feathers behind. Even the patriarchal leader of the snowy flock was



not spared, as could be testified by a certain gourmand of Company G, who cooked one goose two or three days in succession as he had opportunity, and, unable to disjoint the bird, turned it over to a man of Company I, who finally abandoned it in its undiminished integrity, swearing it was only a deceptive petrifaction.

From Chattanooga to Knoxville is a journey of eighty-four miles. Our forced march began December 1st, at noon, when we crossed the Hiawassee upon the railway bridge which had been partially saved from destruction and planked over. Our day's march of seventeen miles ended near Athens. We had left the mountains and entered the lovely garden valleys of Eastern Tennessee—a land of rich pastures and easily tilled farms, of pure, pebbly-bottomed streams and forests of valuable woods, of inspiring scenery and equable climate; a region favored with more natural attractions for human homes than almost any other in the world. On the second we marched twenty-four miles through Sweet Water, and on the third thirteen miles through Philadelphia to Morgantown, where we were stopped by the unbridged Little Tennessee, here over seven hundred feet wide, swift, and too deep for fording. The little village contained but few buildings, and these were quickly resolved into their primitive elements, to be rapidly reconstructed, under the direction of General James H. Wilson, into a bridge for the troops to pass over. During the night of the fourth we crossed, and on the fifth advanced fifteen miles to within a short distance of Marysville, which town we entered the next morning, meeting the other divisions coming up on converging roads. We were less than fifteen miles from Knoxville. Longstreet, having been repulsed with great slaughter in an assault upon the works there, had withdrawn from the siege during the night of the fourth, and fled up the Holston valley. General Burnside courteously acknowledged his obligations to Sherman's army, and we turned southward again.

Throughout our march we met only friendly greetings and willing assistance. With one acclaim we were joyously hailed as deliverers. Grey-haired men bade us God speed, and sad-



faced women called upon heaven to bless us. And when the brave lassies of those beautiful valleys came out upon the roadside, as they daily did, holding out diminutive copies of the starry banner and wearing welcoming smiles upon their blushing faces, rank and file went wild with patriotic enthusiasm. The surviving veterans of the Fifty-fifth, reviewing its history indelibly engraved in their memories, find many pages emblazoned with greater military glory, many pages crimsoned with the blood of greater sacrifice, but perhaps no page is oftener reviewed with more unmixed satisfaction than that which recalls how, through toil of travel and great suffering from cold and hunger, it hastened to aid the final deliverance of this people who had long borne in unflinching loyalty the brutal oppression of traitors.

The division of General M. L. Smith was ordered to follow in support of a cavalry force sent to pursue a detachment of the enemy which was escaping with a wagon train into the mountains of North Carolina. December 7th we camped two or three miles south of the bridge constructed at Morgantown, eighteen miles from our starting point, and on the eighth at dusk, wading the bridgeless Tellico Creek, went into bivouac eighteen miles nearer the state line, in the rumpled skirts of the Great Smoky range. It had been a long and wearisome day's march. Not only had the roads been rough and miry, but the wind that blew in our faces was of marrow-piercing chilliness. The sky, all day lowering, grew black and threatening before the column halted in a grove of young trees. As soon as the guns were stacked and the guards designated, the men hurried their preparations for appeasing ravenous appetites and for setting up such little shelter as they could contrive against the storm evidently near at hand. Division of labor and long experience make quick workers. Some gathered fuel and lighted fires, while their messmates selected the fittest spots of ground and, gathering grass and leaves for the night's bed, covered them with such slight roofs as could be improvised. A few fires began to send out a promising blaze. In a few minutes more the cheerful sizzling of frying meat and the refreshing odor of steaming coffee would have pervaded the bivouac, and



half the day's discouragements would have disappeared with the sparks that went sailing up among the foliage. Just at this critical moment, as if bearing us special malice, the storm burst. The rain came in sheets, and the wind quickly rose to a gale. Every spark of fire was almost instantly drowned out, and pitch darkness settled like a pall over the little camp of drenched, tired, hungry, shivering, disconsolate patriots. Some stood, some sat down with backs to the wind, covering themselves with rubber blankets, if any they had, and brooded in sullen despondency over their joyless lot, homesick and lonely in the "tumultuous privacy of storm." No sound was for a time heard save the swish of the wind-tortured tree-tops, and the roar of the elements. But suddenly a well-known voice from the right of the camp broke the silence, rising, resonant and clear as a bell, above the turmoil of the tempest. It was the chaplain, singing that grand old hymn by Stowell:

"From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a safe retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat."

With the second line a few voices joined, and more and more took up the strain, until it rang out through the gloom like a paean of victory. It was--the victory of Christian psalmody; at once exaltation and benediction.

The next day we passed the Tellico Iron Works before noon, and having marched about two miles encamped at Tellico Plains. In this neighborhood we remained, surrounded by grand mountain scenery, for four days, living upon the rich Secessionist farmers and sending out foraging parties through the whole region, even across the North Carolina line. December 13th we resumed our return march westward by Chilahoma Mountain, crossing Conasauga Creek. On the fourteenth we reached Chestee Creek, on the fifteenth passed through Charleston, on the sixteenth advanced to Cleveland, and on the seventeenth came to Chattanooga. During this five-days' march of seventy-five miles it rained most of the time, the roads were heavy, many of the men were footsore, and all were half starved. It was, moreover,



bitterly cold. The only way reasonable comfort could be got at night was by building huge fires of pine logs, piled often eight or ten feet high, and raising a shelter of evergreen on the windward side, fifteen or twenty feet away, under protection of which a thickly packed rank, with feet to the blaze, took their well-earned rest. The whole country had been stripped of its provisions by both armies twice over. Upon our arrival in the vicinity of an army commissary, many had for twenty-four hours or more eaten no morsel of food, and most had tasted little but unground corn for two or three days. Some beef was at once obtained, and the men were to be seen everywhere broiling their rations over little fires, and hardly waiting for the meat to be warmed through before they ravenously devoured it. All were ragged, many were entirely shoeless, and others so footsore that they could not be expected to walk another hour. These last were selected from the brigade and sent down the river in pontoons, Captain Nourse of the Fifty-fifth having the honor to be placed in command of the fleet manned by "the barefoot brigade."

The regiment marched to Bridgeport, arriving there on the evening of December 19th, badly fagged by its long day's journey of twenty-five miles. Indeed it might be called a go-as-you-please march, for several of the regiment failed to appear until the next day. The pontoons had anchored in the same harbor a few hours before the first of the footmen came over the bridge. The quartermaster and his men had a camp in order ready for our coming, having arrived at Bridgeport three days earlier. December 20th clothing was issued. The Fifty-fifth, blossoming out in fresh blue, bore little resemblance to the ragged, travel-stained, unkempt horde of tramps that straggled into town the night before. December 23d Major Newcomen paid us four months' dues, and on Christmas day the colonel, with ten enlisted men detailed for recruiting service, left for Illinois. The same day died in camp Corporal Matthew McComb, a modest, courageous man who quietly and faithfully served his country as he quietly and faithfully did everything that came to him in the light of Christian duty.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### WINTER QUARTERS.—RE-ENLISTMENT.

THE Fifteenth Army Corps, of which General John A. Logan now assumed command, relieving General Blair, was ordered to be stationed along the railroad from Stevenson to Decatur, for the winter. Both of these towns were in direct communication by rail with Nashville, the headquarters of the department. December 26th the Fifty-fifth was ordered to Bellefonte, about twenty-five miles west of Bridgeport. The roads proved almost impassable, it rained incessantly, and animals and men were chilled through by the wintry blasts from the mountains. Three full days were consumed before the regiment reached its destination, and then the wagon train could not keep pace with the troops, and tents and camp utensils did not get to them until the twenty-ninth. Even with their recent bitter trials in campaign life fresh in memory, many declared this march the worst in all their experience. Supposing Bellefonte fixed upon as winter quarters, the men began to elaborate the camp, building chimneys and in other ways making their huts as comfortable as possible, though all suffered greatly from the unusual severity of the weather. It proved but a nine days' home, after all.

The regiment now numbered about four hundred and seventy present and absent, over one-third of whom were upon detached service. The provisions of General Orders 191 and 376 of the War Department, proffering a bounty of



four hundred and two dollars and a furlough of thirty days to veteran volunteers of at least nine months' service, re-enlisting for three years or during the war, were being accepted very generally by those troops about us to whom these orders applied. But in the Fifty-fifth no enthusiasm had been awakened and very few had avowed their intention to re-enlist. In a regiment so noted for its ardent patriotism and soldierly qualities this reluctance astonished its friends, and especially the generals under whom it had served. The following order was read on New-Year's day.

HEADQUARTERS 2D DIV., 15TH ARMY CORPS, }  
BELLFONTE, ALA., Dec. 31, 1863. }

MEN OF THE SECOND DIVISION:-

I have a word for your private ear. The campaign which you have just completed exceeds by far any other march that has been made during this or any other war. This division has marched from Eastport to Tuscmibia and back to Eastport farther than any other division in the Corps; and the Second brigade has marched from Tellico towards Murphy, twenty miles, and back further than any other brigade in the Corps. I claim for you that your march was more orderly, and that you lost one hundred per cent. less men from straggling than any other division. For all this you have a great reward in your own manly breasts, that no paid newspaper reporter can rob you of.

Now a grave question presents itself to you. Will you join the Veteran Corps? Will you finish the job you have so nobly commenced, or will you falter so near the end of the race, and resign the crowning glory to other hands? Don't for an instant think that I wish to persuade one man to act against his convictions of duty; but let me tell you that a great and rich country will never tire of rewarding the men that stand by it to the end. Your children and children's children will bless you and your memory to the end of time. What is done must be done quickly. It must be done before the 5th of January to secure the four hundred and two dollars bounty.

By order of Brig.-Gen. M. L. SMITH,

J. C. HILL, A. A. A. G.

General Smith also publicly promised a barrel of whiskey to the regiment of his division first re-enlisting. The emulative spirit of the Fifty-fifth was not stirred by this proffered prize. Much higher and truly patriotic considerations were already moving the majority of the regiment; but most of those ready to serve their country for the war had firmly re-



solved that they would not bind themselves to further service unless given assurance which they could implicitly trust that they should be relieved from the field officers then over them. Lieutenant Healey was appointed regimental recruiting officer, and enrolled about fifty veterans, who were sworn in on the fifth. Soon after notice came that the time for the acceptance of veteran re-enlistments had been again extended.

On the third of January we performed a novel duty. Two ladies and their children had been smuggled across the Tennessee somewhere in our vicinity, and were captured while on their way to Murfreesboro. It was ordered that they should be sent back by the same route. The Fifty-fifth was detailed to escort them to the river, and Madame Peebles, wife of Confederate congressman Peebles, and Mrs. Peebles, wife of Colonel Peebles, with their two boys and trunks, were one by one paddled across the swift Tennessee in a dug-out, and received for by a major on picket duty opposite. This affair would have lacked interest for most of the escort, however, but for the chance discovery of a herd of pigs in the bottom lands. Whether these animals belonged to loyal or disloyal owners we could not be supposed to know; but upon their own merits they were condemned as undoubted bushwhackers, and after a spirited chase the majority were drawn, quartered, hung on soldiers' bayonets, and carried to camp.

Three days later the Fifty-fifth was moved to Larkinsville, one day in advance of the rest of the division, to take charge of and preserve the buildings and barracks left by the Third division, which had been ordered away. Here we were detailed as provost-guard, establishing camp again, as we imagined, for the winter, and we built substantial huts of boards and other lumber picked up here and there, adding mud chimneys and the other customary conveniences of a soldier's home in the field. Some snow had already fallen, and the weather was often bitterly cold. The camp routine was not onerous. Guard-mount was held at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and dress-parade at four in the afternoon. Now and then a brigade inspector appeared among us and made his favorable report. Occasionally the regiment had



to procure wood for the railroad, as well as for its own use. The chaplain built a little chapel for Sunday and evening services, and by his fervor and industry awakened unusual religious interest in the camp. Quartermaster Capron having been detached for duty at brigade headquarters, as acting assistant-quartermaster, on January 1st, Lieutenant Horace T. Healey became acting regimental quartermaster, which office he ably filled until the expiration of his term of service.

January 24th the regiment marched two miles among the mountains, accompanied by the Alabama Cavalry, for the purpose of summoning witnesses against alleged bushwhackers then in the hands of the provost-marshall, and returned the next day. On the twenty-sixth Major Heffernan left for Springfield, Illinois, upon recruiting service. His labors in that line of duty, though long continued, are not known to have added a man to the ranks. The same day the brigade marched, with ten days' rations, across the Tennessee River at Larkin's Landing in pontoons, and travelled until four o'clock the next morning, reaching the head of a pass over Sand Mountain. During the forenoon the summit was reached, and meeting with neither opposition nor notable adventure, the expedition returned to within three or four miles of the river. Several of all ranks in the brigade betrayed unmistakable symptoms of being badly poisoned by "mountain tea," which some of those with acute instincts for a still hunt had discovered in its secret retirement on the mountain. The pontoon bridge which the pioneer corps were engaged in constructing being yet incomplete, we recrossed in boats, on the twenty-eighth, and encamped at its northern end, a detachment of the regiment returning to the town as provost-guard, under Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler.

January 29th a reconnoissance in force, under command of General M. L. Smith, embracing cavalry, artillery, and two or three regiments of infantry from each division of the Fifteenth Corps, was made across the river. This expedition proceeded about forty miles towards the interior of Alabama, visited Lebanon and Guntersville, effectually scoured the intermediate country, and captured numerous Confederate officers who, with small squads of so-called home guards, were



hunting down and forcing into service the male inhabitants of the northern counties, most of whom were at heart Union men. The expedition did not return until February 5th. The Fifty-fifth did not accompany it, being assigned to the duty of guarding the pontoon bridge immediately after its completion. But almost daily companies were detailed to cross the river with the wagon train and bring away what forage could be discovered. These excursions were popular with the men, who usually found some opportunity for making agreeable additions to their rations; and now and then two or three of the more venturesome secretly made excursions independent of a train into the mountain wilds, where they sometimes narrowly escaped capture, and met with many interesting adventures. February 16th the regiment was gladdened by the coming of Paymaster Newcomen. On the twenty-fifth the detachment at the village was relieved from provost duty, and the whole regiment took post at the bridge, the five companies, A, F, G, H and I, being stationed, under command of Captain Augustine, in the *tete de pont* on the south side of the river, relieving a detachment of the One-hundred-sixteenth Illinois. Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler remained with the other companies on the north side, in support of the battery.

Meetings were frequently held in the evening for the purpose of trying to induce the men to re-enlist, but there seemed little hope that the regiment would retain its name as a veteran organization. By the first of February between fifty and sixty only had been enrolled, less than one-third of the number required under the provisions of General Order 376 of the War Department, to entitle the command to furlough as a veteran regiment. There was obviously some undercurrent of feeling that restrained a majority from binding themselves, although they fully recognized and acknowledged their patriotic duty and the generosity of the government's bounty. Early in the month there appeared among the line officers a document inspired by the chaplain, but in accord with a popular sentiment in the regiment. In the patriotic fervor of the time it was signed without demur by nearly every officer present. It proffered to the veterans



the extraordinary pledge that, if enough would re-enlist to retain the regimental organization, they should have the privilege of electing their commissioned and non-commissioned officers, from colonel to corporals. Yet this assurance, attested by the signatures of all the company officers, and, verbally at least, endorsed in much higher quarters, carried little force. Reasoning upon past experience, the shrewder minds warned their comrades to beware of a promise lacking the highest official sanction—any promise which, though satisfactory to the ear, could readily escape fulfillment or find excuse for long delay, when the enlisted were bound beyond chance of withdrawal from their part of the contract.

March 1st a reconnoissance, commanded by General Giles A. Smith, was made over Sand Mountain by the Fifty-fifth, accompanied by the Eighth Missouri mounted and two companies of the Fifteenth Michigan. A march of twelve miles was rewarded by the capture of a few home guards, and some forage was collected. Soon after, information was brought to General Logan that the Confederates designed the destruction of the bridge, and constant vigilance, especially at night, was enjoined; but no hostile attempt was made, rather to our disappointment after ample precautions had been taken. March 21st we were surprised by a fall of six inches of snow during the night, an almost unprecedented amount for that region, as the older residents assured us.

During daylight the exuberant spirits of the regiment sought more or less successfully to beguile the weary hours with sportive tricks, athletic exercises, and games new and old. Some busied themselves with carving pipes from briar and laurel roots, covering them with elaborate decoration; while others wrought rings from pearly mussel-shells. Cock-fights were largely patronized by a few, and pet birds were guarded with zealous care and systematically trained for the matches. By necessity such occupations and amusements were enjoyed within camp lines; but when the stars began to glimmer brightly over the mountain tops, and roll-calls were over, a secret exodus from company quarters often took place, and humanity's great problem—how to chase dull care away—found pleasant solution sometimes far outside even the

the first time I have seen a book which has been written by a man who has had no previous experience in writing. It is a very good book, and I am sure it will be well received by the public. The author has done a great service to the country by writing this book, and I hope it will be widely read and appreciated.

picket lines. The region about us though thinly inhabited was peopled by a race disposed to stand by the old flag, and, save the men drafted into the rebel army and a few volunteers in our own, the families all remained at their homes. The females far outnumbered the males. It was not long before the brave boys of the Fifty-fifth had ingratiated themselves with the lorn damsels, and frequent social parties followed, where the beaux, all in army blue, furnished the music and the commissary stores, and the belles in costumes of their own weaving and shaping, gave grace and some wholesome restraint to the rustic ball. Hilarity reigned supreme on such occasions, and chance lack of cultured manner was held of small account weighed against native amenity and jovial activity. The popular dance of the locality had few changes. It was known as "the Alabama flat-rock," and differed little from the genuine "break-down." Care was taken not to give too general notice of these entertainments, for there was great danger that the self-invited guests would be too many for the house to hold, and the dance find indefinite postponement for lack of floor room and superabundance of floor managers. The popular musicians of these assemblies were J. G. Brown, M. M. Potter and Joseph Presson of the Fifty-fifth. Principal-Musician Brown had also a talent for versification, and wrote the songs of the regiment. A rallying song for the veterans by him, set to the tune of "The Bonnie Blue Flag," will be remembered by many. Truly republican principles governed entertainers and guests; corporals' stripes often took precedence of shoulder-straps. Several of the officers of the brigade having planned a *select* party, on the appointed night proceeded to the rendezvous; but on drawing near the proposed ball-room, they not only met the resplendent glare of the usual tallow-candle illumination, but the sound of exhilarating music and the shuffling of sympathetic feet struck their astonished ears. The boys had got wind of the festivities intended to be so exclusive, and beaten the shoulder-strapped soldiers at strategy, much to the disgust of the latter. The midnight roll-calls thereupon ordered for a few nights were supposed to have restored discipline in camp; but strange to say the usual guests trod



the same measures at the regular cottage dances without appearing in the reports as absent from roll-call.

Susceptible as well as gallant, it was inevitable that some of the young warriors should lose their hearts to the frank and fair maids of the mountains, and the chaplain was called upon occasionally to seal the bond of union made by some infatuated couple. Alas! in the spring when the army marched upon the Atlanta campaign, sundry weeping wives reluctantly parted from newly-made husbands. But one of these husbands belonged to the Fifty-fifth, and he, it is presumed, returned to cheer his loyal Southern spouse after the cruel war was over.

There was some sickness among us at Larkinsville, chiefly fever, and four men fell victims to disease: Sergeants Edward Bridge and E. D. Huntington, George Putnam and Joseph F. Bragg. Orderly-sergeant Huntington was a man of very bright intellect, and would soon have received deserved promotion. Both he and Bridge were genial, brave soldiers, whose loss was much lamented by comrades.

Over the frail bridge of boats which we were appointed to protect, daily streamed a forlorn line of Alabamians, fleeing conscription or oppression, and bearing with them such of their household gear as they could drag over the mountain roads. From over fifty miles away they came to this crossing as to the threshold of freedom, a motley procession escaping the tyranny of the Secession oligarchy. War-made widows with a never-dropping tear clinging to either eye, accompanied by half a score of gaunt, hungry-faced children passed, carrying a little bedding on the backs of a pair of ancient plough mules. An old man perhaps came next, with a rickety cart crammed with feather beds and crowned with a spinning-wheel; five or six grown daughters following close behind, who beguiled their weary walk with periodical "dips" into the pouch of yellow snuff which each carried. They had left "right smart uv a farm," "a good home," because the obstinate grey-bearded father believed in the old Constitution in spite of all its "glittering generalities," and therefore could not long hope for exemption from insult or worse in the inflammable neighborhood of the home guards. Next would



appear, perhaps, a squad of deserters with bearing as unsoldierly as a group of young men could have, expressing with noisy oath and joke their joy at getting safely into the arms of Uncle Sam. More than once an escaped Union prisoner reached us to be feasted with army rations and questioned into a fever by the whole camp. Colored waifs were extremely rare, for this was no slave district. The mountains are too broad and the valleys too narrow for man to profit much by the use of compelled labor.

During March the river suddenly rose threatening to over-pass its banks, and picking up here and there a log or fallen tree above, hurled them down against our bridge. Like a willow wand it swayed to and fro under these blows, but did not break; yet it required all our energies night and day to keep it from dragging loose from its anchorage. At this period there could be no passing and the constant stream of refugees being therefore dammed up, formed just outside our intrenchments a little lake of women, children, male "white trash," ox wagons, superannuated horses and mules, bedding, spinning-wheels and other "plunder." Mountain maidens in homespun dress of linsey, black stockings, and huge sun-bonnets, were abundant, and the boys did not neglect the opportunity to bask in the gracious light of female presence. Their own conspicuous manliness was sufficient to win favor in the eyes of the fair ones, but when to this was added the possession of unlimited stores of coffee and tobacco, what Sand-Mountain lass could be relentlessly coy?

The tales of suffering and wrong, of shootings, burnings, hangings, thievery, and chivalric knavery of every description, that these visitors of ours told us, often stirred our Northern blood to boiling. The outrages upon the colored race in the western part of the Confederacy found a parallel in the cruel treatment of the Unionists of North Alabama and East Tennessee. The First Alabama Cavalry attached to our division had little difficulty in obtaining recruits from the refugees that came in from Sand Mountain. The infantry service presented far less attractions to these men. To belong to "a critter company" suited their taste and sat-



isified their peculiar pride. "We'uns air yoused ter critters," was their way of explaining their preference.

During March our neighbors, the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-seventh Ohio, going home upon veteran furlough, seventy-one non-veterans of these regiments were temporarily assigned for duty with the Fifty-fifth. Sunday, March 27th, Generals Sherman, McPherson, Logan, and a few lesser stars, visited our camp unexpectedly. A salute of thirteen guns was fired from the twenty-pounder Parrott rifles on the hill in their honor. General Sherman after a brief inspection trotted away, leaving a message in which he expressed the hope that the regiment would re-enlist. After his departure General M. L. Smith got the men together across the river to deliver the message. He perched himself in a lounging attitude on the earth-works and opened an informal talk after his easy fashion, in which he gave the men to understand that Generals Logan and Sherman consented that they should, if they would continue in the service, have their choice of field officers, even if they selected some one from outside the regiment to command them. Finally, in finishing what he had to say, he gave the order for all to fall back to the rear who would *not* re-enlist. Promptly at the word the whole crowd moved back. The patriots were biding their time.

Discouragements manifold had driven a majority of the chaplains from the armies in the field. The peculiar combination of physical energy, moral courage, intellectual force, broad sympathy, and tenderness of heart, which are requisite to qualify the regimental chaplain for any great usefulness in actual campaign life, is more rarely met with than the gallantry and magnetic power which mark a military leader of men. The Fifty-fifth was fortunate in possessing a chaplain who never dreamt that his office could be made a sinecure, or that he had fully earned his stipend by a weekly discourse to the living and prayers over the dead. Attendance upon religious exercises in the field was very frequently classed by the irreverent boys with "fatigue duty." It was not so where he presided. He was not invisible on the day of battle. On the hard march the footsore private was often seen upon his horse; or when he himself rode, his saddle was hung before



and behind with knapsacks of the weak or weary. In the hospital, save the kindly and tireless surgeon, no one was oftener beside the cots of the pale sufferers; no hand grasp was warmer, more welcome, more full of comfort than his. Recording their recognition of and respect for such rare service, the men and officers of the regiment at this time joined in contributing to a fund for the purchase of a library of choice literature, to be given Chaplain Milton L. Hancy. The books were selected and presented by a special committee, after the arrival of the veterans in Chicago.

March 30th the regiment was informally canvassed to ascertain the soldiers' choice among the presidential candidates. The following letter tells the result:

LARKIN'S LANDING, ALA., April 6, 1864.

EDITORS CHICAGO TRIBUNE:—

Thinking you may take some interest in knowing that the soldiers in this section who read the Tribune in preference to all other newspapers when they can obtain it, coincide with you in their estimate of the importance at this juncture of retaining the present executive during another term of service, I send you the result of a balloting held in the Fifty-fifth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, March 30th, to express preferences for President:

For Richard Yates .....	1
For Salmon P. Chase .....	1
For Maj.-Gen. B. F. Butler.....	7
For Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant .....	9
For Maj.-Gen. Geo. B. McClellan.....	14
For Abraham Lincoln .....	276
Total number of votes cast .....	308
* * * * *	*

I remain, yours truly,

C. M. BRQWNE, Capt. 55th Ill. Vol. Inf't.

March 31st Colonel Malmborg with his ten associates returned from the North, having been for three months absent on recruiting service. Their combined efforts had won but meagre results. One of the party when rallied upon his success in adding a single recruit to his company, rejoined: "I told the fellow he was a fool to enlist, but he wouldn't take my word for it." Two days later the colonel called the regiment together, and read to them a letter from Adjutant-



General Fuller, urging re-enlistment. This reading he followed by a speech, in which he disclaimed all personal ambition, and gave his official guaranty that the veterans should have a fair election. He added that he would not serve unless two-thirds of the veterans desired him for their commander. This promise awakened some enthusiasm, but all verbal persuasions, while respectfully listened to, availed nothing towards accomplishing the hoped for result until supplemented by record of the following regimental order:

HEADQUARTERS 55TH REGT. ILLS. INF'TY.,  
LARKIN'S LANDING, ALA., April 4, 1864. {

*Regimental Order No. 22.*

I. Inasmuch as doubt still exists in the minds of some of this command as to whether they will be allowed an election of officers in case the Regt. re-enlists as a veteran organization, notwithstanding the verbal assurance already given to that effect; and in order to remove any remaining doubt on the part of those who either have already re-enlisted or may hereafter re-enlist, the commanding officer of the Regiment hereby pledges himself officially that a fair and impartial election of officers for the veteran organization shall be held.

II. As soon as the required number of veterans are sworn in, the commanding officer will at once issue an order for the election of all commissioned officers in the regiment, from the lowest to the highest; and he would call the attention of all commissioned officers in the regiment to the fact that the non-commissioned officers and privates are the only legal voters in the coming election, and that we all as commissioned officers are in duty bound not to interfere either directly or indirectly with the full and free exercise of their privilege.

By order of

O. MALMBORG, Col. Com'dg Regt.  
F. P. FISHER, Adjutant.

After the proper publicity had been given to this extraordinary and unmilitary concession, for which alone they had been waiting, the men began at once to signify their readiness to re-enlist, and more than the number requisite by the order of the War Department to entitle the regiment to receive thirty days' furlough in Illinois as a veteran-volunteer organization, were speedily enrolled and sworn into the United States service. Two hundred and twenty-two of the two hundred and seventy-two eligible were thus accepted for three years or during the war, distributed among the companies as follows:



Company A, 19.	Company E, 24.	Company I, 33.
" B, 19.	" F, 16.	" K, 21.
" C, 23.	" G, 36.	Non-commissioned
" D, 16,	" H, 12.	Staff, 3.

A second order was issued by the colonel, prescribing rules for the conduct of the promised election and appointing three officers of his own selection to serve as a board of judges to preside over it. To this order the veterans sturdily objected. Sergeant Charles T. Beers especially incurred the colonel's displeasure by his outspoken assertion of the popular feeling, that the veteran volunteers were competent to manage their own affairs, and that this second order was in contempt of the last clause of the previous order. The matter ended by the surrender of the whole business to the enlisted men. There seemed to be a very decided unanimity of feeling among them about the chief question to be voted upon; while among the commissioned officers there was a majority party nicknamed the Church and State, and a minority party styled the Council of Kent. The result of the election, which was held April 6th, the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh, when the first blood of the regiment was shed by rebels, is given in the following election certificate:

CAMP OF THE 55TH REGT. ILL. VOL. INF'TY., }  
LARKIN'S LANDING, ALA., April 6, 1864. }

Hon. ALLEN C. FULLER, Adjt.-Gen.

SIR: At an election held at Larkin's Landing, Ala., on the 6th day of April, 1864, by the Veteran Volunteers of the 55th Regt. Ill. Inf'ty., in accordance with Regimental Order No. 22 (enclosed), for the purpose of electing the field officers of the 55th Regt. Ill. Veteran Volunteer Inf'ty., the following votes were cast, viz:

<i>For Colonel</i> .....	Chaplain Milton L. Haney.....	164
	Colonel Oscar Malmborg.....	22
<i>For Lieut.-Colonel</i> ..	Captain Jacob M. Augustine.....	160
	Captain Francis H. Shaw.....	16
	Captain William C. Porter.....	13
	Adjutant Francis P. Fisher.....	2
	Lt.-Colonel Theodore C. Chandler..	1
	Captain Charles A. Andress.....	1
<i>For Major</i> .....	Captain Francis H. Shaw.....	122
	Captain Charles A. Andress.....	27
	Captain William C. Porter.....	26
	Captain H. H. Kendrick.....	9
	Captain John T. McAuley .....	5



Chaplain Milton L. Haney was declared duly elected Colonel.

Captain Jacob M. Augustine was declared duly elected Lieutenant-Colonel.

Captain Francis H. Shaw was declared duly elected Major.

We, the undersigned Board of Election, do hereby certify upon honor that the above statement is true and correct.

Judges, { JOHN B. RIDENOUR, *Sergt. Co. A.*  
           { JAMES W. KAYS, *Sergt. Co. K.*

          { J. G. BROWN, *Principal-Musician.*

J. AUGUST SMITH, *Sergt.-Maj., Clerk of Election.*

Upon arrival of the veterans in Chicago the following letter was drawn up and duly forwarded, but never honored with reply:

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, April 23, 1864.

To the Hon. RICHARD YATES,

Governor of the State of Illinois.

The undersigned, Board of Election for Field Officers of 55th Regt. Ill. Vet. Vol. Infy., respectfully beg leave to present to your Excellency a statement of facts combined with an earnest request, which we hope will be favorably considered and acted upon.

The reason our regiment delayed so long in responding to the call for veterans was a deep dissatisfaction with some of the field officers; and it was not re-enlisted until, from Major-General Sherman down to the company officers, all had promised that we should have our own choice of officers, provided the required three-fourths should be re-enlisted. With this assurance we have cheerfully given ourselves to our country for three years more; and now we desire to fill our vacant ranks during our short stay at home. This we cannot do so long as doubt remains as to whether our action in electing officers (a report of which has been forwarded to Adjutant-General Fuller) will be recognized by you. Believing that a knowledge of your co-operation is absolutely necessary to the securing of recruits by the men, we therefore earnestly request that the officers elected be immediately commissioned, or that some assurance to that effect be given to the men of the regiment.

Judges of Election. { J. B. RIDENOUR, *First-sergt. Co. A.*  
                           { JOHN G. BROWN, *Principal-Musician.*

                          { JAMES W. KAYS, *Sergt. Co. K.*

Clerk of Election, J. AUGUST SMITH, *Sergt.-Major.*

It was known by many that our first major, W. D. Sanger, who came into the neighborhood and conferred with some of the officers, would have been more than willing to become a candidate for the command of the regiment. If his claims were openly urged by any one, no record of the fact is found.



The field officers elected were the three senior captains in regular order, Haney having been a captain when made chaplain. The company elections were held during the afternoon of the same day. The existing company officers were in nearly every case re-elected, if actually in service with their companies; and of the very few not so chosen it was fully understood that some desired an early opportunity of leaving the service. The election of the commissioned and non-commissioned staff resulted in the choice of the following:

- For Surgeon--Dr. E. O. F. ROLER, *re-elected by an unanimous vote.*  
" Assistant-Surgeon--Dr. JOHN T. SMITH, *re-elected.*  
" Adjutant--J. AUGUST SMITH, *sergeant-major.*  
" Quartermaster--CHARLES T. BEERS, *ordnance-sergeant.*  
" Chaplain--C. SPRINGER, *civilian.*  
" Sergeant-major--JOHN G. BROWN, *principal-musician.*  
" Quartermaster-sergeant--MILTON M. POTTER, *musician.*  
" Commissary-sergeant--WILLIAM J. ECKLEY, *sergeant.*  
" Hospital Steward--J. LEROY BURNSIDES, *musician.*

It is, perhaps, only just that Colonel Malmborg's criticisms of the action of the regiment, following close upon his regimental order and public promises to the volunteers, should be here incorporated with the record; especially as he made a somewhat lengthy official report, dated four days after the election, which is preserved in the public archives of Illinois.

HEADQUARTERS 55TH ILL. INFANTRY,  
LARKIN'S LANDING, ALA., April 10, 1864. }

Hon. ALLEN C. FULLER, Adjutant-General.

Springfield, Ill.

GENERAL: I have the honor and the pleasure to report to you *that the 55th have re-enlisted*--some twenty men over and above the requisite three-fourths of the total present for duty. I telegraphed to you this morning from Larkinsville.

I reached the camp of my regiment on the 31st ult., and with but little hope of succeeding to veteranize the regiment after I had learned from General M. L. Smith at Larkinsville that he and other generals had given up all hopes, having failed in their combined efforts. I went to work, however, and the same morning of my first speech to the regiment, I enlisted 68 men. The next day others were added to this number, but I soon noticed that Companies A, H and F held back; they, especially the first and last named, being composed mainly of old and intolerant methodists, with our "rev'd" chaplain at their head--intimately acquainted



previous to their entering into military service, and since then always known as the "scheming hypocritic methodists."

But the tide was fast rising, so they had to go to save themselves. Thus the good work went on, but while I was busied, faithfully assisted by many officers and men, to secure the requisite number of veterans that our country might be saved and the history of this efficient regiment completed and perpetuated, our methodist brethren were also busied at work indeed, but for their own individual interest.

Thus under the cloak of religion and by promises of promotion did they succeed to induce, or I should say seduce, good and patriotic men to aid in ruining, if not the glorious reputation this regiment has earned, certainly its future prospects of efficiency, by securing for themselves positions which they are totally incapable of filling, as the subsequent result of the elections will abundantly show. By the election which took place on the 6th and 7th inst., on the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh, were not only the adjutant, quartermaster, four captains and two first-lieutenants thrown out, and the *chaplain*, entirely ignorant in military affairs, elected *colonel*, Capt. Augustine lieutenant-colonel, Capt. Shaw major, and worthless lieutenants and non-commissioned officers elected captains and lieutenants. A man hardly able to write his name has been elected quartermaster. Even to the non-commissioned officers has the ridiculous transaction extended. I shall now only name Sergt. Gay, color-bearer, one of the bravest and best men in the regiment, who when wounded at Vicksburg refused to give up that glorious flag he so nobly bore to victory. (Three of the captains ousted have been seriously wounded in battle, have earned their promotions from the ranks, and are among the most efficient officers the regiment ever had.) To the tools of these unprincipled schemers have as a matter of course the vacated positions been tendered. Unscrupulous and deceitful indeed, for by honorable means could these men never have been prevailed upon to act thus, yet fearing, on the eve of the election, that their secret plans might fail, the *chaplain*, it has been proven, was discovered openly begging votes among the men for himself. Thus either by open or secret means did he succeed to ingratiate himself among the men in eight companies, who did not only oust the field but their own company officers in order to give room for the tools of the religious and patriotic hypocrites. But all their efforts failed in Companies E and I, and as a matter of course these two companies retained their officers, and also voted to a man for me. I might say something, too, regarding the election itself, but I forbear at present. The whole thing is regarded by every man in this corps, from the drummer boy to the commanding general, as a ridiculous farce.

Said Gen. Logan, Corps commander, to me, "We have been accustomed to look upon the 55th as the best regiment in the army, and how shall I express my astonishment to find they are after all but a set of d—— fools! Electing a chaplain, a civilian, a know-nothing for their colonel! Are they prepared to go into battle under such a man? Do you suppose that I, now on the eve of the most important campaign of the war, am going



to send that regiment into battle under that man? Do you suppose the Governor and Adjutant-General of Illinois will commission him?" etc. I answered that the men of the 55th were not only brave, but good men; but that they had been trifled with and most shamefully misled; giving various details which time now prevents me from repeating, and that Governor Yates and General Fuller will do in this as in all previous cases, act with justice and in the true interest of the service; but that whatever may be the result, neither I myself nor any one of the officers present who have thus been ousted, neither will nor can serve in the regiment any longer than is absolutely necessary for the acceptance of our resignations, which as is intimated to me by Generals Smith and Logan, cannot take place until our return with the regiment from Illinois. As to myself, it is also intimated that they do not want me to leave the service, but intend to have me assigned to other duty in the field, to which I shall have no objection. We shall in all probability be ready to leave for Illinois as early as the 14th inst., and at Nashville take boat for Cairo. From Nashville I shall again telegraph to you.

It is our wish, if it should meet your approval, that we rendezvous at Chicago, when I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing and hearing you and the Governor. I hope also, for the sake of the regiment, you will be so good and do all you can for the reception of the old 55th. I am thankful to God that I have been able to succeed in securing its services to our country to the end of this accursed rebellion. I had the pleasure of being highly complimented on that account, both by Gens. Logan and Smith. Please also, General, to say little or rather nothing about the ridiculous result of the election, for the sake of the regiment, which I never can cease to love as long as I live.

I must now beg you, General, to excuse this hasty letter, for I am very busied with muster-rolls, etc., and constantly interrupted.

I have the honor to remain, General,

Very respectfully, your obed't serv't,

O. MALMBORG, Col. 55th Ill. Inf'y.

Now that all-healing time has righted many wrongs and covered in oblivion most of those that have not been redressed, little commentary need be offered to such a tissue of wild misstatements and assumptions, or to the charges so harshly made against the good sense of the veterans of the regiment and the character of its officers elect. The Fifty-fifth Illinois Veteran Volunteers, as will be shown in subsequent pages, won abundant honors in the battles of Kenesaw, Atlanta, Ezra Church, Jonesborough and Bentonville.

The brave sergeant elected quartermaster, who is revengefully represented as "hardly able to write his name," was not



a clerk; but he had acted as regimental ordnance-sergeant, was an energetic man of business, and finally gave his life for his country with his face to the foe.

The statement that Companies E and I "voted to a man" for retaining the colonel is sufficiently answered by the record. While but twenty-two votes were in all cast for him, Company E had twenty-four and Company I thirty-three votes to cast—ten more than the combined vote of the slandered Companies A, F and H. The colonel's search for "hypocrites" was therefore, it is evident, too restricted in its field, and his implicit confidence in the subserviency to him of all our brave comrades of Teutonic race was but blind self-deception.

If General Logan was capable of using the language ascribed to him after having himself authorized this election by word of mouth at least, it must be taken as probably uttered with something of the same mental reservation the astute general certainly exercised when he "highly complimented" the colonel "for securing the services" of his command by giving it the long-wished-for opportunity to get rid of *him* forever. It may also be fairly said that General Logan had then personally little acquaintance with the regiment, its colonel, or its chaplain. We had been under his command but three or four months, while in winter quarters, and never in that time had he seen us under arms. In the campaign to come he knew us better. It was well enough known to officers and enlisted men that the two brother generals, M. L. and Giles A. Smith, commanding division and brigade, who had intimately known the Fifty-fifth from the days of the siege of Corinth, sympathized entirely with the desire of the regiment to be relieved from the petty tyranny of a commander, all of whose instincts were un-American, and whose unfortunate manners and false judgments of men had no compensation of unusual military ability.

Certainly these war-worn soldiers were far better qualified in many respects to make wise choice of officers to command them, than when fresh from the farms and shops of Illinois they elected by ballot the men who should lead them against their country's foes. In the days of their entire inexperience



of military matters, companies were generally permitted to choose their leaders, taking most things save ardent patriotism on trust; and Oscar Malmborg was at first accepted by the line officers as their lieutenant-colonel largely upon his own statements respecting his own military genius and experience. This method of designating leaders, though perilous, suited the exigency of the Republic, and the resultant evils proved by experience far less than those fairly chargeable to the bestowal of commissions because of local influence or as a political reward.

The promises made to the volunteers by generals and regimental officers perhaps never ought to have been offered. It was a decidedly unmilitary proceeding, one quite certain to work injustice to some worthy soldiers, and the object sought could doubtless have been obtained if those high in authority had chosen to request two or three resignations. But the failure to keep the promises made and accepted in good faith was worse than injustice. No man received the commission due to his election unless he chanced to stand already in the regular line for that promotion. The company officers, however, respected the vote of the men and honored their own promises in the appointment of the non-commissioned officers. The colonel, in a speech to the veterans after the election, declared that he would resign soon to make room for the commander elect, and the diary of a sergeant records that "for this the boys gave him three cheers, the best he ever got from us;" but he retained his commission--although not present with the regiment--until the expiration of his three-years' term of service, September 20th, 1864.

Only two years had elapsed since its first battle at Shiloh, but of the whole number who were ever mustered into the regiment, more than one in four was in his grave--more than one out of every three had been hit by bullet or shell--more than one in every two had, by some disabling effect of war, dropped from the regimental rolls. Few such fateful records can be found in war annals. The regimental rolls now contained only four hundred and sixty-one names, accounted for as follows:



Present for duty: Commissioned.....	26	Enlisted men.....	275
On detached service: ".....	4	" "	130
Absent sick.....		" "	26
Aggregate .....	30		431—461

The muster-in rolls for veterans were promptly made ready, and on the twelfth of April the *Fifty-fifth Illinois Veteran Volunteers* were duly mustered into the United States service for three years or during the war. On April 16th, orders were received for the regiment to proceed at once to Chicago for thirty-days' furlough. The next morning, at seven o'clock, it marched in a soaking rain to Larkinsville, and at ten the cars bore it away for Nashville. Arriving there by night on the eighteenth, the Zollicoffer House, then unfinished and utilized as barracks, afforded comfortable shelter. The next day, marching to the headquarters of the department to pay the customary respect to the commander, the regiment was addressed at some length by General Sherman, who came out upon the sidewalk surrounded by his staff to receive and greet it. He reviewed in highly flattering terms its career from the time when assigned to his original brigade it first came with full ranks under his orders at Benton Barracks. He alluded to the fact that it had never since been detached from his command, but had shared in all his successes and failures. He spoke of the brave tenacity and the almost unrivalled sacrifice of the regiment at Shiloh, and said that since that memorable day the faces of the boys of the Fifty-fifth had become so familiar to him that it almost seemed that he ought to be able to call each one by name. He spoke of the gallant charge of the regiment with the Eighth Missouri, at Russell's House—which he styled “the prettiest fight of the war;” of its always honorable record in camp, in march, in battle and siege,—from Corinth to Memphis, from Memphis to Chickasaw Bayou and defeat,—from defeat to victory at Arkansas Post—and thence through the glorious Vicksburg campaign to Jackson and Chattanooga, and Knoxville. Commending the men for their patriotism in re-enlisting, he turned from retrospection to prophecy. He bade them enjoy to the utmost their well-earned rest, and when they should come



back opportunity would be given for their valor to win fresh honors in new fields. In the spirit of one who could read clearly the unalterable decrees of Fate, he briefly outlined the coming campaigns now famous in history;—promised that Atlanta's streets should be soon overpassed in their victorious progress,—that there should be no turning backward,—that their march should be thereafter onward with faces towards the sea until Savannah and Charleston should fall into their hands, and the baseless fabric of the slaveholder's Confederacy crumble into ruins.

At dark on the nineteenth we started upon the steamer Miami for Cairo, which we reached at ten in the night of the twentieth. As soon as it was light enough in the morning we disembarked, but could obtain neither transportation nor shelter, and remained upon the levee until night, when the Soldiers' Home was opened to us. On the noon train of April 22d we were northward-bound again, and twenty-four hours later were marching through a pouring rain to the Soldiers' Rest in Chicago, where the regiment was welcomed in a brief patriotic speech by Colonel Eastman. A substantial dinner was then set before us by the lady friends of the regiment who appeared in strong force, and it was discussed with appreciative appetites. That night and Sunday, the twenty-fourth, we remained at the Rest. At one o'clock of Monday afternoon we were marched to Camp Fry, where Adjutant-General Fuller came to visit us, and made a short address to the men, spiced plentifully with personal compliments, which were respectfully accepted as being at least *official*. At last, on the twenty-eighth, Major Haynes appeared and paid the volunteers their dues. Then with hasty hand-shaking and good-byes all scattered their several ways to meet and greet the long waiting ones. And here the annalist may well leave the furloughed veterans standing on the thresholds of two hundred Western homes, to which the coming of their weather-browned faces and manly forms brought joy unspeakable and thanksgiving.





## CHAPTER IX.

### THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

BY freeing the Mississippi River from hostile obstructions the Western armies had effectually isolated an important food-producing portion of the Confederacy, and the navy vigilantly guarded the divisional line. The grand strategy of the commander of the military division of the Mississippi in the spring of 1864, was directed to again cutting the Confederacy in twain, on a line parallel with the former, but along mountain passes, following and relying for supplies upon a trunk railway. General Grant having been called to the highest military command at the East as the one whom the logic of success had proved the fittest to grapple with General Lee, his mantle fell upon General Sherman by the same process of natural selection. Sherman resumed the aggressive early in May, beginning the most brilliant campaign of the war;—one grandly conceived and in good time brought skilfully to a glorious issue. In this campaign the Fifty-fifth bore a prominent part and added new honors to its established fame.

The non-veterans, while their re-enlisted comrades were revelling in the delights of home life as only furloughed soldiers can, were assigned to the One-hundred-sixteenth Illinois Infantry and placed under the command of Lieutenant Barrett of that regiment. They formed a company of themselves numbering about seventy-five, and remained on duty at Larkin's Landing bridge until the end of April, when the



movement towards Chattanooga began. With the exception of a few who served at division headquarters, the company became from May 1st the division train guard. Marching from Larkinsville by the familiar route through Bridgeport, they passed Lookout Mountain May 6th, and followed in the rear of the ever victorious army as it persistently pushed or outflanked the Southern Fabius from his strongly fortified positions, one after another,—Dalton,—Resaca,—Adairsville,—Cassville,—Dallas. Often their duties were fatiguing, entailing frequent and tiresome night marches; but for practiced campaigners the service had its little compensations. It was at least a novelty for these men to be within hearing and sight of a battle and not be called to the front of it. June 13th the railway having been opened to Big Shanty, that station was made a depot of supplies and the detachment was sent thither to unload cars and await the return of their comrades from Illinois.

The medical officers did not accompany the regiment upon veteran furlough. Dr. Smith remained on duty with the division, and Dr. Roler had for some time previous been medical director of the Fifteenth Army Corps, and was stationed at Huntsville. Here, just before the opening of the campaign, his valuable life was nearly sacrificed by the carelessness of a subordinate. Rising one morning with a headache, he asked the steward in charge of the medical stores to prepare him an effervescent draught of Rochelle salts. Hastily drinking what was brought him, he noticed a peculiar metallic taste. Almost immediately he began to experience violent pains and other symptoms of poisoning. An investigation soon proved that one hundred and twenty grains of tartar-emetic had been given him instead of the prescribed tartrate of soda and potash. There was no hope of his being able to survive the terrible exhaustion which would follow its action. He had taken enough to kill a dozen strong men. Everything that medical skill could do was promptly done, but with no expectation of long retarding the approach of death. The medical director at department headquarters, speaking of the pitiable condition of the surgeon in the presence of the general, said that if he had plenty of ice he



should not altogether despair of saving his life; but there was no ice unless at a certain locality ten miles away, outside the lines. When General Sherman's little son had sickened on the way from Vicksburg to Memphis, the preceding autumn, Dr. Roler had charge of the patient, and although he failed to save the boy, his devoted care endeared him to the parents, and Sherman has mentioned him in his Memoirs. With his personal interest inciting his natural sympathy, Sherman, without speaking of the matter to others, quickly summoned the commander of the cavalry and ordered him to take his company, with a wagon, and secure the ice with all speed and at all hazard. The ice came in good time, and by its free use Dr. Roler was enabled in a few days to appear again at his post of duty; but he never has recovered his normal health.

Obedient to the requirements of their leave of absence, the Fifty-fifth Illinois Veteran Volunteers began to assemble at Camp Fry in Chicago, the place of rendezvous, on May 29th, 1864. On the first day of June, with inspiriting music and under escort of the One-hundred-thirty-second Illinois Infantry, the regiment marched through the city to the Soldiers' Rest and partook there of a parting feast provided for it by the patriotic ladies in charge of that beneficent hostelry. At nine o'clock in the evening it was upon the cars, southward bound, leaving many sad faces and sore hearts behind. Arriving at Cairo by night of the next day, it at once embarked upon the steamboat Armada, and at dawn landed at the dilapidated little village of Smithland, Kentucky. There a detention of twenty-four hours ended by the arrival of the Tennessee-River boat, Mattie Cabler, which bore the regiment on to Nashville, reaching there at nine o'clock in the evening of Sunday, the fifth of June. The men slept upon the boat, but very early in the morning marched to the Zollicoffer barracks. The commissioned officers at once besieged the paymaster, and the enlisted men rediscovered the city's highways and byways. On Tuesday morning at seven o'clock another stage of the journey was begun upon the top of cars loaded with stores for the army. That night at Huntsville progress was again interrupted, and during the



next twenty-four hours ample time was given for all to become disgusted with the hotels of the place, and charmed with the town itself and its wonderful spring, leaping out from the subterranean reservoir at the foot of the bluff.

On the ninth, by night, our train again started at laggard pace. We breakfasted on the tenth at Stevenson, and arrived in a soaking rain at Chattanooga early in the morning of the eleventh, where we went to the Soldiers' Rest. It was not long a resting place for us. Cars filled with wounded men were constantly arriving from the front, and we were soon driven out through mud and tempest to establish camp in an open field. Sunday, the 12th, was very generally improved by a visit to the storm-swept summit of Lookout, the day being especially propitious for full enjoyment of the extensive view from that bristling crag over the bewildering entanglement of majestic, forest-clad mountain ridges and shadowy valleys. Late in the following afternoon the regiment again mounted the cars, occupying two trains, and moved out from the shelter of the mountain through Tunnel Hill, where we had fought in the previous November, leaving Resaca behind at sunrise, and halting at length in Kingston. We passed line after line of elaborate intrenchments, some of which the Confederates had spent the winter in perfecting; we crossed numerous swift streams and saw many wooded defiles and mountain fastnesses on either side, with ever growing wonder that even the pluck of our army and the genius of its leader could in one short month have compelled their abandonment, and in the face of a skilful and determined opposition forced a passage one hundred miles into the heart of so defensible a region.

After forty-eight hours of waiting at Kingston, our trains gained the right of way on the road, which had but a single track, and we crept slowly along past the impregnable fortress of Allatoona, and at last, on June 16th, reached the neighborhood of the contending armies at Big Shanty, where we went into bivouac, awaiting orders. Here we had come out from the maze of the foot-hills. Great stretches of a comparatively open and rolling country lay before us, out of which directly in our front, scarce more than a cannon-shot



away, rose the twin summits of Kenesaw, six or seven hundred feet above the plain; and six miles to the west stood Lost Mountain, the southernmost of the noticeable isolated spurs of the Alleghany range. Between and upon these two mountains the Confederates were firmly intrenched. But on the very day of our arrival the smoke of battle could be seen on the far right, gradually sweeping down past Lost Mountain, and on the morrow Johnston's left wing was refused to a new line prudently fortified in anticipation of its necessity, and Kenesaw had become his salient stronghold.

We were soon joined by the non-veterans, with boisterous and joyful greetings. Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler here turned over the command of the regiment to the senior captain, with the expectation of obtaining an order to report as provost-marshal to division headquarters. A week or two later we learned that his resignation had been accepted and he had left for the North. Colonel Malmborg was known to be on duty in the Seventeenth Corps, but he did not visit the regiment. A few weeks later he too had returned to Illinois, where he was reported to be acting as a recruiting officer for the U. S. Veteran Volunteers, known as Hancock's Corps; but he was not mustered out of the Fifty-fifth until September 20th. It is said that he obtained a clerkship in the fourth auditor's office at Washington. He died in Kansas about 1874, having in his later years become nearly blind.

Sunday, June 19th, we were ordered to the front to join our old brigade. The command now numbered three hundred and twelve present, about two hundred and seventy being in the ranks for service. After crossing one deserted line of rebel earth-works we came under the fire of the artillery upon Kenesaw, and here Michael Rayding of Company I was instantly killed, being nearly cut in two by a fragment of a shell that burst in front of the marching column. He was of German birth, handsome in face and figure, a fine soldier, the first of the veteran volunteers to give up his life. Reaching the position assigned to us on the lower slope of the mountain, we were formed on the left of the brigade and at once began constructing strong rifle-pits. Although persistently annoyed by shells, grape and canister from the



artillery on the sunmit, the work went steadily on until the twenty-first of June saw our front covered by a finished earth-work with log revetment breast-high, and skidded head logs atop. The pickets kept up a continuous skirmish on the wooded mountain-side, and the roar of artillery duels went on all along the line. The Second division, under General M. L. Smith, consisted now of but two brigades, each of six regiments; General Giles A. Smith commanding the First and General J. A. J. Lightburn the Second:

<i>First Brigade.</i>	<i>Second Brigade.</i>
Sixth Missouri.	Thirty-seventh Ohio.
Fifty-fifth Illinois.	Forty-seventh Ohio.
One-hundred-sixteenth Illinois.	Fifty-third Ohio.
One-hundred-twenty-seventh Ill.	Fifty-fourth Ohio.
Thirty-ninth Ohio.	Eighty-third Indiana.
Fifty-seventh Ohio.	One-hundred-eleventh Illinois.

On the twenty-third, a shrapnel shell bursting just in front of us wounded three men: David McKeighan of Company D, William Walker and Sergeant William Spencer of Company K. Two iron balls passed through the upper part of Spencer's arm, shattering the bone. By a triumph of conservative surgery his arm was saved, two or three inches of the injured *humerus* being exsected, shortening it by so much. The plucky young sergeant, elated with the prospect of saving his good right arm, soon after the operation sent word to his company commander that he was "all right, and even had some advantage in his loss, for he would now be nearer the girls when he shook hands with them than the other boys."

On the right wing, where the obstacles interposed by nature were not unusually difficult, there seemed to be slow but steady onward progress—some gain of road or hill or stream almost daily made; but along our corps' front rose the steep scarp ending abruptly in many places with almost perpendicular ledges of rock, needing no defenders. The rebel pickets shouted down from their safe elevation invitations to our outposts: "Come up and see us;" and ours jocularly responded, "We're coming, waiting only for our ladders."

No weakening of the Confederate force in our front was obvious, but General Sherman, with the knowledge that



Hood's Corps had been withdrawn from before McPherson to re-enforce the left of General Johnston's line against the energetic flank movements of Schofield and Hooker, reasoned that the rugged and almost inaccessible heights were probably held by artillery and a noisy skirmish line only, which might be broken through at some weak spot by a sudden and determined assault. Upon the rocky watch-tower of Kenesaw, however, sleepless eyes noted the slightest change in the features of the map outspread before them, and not a movement was made by day or by night but they marked it, counted its value, guessed its purpose, and deliberately made preparations for counteracting it. The Confederate left wing was now so far refused that Kenesaw was, as it were, the key-stone of a semicircular arch formed by the rebel lines. Along the chords of the long curve, at briefest notice the reserves could spring to protect sorely threatened points. A successful crushing through of this arc at any important point, however, would almost ensure overwhelming ruin to Johnston's army, and Sherman felt that the chance ought to be taken—that even a sanguinary charge, if successful, would be economy of patriots' blood. He took the fearful responsibility, probably against the judgment of all the leading general and field officers in the army, save some few whose judgment was distracted by an itching of their shoulders for a star. In his report General Sherman gives as one chief reason for ordering this assault upon carefully planned intrenchments, that the army needed to be taught that out-flanking was not the only mode of offensive warfare. The teacher himself seems to have learned one lesson at the same date. He never again ordered a charge in column upon a well-intrenched foe.

Sunday, the twenty-sixth of June, our division got orders to withdraw from their lines quietly after dark, the Second division of the Sixteenth Corps occupying the vacated position. We marched as we then supposed for a flank movement to the right, but were halted at midnight, after proceeding four or five miles, went into bivouac in the woodland and slept until day-break. About seven in the morning the officers were summoned before the brigade commander,



General Giles A. Smith, and notified that in half an hour the brigade was to lead in an assault upon Little Kenesaw, then not much more than half a mile distant in our front. The men were at once instructed to strip for fight, leaving everything but essentials at the bivouac. One man from each company was detailed to remain as guard over its property. Few but tried soldiers were in that little band waiting in the forest glade for the dread signal. Though thus surprised with the knowledge that in a few minutes they were to make a desperate dash against ramparts bristling with natural difficulties and defended by practical fighters, yet probably a casual observer would have noted in the occupation or outward manifestations of feeling among these men little to distinguish this from an ordinary group of soldiers resting on a march. The breakfast was eaten with appetite, the pipe smoking and discursive talk went on as usual. But comrades could read in each other's faces signs not always to be seen there; in those of the prominent officers sterner and more rigid facial lines, indicating the load of responsibility they felt resting upon them; in all countenances a more quiet and fixed expression, almost amounting to a slight pallor. The laugh sometimes heard had no heart in it, the arguments no vivacity, the sportiveness was rare or spasmodic, and often a far-away look in some eyes told of thoughts wandering to the distant Northern home, perhaps never again to be seen. A few handed to some one of the guards, or to the chaplain, a valued watch or keepsake, with brief words of contingent instruction. A few wrote brief notes and placed them in their knapsacks.

The tendency of old soldiers to become fatalists has often been commented upon. Examples of this tendency were frequently noticed in the Fifty-fifth. Tales of premonitions justified by quick-following death or wounds are even now often in the mouths of comrades, while the examples, probably far more numerous, of gloomy omens that came to naught, are all forgotten. Men who had marched confidently and undismayed into battle after battle, were suddenly on the approach of a fight seen to be out of heart, and save for their pride almost willing to own that their courage had all



left them. Perhaps these cases of dismal foreboding among us were not more numerous on the morning of June 27th than before other bloody days in our experience, but several are remembered. A sergeant whose past record had proved him exceptionally brave, was exceedingly depressed and confessed to his company commander an immovable conviction that if he went into the impending battle he should never see the sun rise again; and asked if he could be saved from the death that stared him in the face, without disgrace. The officer reported the case privately to the senior captain commanding the regiment, who, knowing the worth of the sergeant, ordered him detailed to be left in command of the guard over the regimental property.

There was no one to excuse the captain himself. Physically and morally an ideal company commander, tried in battle, march, siege and assault, and never known to falter, he had been conversing cheerfully and displayed his usual calm demeanor. But he had quietly said to the friend and fellow captain sitting beside him, that he felt the oppressive shadow of near death hanging over him. He handed his friend a pocket-knife 'to remember him by,' took out a little memorandum book and wrote:

Monday, 27, 1864.

We marched last night until eleven--got up at seven this morning--are to make an assault upon the breastworks at half-past seven. Our division takes the lead. Now may God protect the right. Am doubting our success.

The order for the forward movement came, and Captain Augustine's voice in command rang out as sharp and clear as though on parade. The two brigades steadily advanced through the heavily wooded and undulating ground bordering on the head waters of Nose's Creek, were formed in battle lines and began the charge. At first we were preceded by a regiment armed with magazine rifles and deployed as skirmishers. We soon encountered the fire of the surprised rebel pickets, but without pause dashed over them--killing those who opposed, sending some as prisoners to the rear, and driving the rest before us. The division artillery meantime poured a storm of missiles over our heads into the main works



of the enemy. The roar of the cannon behind and before, the bursting of shells, rattling of musketry, Union hurrahs and answering rebel yells, made a horrible pandemonium of that little mountain valley, appalling even to the most experienced. Rushing onward about five hundred yards beyond the little barricades of the picket-line, through dense impeding underbrush and down over a stretch of marshy ground, we crossed the little creek and came out upon an open area at the base of a precipitous, rock-strewn hill, below the crest of which, within pistol shot, lay General Loring's veterans—a brigade of French's division—behind strong walls of stone. Up the long incline to the higher ridge of Kenesaw on the left ran a line of rifle-pits, the troops in which opened an enfilading fire upon us, while two batteries commanded the ground over which we charged. General O. O. Howard has recently put upon record his opinion that the Confederate line at Kenesaw "was stronger in artificial contrivances and natural features than the cemetery at Gettysburg. The complete works, the slashings in front, and the difficulties of the slope towards us under a full sweep of infantry and of artillery cross-fire made the position in itself next to impregnable."

Our brigade, as it debouched from the thicket into the open at double-quick step and struck the ledges, all over which a natural growth of stunted, scraggy oaks had been felled, was no longer column or line, but a swarm of desperate men clambering up between boulders and over tree trunks, and struggling through a tangled abatis of gnarled limbs. The place was almost inaccessible to one unincumbered and unopposed. Nothing we had surmounted at Vicksburg equalled it in natural difficulties. The troops upon our left, dismayed, fell back without any attempt to cross the open ground at the foot of the slope, and those on the right soon gave way, enabling the enemy to concentrate their fire upon us. There could be no concert of action and little leadership; each had to climb or shelter himself and fight as he best could.

Captain Augustine was conspicuous, always pressing forward and prominent among the foremost. The impulse of



the first rush was quickly lost in the mingled fatigue of climbing and the death of hope at sight of the fearful obstacles ahead. All faltered and advance seemed at an end. Seeing this, and at the same minute hearing and probably misunderstanding the bugle signal for retreat sounded in our rear, Captain Augustine, sword in hand, climbing in advance a pace or two, and shouting, "Forward, men!" stood erect, for one moment the grandest figure in the terrible scene; the next instant he lay prostrate, pierced through the left breast by a fatal bullet. His fall visibly disheartened the regiment, though a few men got closer under the rebel parapet, and attempt at further forward movement ceased. Captain Shaw, the second in command, calmly assumed the duty devolving upon him. Many wounded were dropping back to the rear, the charge could not win, and longer exposure to that cross-fire from covered marksmen meant only useless murder. General Smith again gave the order by bugle call to fall back, and most of the men swept down into the shelter of the forest across the brook, and re-forming as a skirmish line along a little ridge, kept the enemy from making a counter-charge or using their artillery, and protected the few living who had failed to retreat, so that one by one nearly all crept down and escaped by a desperate run across the open space to the ridge.

To this point tools were brought and rifle-pits begun, under a fierce artillery fire from the hill batteries; but at night the brigade was withdrawn to the rear, other troops being aligned in the parallel we had captured from the pickets in the morning advance. The bands struck up patriotic airs as darkness closed down, and in their tree-canopied bivouac the torn and sadly diminished battalions forgot sorrow and fatigue in sleep. Of the two hundred and fifty sent into action by the Fifty-fifth, twelve of the bravest lay stark and cold among the rocks of the hill or by the brook-side; three had received burial at the hands of comrades in the woodland, and thirty-two had been borne or found their own way to the hospital for surgeon's attention.

Captain Augustine was brought down to the base of the hill by John Sheneman and Joseph Putnam. He was entirely



conscious and gave orders to some men near to seek shelter behind trees and try to keep down the enemy's marksmen until those yet upon the hill could escape. Soon Lieutenant Henry Augustine, his brother, was summoned to his side. He died within an hour in his brother's arms, bidding his friends not to mourn for him; he gave his life a willing sacrifice in a just cause. In the same hour, a few paces away by the little stream, another pathetic scene was witnessed. Joseph Putnam, having helped bring the dying captain to the sheltered spot where he lay, ran to find a stretcher to bear him to the rear; but before he had gone many steps a bullet pierced his thigh, breaking the bone and severing an artery. A sweet singer, jolliest of messmates, loved for his invincible good nature, respected by all for his manliness, courage, and cheerful attendance upon duty, his heroic death was in harmonious keeping with his life. The rosy-cheeked, curly-headed boy knew that his wound was mortal, and told a comrade, George W. Curfman, who attempted to aid him, that he had but a brief time to live. Then he began singing: "We're going home to die no more." As his life's blood pulsed away his voice grew fainter and fainter, but murmured the refrain until forever stilled on earth.

The generous-hearted and dauntless captain of Company E, William C. Porter, leader of a forlorn hope at Vicksburg, was shot through the left thigh, borne from the hill by two of his men, and died from loss of blood about four o'clock the same afternoon. The day was intensely hot, and the fatigue of the charge and toilsome climb so accelerated the pulsations of the heart and heated the blood, that several whose wounds might not otherwise have proved fatal, perished of depletion before the surgeons could tie their torn arteries, or of exhaustion afterwards. Captain Porter had married while on veteran furlough, and spent his last moments in sending consoling messages to his young wife. The men who placed his body in its mother earth, their sad office done, had not got out of sight of the grave when a shell from the rebel batteries struck fairly into the little mound, and bursting almost uncovered the dead soldier again, as though begrudging him his six feet of Southern soil. One of the men who



went to the captain's assistance when he fell, Adam Gleisner, was shot through the head and died beside him on the hill. He had fought in every battle the regiment was ever engaged in, and bore an enviable reputation for his soldierly behavior.

Captain N. S. Aagesen, while leading his company and well up the slope, had his right arm shattered near the shoulder. He was helped to the rear by his men, and finally reached the hospital, where his arm was amputated, leaving him in a pitiable plight, for he had practically lost all use of his left arm from the effects of a wound received at Shiloh. Recovering after a long convalescence, he was detailed upon a court of inquiry at Springfield, Illinois, and never rejoined the regiment until mustered out with it at Louisville, in 1865. He was a Dane by birth, and had been in America but two years when the war broke out, going north from Mobile after the fall of Sumpter to enlist in the Union cause.

Lieutenant Hartsook led Company K in the charge and was wounded upon the mountain among the foremost. Lieutenant Lomax and Sergeant Kays of the same company were struck by a bullet while one of them was giving the other a drink from his canteen, after the regiment had fallen back, the ball passing through the left thigh of the sergeant into the right hip of the lieutenant. Bartley Holden, a jovial and plucky Irishman of Company A, was shot down just in advance of his captain. James Clark, another faithful soldier of that company, was mortally wounded and died at Allatoona hospital a fortnight after the battle. George W. Crowell of Company C, was instantly killed as he stood upon the trunk of a fallen tree, while swinging his hat and shouting to his comrades to "come on," he being then as near the rebel line as any man in the regiment. His brother had found a grave on the battle-field of Shiloh. Henry C. Curtiss of the same company fell dead just as the charging line reached the base of the hill. Company E had six men killed including its captain—nearly half the lives lost in the engagement by the Fifty-fifth. Patrick Moran, whose home name was said to be Flemming, and James Quigley, were among the first to fall. Richard Shanning, a brave veteran, when some of his comrades offered to try to get him to the rear after he was



mortally wounded, insisted upon their leaving him and caring for themselves, as he could live but a short time. He died before they left him. Charles Merrill, who was noted for coolness in danger, was one of the last to come down from the hill, and was shot through the heart facing the enemy, as he turned to look back from the foot of the slope.

There were probably in every regiment a few men who, however brave at heart, had legs that could with difficulty be induced to stay anywhere near the front in the hour of battle. These men were sometimes in all other respects worthy soldiers; cleanly, dutiful, useful everywhere but in fight. If they had not too openly disgraced themselves, they were usually permitted to drift into some menial position, or were detailed where their trades or special capacities made them of service to the army. No company in the Fifty-fifth could be more impatient of the existence of a constitutional coward among them than the always stanch and true Company I. Yet such a man was in their ranks, who, after escaping from two or three battles, obtained an order placing him on detached service, out of danger. But when Sherman's sweeping order at the opening of the Atlanta campaign sent to their regiments thousands of men who had been long retained in comfortable berths at hospitals or supply depots, this soldier came reluctantly among his old messmates. After the battle he was found at the foot of a tree some distance to the rear of the creek, shot through the head by a chance ball.

The wounded who could bear moving were after a few days taken from the field hospital and sent to Allatoona by night in a freight train. It was a terribly painful trip for these mangled men, riding over the rough roadway upon mattresses spread on the floors of the cars; and when taken out at sunrise most of them were completely exhausted with fatigue and lack of nourishment. But they at once found themselves in the hands of the agents of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, under the leadership of Mother Porter, who with smiling faces and cheerful words of encouragement administered needed stimulants and food, and soon had them comfortably located in hospital tents.

The assaults made at other points in the lines, though



nowhere encountering such insuperable natural obstacles as existed at Little Kenesaw, failed as decidedly to pierce the Confederate defences. The trial had been gallantly made, and, as generally happens where human flesh is hurled against earth and stone defended with military skill by brave veterans, nothing had been gained at all commensurate with the frightful loss of valuable lives. Again resort was had to the strategy of flank movements. For several days we remained in reserve at the rear of the lines we had captured. Attempts were made by comrades to reach our dead upon Kenesaw by night, but the enemy's pickets were stationed at the foot of the hill and forbade approach. It was nearly a week before a burial party could visit the scene, when the bodies were found unburied, though robbed of certain articles of apparel.

CASUALTIES OF FIFTY-FIFTH ILLINOIS VET. VOL.,  
AT LITTLE KENESAW, JUNE 27, 1864.

KILLED.	COMPANY.	REMARKS.
JACOB M. AUGUSTINE, <i>captain.</i>	A.	Shot in left breast.
BARTLEY HOLDEN.	A.	
WILLIAM STEVENSON.	B.	
GEORGE W. CROWELL.	C.	
HENRY C. CURTISS.	C.	
CHARLES SAMUELSON.	C.	
ADAM GLEISNER.	E.	Shot through head.
CHARLES MERRILL.	E.	Shot in breast.
PATRICK MORAN.	E.	
WILLIAM C. PORTER, <i>captain.</i>	E.	Shot in thigh.
JAMES QUIGLEY.	E.	
RICHARD SHANNING.	E.	
JOSEPH PUTNAM.	F.	Thigh broken.
ADAM HENLIEN.	I.	Shot through head.
DAVID MARSHALL.	I.	Shot through head.
WOUNDED.		
JAMES CLARK.	A.	In right shoulder, mortally.
CHARLES F. HAMILTON.	A.	Slightly, in left leg.
DANIEL K. MAXWELL.	A.	Severely, in left arm and leg.
EDGAR J. PORTER.	A.	Severely, in right hand and wrist.
HARVEY SHAW.	A.	Slightly, in left hand.
JAMES M. WHITE.	A.	Right leg amputated.
JOHN A. HILLBORG.	C.	In left hand.
ALEC. W. PETERSEN.	C.	In leg.
THEODORE SHULTZ, <i>sergeant.</i>	C.	In the foot.



WOUNDED.	COMPANY.	REMARKS.
NICHOLAS S. AAGESEN, <i>captain.</i>	D.	Right arm amputated.
ALBERT F. PADEN.	D.	In left hand.
JOSEPH CORBY, <i>color-corporal.</i>	E.	In left heel.
HENRY JOHNSON.	E.	In left shoulder.
PATRICK QUIGLEY.	E.	In left arm.
JAMES N. FUGATE.	F.	Bullet through both thighs.
DAVID N. HOLMES, <i>corporal.</i>	F.	In left hip.
DAVID J. MATHENY.	F.	In right arm.
EDMUND T. TOTTMAN.	F.	In right elbow.
JAMES W. GAY, <i>color-sergeant.</i>	G.	Across small of back.
JOHN MELLON.	G.	Right leg amputated.
ANDREW MURRAY.	G.	In neck.
FRANKLIN SMITH.	G.	In right shoulder, severely.
WILLIAM WILSON.	G.	In hand.
GEORGE E. WITTER.	G.	In head.
JOHN D. FRAZIER, <i>corporal.</i>	H.	Right arm amputated.
JOSEPH EDWARDS.	I.	In right leg, severely.
STEPHEN R. MALCOLM.	I.	In arm.
JOHN W. MATLOCK.	I.	In right arm.
ROBERT M. COX, <i>corporal.</i>	K.	In left arm.
JOSEPH HARTSOOK, <i>first-lieutenant.</i>	K.	In left shoulder.
JAMES W. KAYS, <i>sergeant.</i>	K.	In left thigh.
WILLIAM D. LOMAX, <i>second-lieut.</i>	K.	In right hip.

The roads which had been in an almost impassable condition on account of heavy rains, now under the hot summer's sun fast dried, and army stores were rapidly brought to the front. July 2d, at four o'clock in the morning, General M. L. Smith's division moved to the right and halted at noon in rear of the Twenty-third Corps, near Nickajack Creek. That night Kenesaw was evacuated. As usual, General Johnston had fallen back into elaborate works constructed under the direction of skilful military engineers by an army of negroes. The works from which he had retired were held by a strong line of skirmishers as long as possible. July 3d the Fifty-fifth and One-hundred-twenty-seventh Illinois, in a reconnoissance on the Turner's Ferry road, encountered the rebel pickets and drove them from their lines. The advance of the Seventeenth Corps in the afternoon took possession of the road. July 4th we moved eastward three miles, the Sixteenth Corps fighting in our front, and by a charge finally gaining possession of a line of rifle-pits, despite strenuous



opposition. Recognizing the fact that another advance by the right flank would bring Sherman's army upon the Chattahoochee near Sandtown, threatening his communications with Atlanta, Johnston fell back from his new position that night to another "last ditch" close to the bridges and fords of the river.

Some of the works abandoned were marvels for perfection of engineering cunning. In one location commanding a wide, level, open tract, a tall stockade of tree trunks planted side by side and fastened by transverse timber, with the usual abatis in front, took the place of the ordinary rifle-pit. On the fifth we moved three miles towards the river and remained in bivouac two days at Mill's Grove, sweltering in the hot sun. From the bringing forward of pontoon trains it became evident that there was some thought of an attempt to dash across the Chattahoochee, but the enemy were found fortified in too great force opposite. The whistling of locomotives in the direction of Marietta told that supplies were reaching the army in the field by railway again. On July 8th we moved two miles to the left, and from one point could see the much coveted city of Atlanta in the distance. From our camp at this place the following document was forwarded to the capital of Illinois:

HEADQUARTERS 55TH REGT. ILL. INFY. VOL.,  
CAMP NEAR CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER, GA., July 8, 1864. }  
HON. A. C. FULLER, Adjutant-General,  
Springfield, Ill.

SIR:—At a meeting of the commissioned officers of the Fifty-fifth Regiment Illinois Veteran Volunteers, serving with the regiment in the field, Captain Francis H. Shaw of Company C, was unanimously chosen to be lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, *vice* T. C. Chandler, resigned.

At the election of commissioned officers for the veteran organization, in April last, Captain F. H. Shaw was chosen major, and Captain Jacob M. Augustine, lately killed in action, lieutenant-colonel; and as all the field-officers belonging to the regiment are on detached service, it is respectfully urged that the efficiency of the command requires that Captain Francis H. Shaw be commissioned at the earliest practicable date. All of which is respectfully submitted.

Very truly, your obt. servt.,

C. M. BROWNE,

F. P. FISHER, *Capt. Co. G, actg. major 55th Regt. Ills. Vol.,  
1st Lieut. and Adjutant.*



[Endorsed.]

HEADQUARTERS 1ST BRIGADE, 2ND DIVISION, 15TH A. C.,  
IN THE FIELD, GA., July 9th, 1864.

*Approved.* Captain Shaw is now commanding the regiment and is a good officer. He is next in rank to Major Heffernan, whose continued absence from the regiment forfeits all claims to promotion.

GILES A. SMITH, *Brig.-Genl. Vols.*

On the ninth of July we were moved about half a mile to the east, and began fortifying; but during that night the enemy disappeared from our front. Johnston had crossed the Chattahoochee with all his forces, and the smoke of the burning bridges proclaimed the fact to the whole Union army at dawn. The Twenty-third Corps had already by surprise effected a crossing eight miles above the railway bridge at Soap Creek, and our cavalry had waded the river at Roswell. Both were strongly intrenched, expecting immediate assault. The other divisions of the army made demonstrations at the ferries for miles up and down the Chattahoochee, which was somewhat swollen with recent rains, about six hundred feet broad, and nowhere passable for troops without bridging. Atlanta was but ten miles distant by railroad. By the maps, it seemed obvious that the more advantageous as well as shorter line of attack upon that great intrenched camp and railway centre was from Sandtown, aiming at the East Point junction of the West Point and Macon railways to cut off the southern line of retreat. Important strategic considerations, the topography of the region to be traversed, and the great desirability of cutting the railway communications with the East, determined General Sherman to adopt a line of approach double the length of that to the south.

On the eleventh, we moved by the left flank a hot and dusty march of five miles, and in the afternoon of the next day entered, after a tramp of twelve miles, the charmingly located valley city, Marietta. The huge hotel, three-story military academy, elegant residences, steam-mills and numerous stores and shops, marked the place as having been a social and commercial centre of large importance; while the park-like groves of oak and hickory and the dominating



neighborhood of Kenesaw gave it a picturesque beauty rare in that land. Long before light on the thirteenth, we were aroused from our slumbers to hasten forward towards Roswell, ten miles east, where a trestle bridge had been thrown across the river, over which we marched the following day. Brick ruins enclosing great beds of grey ashes marked the site of extensive mills here, which had been burned by the cavalry, who had no cautious respect for the French flag displayed above them as a claim for protection. These mills had been manufacturing canvas and tents for the Confederacy. We had seen some of the three or four hundred female operatives captured here, while on their way to the cars; factory girls and tent makers having been pronounced by General Sherman "contraband of war," and ordered to be transported north of the Ohio River. The division advanced two miles beyond the Chattahoochee, took up a strong position and fortified it. We were about twenty miles from Atlanta.

At this point, broiling under the July sun, we remained until Sunday, the seventeenth, when, advancing eight miles, we re-formed in battle line along Nancy's Creek. On Monday, marching southward, about noon we broke out of the woodland and found ourselves upon the Atlanta and Charleston railroad, between Stone Mountain and Decatur. The division was at once set at work tearing up and destroying the track. Thus far the only opposition encountered had been that of Wheeler's cavalry, which our mounted troops and a skirmish line of infantry kept so rapidly in motion that there was little hindrance to the steady progress of the line of battle. On the nineteenth, we moved along the railroad nine miles through the old-fashioned tree-embowered town of Decatur, opposed vigorously but only by cavalry and light-artillery. The twentieth saw a continuation of the same slow progress towards the east of Atlanta, the resistance becoming much more stubborn, however, and apparently supported by infantry, so that but about three miles were gained. Each night we slept behind hurriedly constructed rifle-pits, and even the pickets in our front had their little defences of rails or logs.



We this day learned that the Fabian policy of General Johnston, which had for some time been receiving sharp criticism from the short-sighted, at last had afforded Jefferson Davis the desired excuse for superseding him and putting in his place a more pugnacious and adventurous commander. This struck the self-confident Union veterans as rather good news than otherwise, for Johnston's prudent genius was far more dreaded by the intelligent than Hood's headlong dash. Having had enough of assaulting, we quite welcomed the prospect of seeing the rebels try the role of assailants, and were willing to waive formal notice of their intentions. We had not to wait long for the new policy to develop itself. In fact, that very afternoon the continuous roar of artillery upon our right signaled the bloody repulse of the new commander's first aggressive blow. He had caught the right wing of Sherman's army while advancing, unsuspecting but not unready, to the south side of Peachtree Creek, 'just where he wanted it,' and just where his predecessor, competent to teach him strategy, had planned to attack; yet Victory had shown no inclination to perch upon his banners.

The next day it was fearfully hot, but the men worked enthusiastically to complete our line of earthworks, while the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps were swinging around to our left with a heavy skirmish line fully occupied in their front. There was no attempt made to push forward the Fifteenth Corps, for neither the Twenty-third on the right nor the Seventeenth on the left had come into alignment with our advanced position, and the Sixteenth was at the rear. Everything seemed quiet from our picket line. Indeed, the opinion prevailed that we were only held back by so obstinate resistance to permit the safe removal of stores from Atlanta preparatory to its evacuation. This idea seemed confirmed on the morning of July 22d, when the skirmishers reported another strong line of rifle-pits abandoned in our front. Company F, of the Fifty-fifth, was sent forward to re-inforce Companies D and E of the same regiment, then on picket duty, and it was confidently expected that they would be in the city, but two miles



distant, before night. The picket line, however, after advancing to the suburbs of the town encountered the enemy and began skirmishing. Here Sergeant David M. Crumbaugh was brought to the rear with a wound that proved fatal some months later.

The Fifteenth Corps was moved forward at once to occupy the deserted works, and instinctively, without delay and without orders, the men began to improve and reconstruct them to suit the altered ownership. At this critical time our much beloved brigade leader, General Giles A. Smith, was taken from us, promoted to the command of the Fourth division of the Seventeenth Army Corps *vice* General Gresham, wounded. He was succeeded by Colonel James S. Martin of the One-hundred-eleventh Illinois. The morning had dawned bright and beautiful, after a rainy night. The Second division, under General M. L. Smith, forming the centre of the Fifteenth Corps, was aligned at nearly right angles to the Charleston railway, which ran through the works in a deep cut. On the north bank of this cut was Illinois Battery H, with four twenty-pounder Parrott rifles, commanded by Captain De Gress, and on his right General Lightburn's brigade. On the south bank was stationed Chicago Battery A, with four brass field-pieces; at their left was the Fifty-seventh Ohio, and next the Fifty-fifth Illinois. Three other regiments of the brigade were in reserve. Over half a mile distant in our front were the pickets, and a few rods in their rear was a uselessly strong support, consisting of two guns of Chicago Battery A, and two regiments—one from each brigade—the Fifty-third Ohio and One-hundred-eleventh Illinois. General Morgan L. Smith, infatuated with the belief that Hood was evacuating Atlanta—a belief also entertained by his superiors—ordered these troops to push up as near as possible to the fortifications surrounding the city, expecting them to be first in the race for entrance. They were posted in a favorable position and hastily protected themselves with light earth-works. This presumption that the Confederates were on the point of abandoning Atlanta led to tactical looseness in locating the Federal troops, which before the day closed had to be compensated for by extraordinary fighting.



The rifle-pits where properly reversed were sufficient, and the position was excellent, commanding a wide open area. But besides the grave mistake of thrusting the small force of artillery and infantry into an exposed position on the picket line, where they only invited capture or destruction, two serious and utterly inexcusable blunders of omission were chargeable to some one high in authority. The rank and file attributed them, and no doubt correctly, to the carelessness of General Morgan L. Smith and the incompetency of the brigadier who, by virtue of seniority, became division commander during the day, General Lightburn. The railway cut was neither barricaded nor guarded, and a large brick house directly in front of and near the line of Lightburn's brigade was allowed to stand. Colonel Jones, upon whom the command of the brigade devolved about noon, is said to have asked authority to burn the house, but his request received no attention. This negligence cost us dear.

Not far from twelve o'clock heavy musketry firing at our left and rear, and over a long line, indicated that the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps were hotly engaged. It was evident that Hood was making a second furious attack, this time upon our left flank. For a time the issue was dubious, if not adverse to us, as we could easily judge from the varying tumult of battle. Now we could tell that a charge had been repelled, and now the contest would seem to be renewed nearer to our rear. So far as could be seen the Seventeenth Corps, which joined the Fifteenth on the left, had not been driven from its position; but the occasional rattle of musketry directly in its rear was an ominous sound and one which we could not understand until, after the victory, we learned that our old brigade commander with his division had fought the enemy from both sides of his rifle-pits, the assaults upon him from front and rear being so obligingly timed that he could repel them alternately. Ambulances were bringing their groaning burdens up the roadway behind us, and staff officers were galloping furiously to and fro. About two o'clock our three reserve regiments, with the brave Colonel Martin at their head, were hurried away towards the smoke of the melee at the left. We now formed but a single thin



line, three of our largest companies being detached at the front. Before leaving to re-enforce the Sixteenth, Colonel Martin had requested General Smith to recall the two regiments upon the picket line; but this was not done. Although we did not then know of our misfortune, our beloved young general, McPherson, had fallen. General Logan was in command of the Army of the Tennessee, General M. L. Smith had succeeded him as commander of the corps, and General Lightburn was temporarily placed over the division; Lieutenant-Colonel Mott of the Fifty-seventh Ohio was the senior officer in command of that part of the First brigade in line. No general, field or staff officer, however, troubled the Fifty-fifth with his presence or his orders. In the trials soon to come we conquered all difficulties, as we fought at Shiloh, without interference, assistance or direction from any outside party.

It was about three o'clock when, during a seeming lull in the conflict on the left, suddenly from our picket line and the supporting regiments there came to our ears the brisk popping of the skirmishers' rifles, followed by musketry volleys and the rapid fire of the two field-pieces. Quickly after came our three companies and the two regiments at headlong speed, while close behind them Hood's Corps, now led by General Cheatham, came surging forward, a grey torrent pouring over the fields towards us. In double line without skirmishers, the Confederates advanced in splendid order, the file closers forcing on any disposed to lag behind. If they had hoped to strike us before we were fully intrenched, they were much too late. For the first time in all its history the Fifty-fifth stood behind earth-works to meet a Confederate charge. On came Hood's brigades with the usual ear-piercing yell. Holding our fire until the pickets not captured were safely within our lines, our assailants were met when not over one hundred and fifty yards from the ditch by a volley of bullets sent with a cool, steady aim. Flags went down, the ground was strewn with dead and dying, and most of those left standing were soon fleeing pell-mell from the wrathful storm towards the city. Some of the bravest plunged forward into the ditch under shelter of the high



parapet, and some hid behind stumps and trees. The regiment, proudly exultant, was intoxicated with the wine of victory--a victory gained with almost no loss--and would have welcomed the sight of another such battle-line, however impetuous or persistent, coming in place of the one it had driven from its front.

While our attention was fixed in the direction of Atlanta, where the rebel officers were striving to rally their men for a second charge, bullets began to whistle among us from the right, and an order to fire to the right oblique was passed down the line because of some rebel troops seen charging along the railroad towards the battery. It was too late. As we turned we could see the rifle-pits across the railway, where Lightburn's brigade had been, swarming with Confederate soldiers, the battery captured, and hundreds of the enemy coming up in serried ranks from out the railroad cut behind our right companies. The Fifty-seventh Ohio whirled back, and was gone into the woodland. There was but one thing to do, and every intelligent soldier knew without orders that liberty depended upon a rapid movement to the left rear. Captain Shaw had no time to give orders for a regimental change of front, and nothing but confusion would probably have resulted from such an order; for a dense thicket covered the slope, coming quite near to our line; and even if gifted with the lungs of a Stentor, his voice could hardly have been heard by all in the din of the fight. He gave the best possible order under the circumstances: to fall back by companies. By command of its officers, each company from right to left of the regiment swung back, no two leaving the works at the same time, but each going at double-quick obliquely to the left rear of the position. The cool and valiant Lieutenant Ebersold—now chief of police in the city of Chicago—was that day commanding Company A upon the right, and when his fellow-officers towards the left saw him consenting to a retrograde movement, even though they heard no general order, they knew that the withdrawal was not illeconsidered, nor blamable for unnecessary caution.

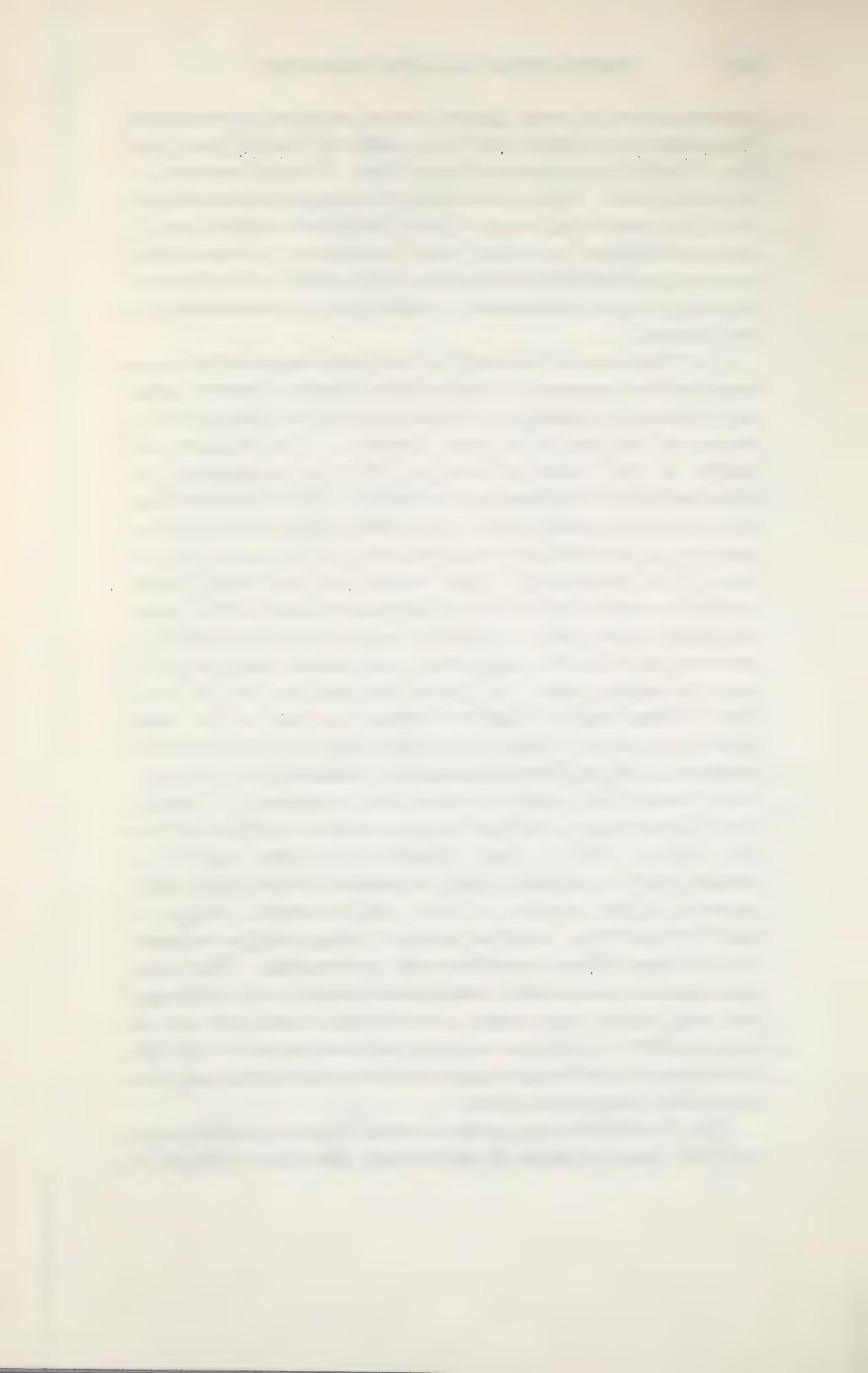
Plunging, within a few paces, into the forest through which ran a small water-course thick set with tangled underbrush,



protection was at once gained, saving us from an enfilading fire which must otherwise have inflicted fearful loss; but there could be no preservation of line. It was, however, no senseless panic. Every man clung to his gun, and when safe from the enveloping sweep of the Confederate flank assault, each faced about; comrade joined comrade, squad was added to squad, and within half an hour the rallied and re-formed regiment, by its commander's orders, began skirmishing its way forward.

A few did not aid directly in the first charge of the main body for the recovery of the position, having become separated from it by taking a different course in retreat, but all were soon heading in the same direction. The chaplain had fought in the ranks of Company B, then commanded by Lieutenant Eichelbarger, on the extreme left of the battalion; and from that position the Confederate column sweeping unopposed up towards our rear from the railway could not be seen. The lieutenant, a fine officer and recklessly brave, hearing no order and seeing no adequate reason for the abandonment of the works, seems to have been stung almost to madness by what he supposed a disgraceful rout, and with tears streaming down his cheeks begged his men to stand firm. When finally forced to retreat, as soon as he could gather a squad about him he insisted upon returning, and the chaplain, thinking from the sound of musketry that the regiment was rallying at the works again, consented. Forming the little company, that had become somehow detached from the regiment, into a short skirmish line, they rapidly advanced, only to suddenly find themselves in the immediate presence of the enemy in force, and in terrible danger of death or captivity. A rebel soldier raising his gun ordered the chaplain, with an insulting oath, to surrender. The chaplain's musket was luckily loaded and cocked, his challenger was not twenty steps away, and without waiting to aim he fired and fled. The man in grey had surrendered—his life. Lieutenant Eichelbarger was found after the battle, near this spot, shot through the head.

The Fourth division, under General Harrow, joining us on the left, two brigades of which had also been obliged to



change front to avoid the enfilading fire, charged back and after a brisk fight drove the rebels over the rifle-pits, at the same time that the Fifty-fifth put its whole vigor into a second charge and recaptured its portion of the works, the Fifty-seventh Ohio keeping equal pace with it on the right. Just as the regiment when at the rear was moving forward to this counter charge, a well-known form came galloping furiously up the Decatur road on a coal-black charger streaked with foam, hatless, his long black hair flying, his eyes flashing with wrath—a human hurricane on horseback. It was "Black Jack," as the Illinois men were fond of calling Logan, and rousing cheers went up as the soldiers recognized him whose presence alone was a host. Behind him, coming on the run, were our reserve regiments so unfortunately absent at the critical moment. Under such inspiriting leadership, re-enforcing the rallied lines of Lightburn's brigade on the right of the railroad, an impetuous charge was made, the First division sweeping down from the right at the same time, and the rebels were pushed back over the intrenchments. Two or three batteries on the left of the Twenty-third Corps were now able to pour in upon the Confederate flank a rapid fire of spherical case and canister, and the rout was complete. All the guns save the two upon the picket line were again ours. Captain DeGress, who had been almost heart-broken at the loss of his battery, was soon hurling shell from the recaptured twenty-pounders into the mob of fugitives.

The cause of the temporary disaster was easy to see. Massing behind the house—which should have been destroyed in the morning,—and in the railway cut—which should have been protected by a barricadé and two field pieces—General Manigault's brigade and the bravest of the Confederates driven from our front, broke through and outflanked the weak line of the Second brigade, killed the battery horses, captured the guns and opened an enfilading musketry fire right and left. At the same time a large force from the railway cut swept round upon Battery A and began to envelope the fragment of the First brigade. If in the needful hurry of the movement this little force of two de-



pleted regiments did not change front in excellent order and according to tactical rule, the exigency and the location excused such fault, and the promptitude it showed in reforming and driving the intruders back, more than atoned for it.

When the regiment again stood aligned at the works, and not until then, was the absence of the color-bearer with the ragged remnant of the colors generally noticed. After the four companies on the right had moved to the rear, Lieutenant Oliver, the self-possessed officer commanding the color company, gave orders for it to fall back, and all seem to have heard and obeyed save the color-sergeant. In the exciting whirl of events no one appears to have noticed that he was remaining behind. Not a man of that company but escaped and came back in the counter charge. After the return of the sergeant from captivity, it was ascertained that he did not hear the order to leave the position nor understand the reason for the abandonment of the works, and therefore clung to them almost alone. One's hearing in the hubbub of a great battle is certainly not so faithful a guide, often, as sight, and the fact that company by company the regiment rolled back to the left and rear was proof enough in the Fifty-fifth not only of an order but of intelligent purpose. The grave misfortune was sorely felt throughout the regiment, and the more because so entirely unnecessary and undeserved. No one doubted for an instant the personal courage of the flag-bearer, for that had been fully tested, and on more sanguinary fields; but most felt that he had momentarily forgotten that there is a "better part" of valor called discretion, as well as that his appointed place was *in* the regimental line whichever way it moved, and not behind it, even in retreat.

The effective force of the Fifty-fifth before this fight was two hundred and thirty-nine. The casualties reported were: four killed, thirteen wounded and sixteen missing. One of the missing, John Smith, was doubtless mortally wounded, taken to Atlanta, and there died. The other fifteen fell into the hands of the enemy and were soon experiencing the privations of Andersonville.



## CASUALTIES OF FIFTY-FIFTH ILLINOIS VET. VOL. AT ATLANTA, JULY 22, 1864.

KILLED.	COMPANY.	REMARKS.
HARVEY BOLANDER.	A.	Shot through the head.
GEO. W. EICHELBARGER, <i>1st-lieut.</i>	B.	Shot through the head.
JAMES A. BAINES.	G.	Died during amputation of leg.
FRANKLIN L. KIMBERK, <i>corporal.</i>	I.	
WOUNDED.		
AARON LINGENFELTER.	A.	Finger shot away.
JOHN P. WHEELER, <i>sergeant.</i>	A.	In left foot.
JOHN H. FISHER, <i>corporal.</i>	B.	Severely, in left thigh.
EARL P. GOODWIN.	C.	In hand.
SAMUEL KNIGHT.	D.	In neck.
DAVID MARTIN CRUMBAUGH, <i>sergt.</i>	F.	Mortally, in right thigh.
SAMUEL FAAS.	F.	In face.
BENNETT SWEARINGEN.	F.	In head.
FRANCIS M. NIKIRK.	H.	Slightly.
FRANCIS M. DENMAN, <i>corporal.</i>	I.	In left leg.
HEMAN F. HARRIS.	I.	In right leg.
GEORGE C. COY, <i>corporal.</i>	K.	In left leg.
WILLIAM MOUNT.	K.	Slightly, in hand.
CAPTURED.		
ROBERT R. ELLIOTT, <i>sergeant.</i>	B.	
DENNIS SULLIVAN, <i>corporal.</i>	B.	
PETER HIGGINS.	D.	Captured on picket line.
GEORGE A. LEMBKE.	D.	do. do.
FREILINGHUYSEN PARVIN.	D.	
JOHN SHENEMAN.	D.	do. do.
JOHN LUNDBERG.	E.	do. do.
FREDERICK VEITH.	E.	do. do.
JAMES W. GAY, <i>color-sergeant.</i>	G.	
JOHN SMITH.	H.	Probably mortally wounded.
STEPHEN R. MALCOLM.	I.	
RICHARD NEEDHAM.	I.	
CHARLES D. RAY.	I.	
JOSEPH P. COOMBS.	K.	
JOHN W. EDWARDS.	K.	
WILLIAM E. MONEYMAKER.	K.	

James A. Baines was an Englishman of somewhat eccentric disposition, but a kind-hearted comrade and an excellent soldier. After the breaking of his thigh by a bullet, using his gun as a crutch, he pluckily made his way to the hospital unaided. His leg was amputated, and he never awoke after



the operation. Bolander and Kimberk were patriots, true-hearted and brave.

For the four days succeeding the battle we remained in our position held at such cost, burying the rebel dead and rectifying the two lines of works. The pickets were skirmishing continuously and artillery duels were kept up with the usual insignificant results. The stench from the bodies unburied before the outposts became almost intolerable; indicating that the picket companies and their support of artillery and infantry had poured a very effective fire into the charging column before they were outflanked and hurled back in confusion. In the front of our regimental line alone seventy-five dead Confederates were buried. We undoubtedly had put out of the combat more rebels than our whole number present in the battle.

At the first hour in the morning of July 27th, the Army of the Tennessee was aroused and began moving to the right rear. It was past three o'clock before the turn of the Fifty-fifth came to take up the route step. Through a drizzling rain we marched around behind the troops facing Atlanta from the north, passing corps after corps-- first the Twenty-third, then in succession the Fourth, Twentieth, and Fourteenth; and finally our more intimate associates of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth who, preceding us, were coming into battle line. We found the familiar locomotives already busily puffing and whistling about close to the rear of the Army of the Cumberland, Colonel Wright having rebuilt the great Chattahoochee bridge in a single week. To us, who were near the rear of the whole column, the tiresomely slow tramp, tramp, hour after hour, seemed as though it never would end. Occasionally the shells from Atlanta burst over us, always harmlessly. Night came down, but on we marched, wet, hungry, tired out. At every little halt caused by some obstruction to a gun or caisson in the van, men would drop by the wayside and instantly fall so soundly asleep that their comrades awakened them with difficulty when the move began again. Thus the column dragged on and on until, when nearly eleven o'clock, we were halted and



allowed to sleep upon our arms, having been twenty hours on the road.

At three the next morning we were in motion again. The Seventeenth Corps gradually swung into line, facing Atlanta from the west, directly opposite the position occupied by it on the twenty-sixth of the month, and about the same distance of two miles from the centre of the city and the Macon railway. The right of the corps approached the cross-roads near Mount Ezra Church. From that point the Fifteenth Corps began to form, on an almost east and west line, at about right angles with that of the Seventeenth, and parallel with the Lick-skillet road. About half-past ten artillery opened upon our front and left. We had barely got disentangled at noon from a labyrinth of swampy, densely-wooded ravines, and gained a favorable position upon a slight ridge in a narrow belt of trees, when musketry fire began to be heard, and we could see the grey legions in double line of battle bearing rapidly down upon us. They had nearly caught us in air, and there was no time to use spade or axe for protection. Even the men of the advance division had barely opportunity to pile a few fence rails in their front. The Fifty-fifth, conforming to the nature of the site and keeping within the edge of the timbered belt, chanced to be refused at a considerable angle from the east and west line of battle, the ground sloping towards the right of the regiment where Company A extended across a little brook. In the ravine by this run the assistant surgeon and his little corps of helpers stationed themselves. Beyond to the right were two regiments, the One-hundred-sixteenth Illinois and the Thirtieth Ohio, with a section of artillery between them, continuing the east and west alignment for a short distance in the border of the forest. The ground in front was open for several hundred yards, a part of it being thickly set with stumps, and a little stream and a rail fence crossing it.

The two charging lines came steadily on, at first without firing, the sergeants behind with fixed bayonets keeping every man up to his work. Exposed to our fire at long range, scores were dropping under the cool aim of marksmen who had not lost the skill acquired by their practice at Vicksburg.



But the gaps were quickly closed, and the rapid step quickened. Alone and on foot, an almost exultant expression lighting up his dark face, General Logan passed along behind the line with words of cheer on his lips: "Hold them! steady, boys, we've got them now." Yet that desperate wave, though gradually growing thin and weak, is getting too near; it is scarce eighty yards from the regiments on our right. Encouraged by their general's presence these regiments increase the rapidity of their fire. The Fifty-fifth, because of its refused situation, has been necessarily firing obliquely to the left, but now its guns completely enfilade the charging ranks, and we pour in deadly volleys at short range. The ragged, dust-colored lines become a mob, falter, turn, are gone. They will come again, driven by desperate commanders; but a few moments are granted us, and hurriedly fence-rails, old logs, stumps—anything which can help stop a bullet, are brought and piled along the front, making a slight cover for men lying at full length. Two regiments from the Seventeenth Corps, armed with repeating rifles, are hastened past our rear to extend the right flank, around which some of the enemy's skirmishers have already advanced, and others are pushing in alarming numbers.

Again the well-known yell; the pop-popping of the preliminary shots; the magnificent on-coming of proud lines from behind the opposite ridge, with flag-bearers seeming to dance out defiantly in their front; the crash of the volleyed musketry; the hopeless struggle, growing confusion, slaughter, and helpless rout. The second charge visibly lacked the verve and tenacity of the first, but it was followed by a third, a fourth, and a fifth, led finally by the general officers themselves; but each was a more dismal failure than the one preceding it. One of the most desperate was even made in column. About four o'clock the discouraged remnants of the assailing divisions withdrew. We had again met the same corps, now under General S. D. Lee, which, led by General Cheatham, had assailed us on the twenty-second, and we were content with our second revenge for the temporary discomfiture of that day. In the later charges General Stewart's corps had also taken active part, only to share in the carnage.



The Fifteenth Corps alone had been attacked, and had fought its own fight; in fact two divisions only had been seriously engaged.

The second charge had hardly been fully repulsed, occasional shots still coming from the distant woodland before us, when we heard cheering on our left, which regiment after regiment in succession took up; and soon, walking down the front of the line, came a neatly dressed officer of kindly face and martial bearing, whose rank was shown by the two stars upon either shoulder. The empty sleeve pinned up on his right breast told us it was General O. O. Howard, that day made chief of the Army of the Tennessee. He was introducing himself to his new command on the eve of their first victory under him. At the hearty cheer with which he was welcomed he said: "Well, boys, I thought I had seen fighting before; but I never saw anything like this." A little further down the line, pointing to a dying Confederate sergeant who had crept close up to the rails, he turned to the men near with: "What! you didn't let them get as near as this, did you?" Having been gone to the right a few minutes, he returned by the same route, and as he reached us again he looked towards the fence which ran across a portion of the field, along which the grey-coats lay thick, and said: "Boys, there's a line of battle in your front." Some of those near, thinking he meant that the enemy were again coming, sprang up with guns poised, when he added: "O, you needn't mind it; it seems to be a very harmless line now." The favorable first impression had been happily made, and the Army of the Tennessee never had reason to blame Sherman's selection of the man to succeed the lamented McPherson. What our general thought of us he told in his endorsement of General Logan's report of the battle, and in his own congratulatory order at the close of the campaign. From the last is the following:

\* \* \* My first intimate acquaintance with you dates from the twenty-eighth of July. I never beheld fiercer assaults than the enemy then made, and I never saw troops more steady and self-possessed in action than your divisions which were then engaged.

I have learned that for cheerfulness, obedience, rapidity of movement



and confidence in battle the Army of the Tennessee is not to be surpassed, and it shall be my study that your fair record shall continue, and my purpose to assist you to move steadily forward and plant the old flag in every proud city of the rebellion. \* \* \* \*

Of course when the history of this battle came to be written, it was announced that the generals had fully anticipated it, and planned for it. Of course a special column—on this occasion General Davis's division-- had been sent by another road to the right, instructed to come up providentially at the crisis of the action, and by a fierce flank attack combine with us to utterly demolish the foe. Of course, as is always the fact in battle strategy, the cooperating force got lost in the woods and failed to arrive until the crisis had long passed. The heroism of the assailed line was such as to put out of account chance lack of genius or disappointment of official plans.

All that night we labored constructing works, expecting renewed assault at sunrise, but the punishment had been sufficient. Hood's rash policy might please the autocrat of Richmond, but rank and file already showed grave signs of mutiny. A wounded Confederate sergeant said: "Our general told us the Fifteenth Corps had bragged long enough that they had never been whipped, and that today he would drive you to the river or hell before supper." Acre upon acre of the open field lay before us at daylight strewn with dead men, guns, accoutrements and clothing, while dark spots of clotted blood on the slopes, far and near, told where in the darkness friends had conveyed away the dead and wounded they could safely reach, or where our stretcher bearers had gathered groaning burdens and borne them to our own hospitals. Many a stump had a dead soldier behind it, and some even three. Along the fence the rebels lay in a windrow, in some places two or three piled across each other. A similar swath left by the reaper Death lay in the bed of the little rivulet that ran diagonally by our front, into which the wounded had crept to drink their last cooling draught. Before our angle two great graves were dug; in one were covered fifty-two, in the other fifty-seven dead.

The effective force of the Fifty-fifth in this action was



one hundred and eighty. Its loss was five killed and twelve wounded.

CASUALTIES OF THE FIFTY-FIFTH AT EZRA CHURCH,  
JULY 28, 1864.

KILLED.	COMPANY.	REMARKS.
JOHN FUNK, <i>drummer.</i>	A.	Shot in left side.
WILLIS HASTY.	A.	Shot in breast.
JOHN Q. A. CURTISS, <i>orderly-sergeant.</i>	C.	Shot through head.
OSCAR JOHNSON, <i>corporal.</i>	C.	Shot through head.
EDWARD PHILO.	H.	Spine pierced by bullet.
WOUNDED.		
ANDREW J. LOWDER.	A.	In left hand.
NEWTON MORGAN.	A.	In right hand.
OCK PORT.	C.	Mortally, in hip.
CHARLES R. NOLING.	C.	In heel.
ASA SCOTT WRIGHT.	C.	In left leg.
JOHN WARDEN, <i>sergeant,</i>	E.	In left hand.
THOMAS NICHOLS.	E.	In left shoulder.
EDWIN A. DEWEY, <i>corporal.</i>	F.	In face.
SAMUEL LONG, <i>sergeant.</i>	F.	In right arm.
ALBERT A. WHIPPLE, <i>first-lieutenant.</i>	G.	In head.
WILLIAM H. LIVERMORE.	H.	Right leg amputated.
JOSEPH M. SOWLES, <i>corporal.</i>	H.	In right shoulder.

Willis Hasty, a soldier always unconscious of danger, was instantly killed, probably by a sharp-shooter, having gone out in advance of the line after the repulse of one of the assaults. The little drummer-boy, Funk, a recent recruit, was mortally wounded while at the rear on duty with the surgeon. Curtiss and Johnson were killed by the first volley from the enemy, side by side. Johnson was a model corporal, young, light hearted, fun loving, and deservedly beloved by all who knew him. Curtiss was an older man, with a little family in Illinois. Two brothers of his had previously given their lives in the war. He was a kind-hearted comrade, cool and collected in battle. Ock Port was mortally wounded at night when coming in with his lieutenant from the picket line, by a bullet fired from some of our own troops. A foolish scare started the men in a raw regiment on the right to firing, and other troops heedless of the fact that pickets were stationed in their front, followed in a general fusilade, which prematurely ended the career



of as tidy, obedient and stanch a soldier as existed in the Union army. Edward Philo, an Englishman with all the characteristic pluck of the race, was mortally wounded by a bullet which fractured his spinal column. Livermore, a boy noted throughout the regiment for his irrepressible jollity and utter contempt for bullets, lost his right leg. Most of the wounds were not severe.

The Fifteenth Army Corps was now gradually wheeled into alignment with the rest of the Army of the Tennessee, confronting new defensive works which were diligently pushed southward by Hood to protect his railway communications with East-Point junction, six miles from Atlanta. Each day some ground was gained, often by a sudden dash upon the rebel pickets, who were usually covered by little lunettes or detached rifle-pits which, when captured, formed the basis of a new line of offensive works. One serious discomfort nearly always attended the occupation of any soil which the Confederate soldier had slept upon. Far less solicitous about personal cleanliness than our men--of the Fifty-fifth at least--curses loud and deep were frequently heard in camp against its late tenants for leaving a hungry multitude of diminutive pests behind. At some favorable hour, when quite sure of no hostile interruptions, the whole line half nude would become an army of exploration. The term "gray-backs" grew to be used almost indiscriminately for the Southern soldiers and their inseparable parasites.

The weather had grown intensely hot and it was almost impossible to get a sufficient supply of water even for drinking purposes within a reasonable distance. The men, finding a swampy spot, would dig a hole three or four feet deep, into which perhaps a pailful or two of water would leach during twelve hours; but if the owners of the little well expected to reap the full reward of their labors, they generally had to stand guard near it.

Our division commander, Morgan L. Smith, had been forced to leave the field owing, it is said, to the breaking out of his wound afresh, and we were again subjected to General Lightburn, the next in rank. The effective force of the regiment was but one hundred and sixty men, but during the



first week after the battle of Ezra Church it did more fatiguee, field and outpost duty than military laws would sanction a general in imposing upon a regiment of five hundred effectives, unless for self preservation. This abuse of the little battalion, which in the three bloody battles fought within five weeks—Kenesaw, Atlanta and Ezra Church—had stood always preeminently in the van of action leading the division, was, whether rightfully or wrongfully, charged upon the division commander's incompetence—or worse.

During July 30th and 31st we were pushing forward into position and constructing rifle-pits. Constantly exposed to the fire of the sharp-shooters and artillery, our defensive works became necessarily of very substantial character, with heavy head-logs and strong revetment. Behind these the men lay, attempting to shelter themselves somewhat from the scorching rays of the midsummer sun by brush spread over poles resting upon the parapet. They were often called into line by sudden alarms, and kept constantly on the alert, expectant of assault. During the night of August 1st the Fifty-fifth was moved forward a half-mile or more, and built earth-works twice the length of its own battle front, on what had been the Union picket line, the rebel outposts being but a very short distance from us. Not permitted to enjoy the protection we had perfected, when the main line was moved forward on the afternoon of August 2d the regiment was pushed to the right and again had to work all night to intrench itself, plying axe and spade while other troops rested behind the barricades we had erected. The advance of the Twenty-third Corps this day appeared coming into position on our right, but on a line refused at a large angle from ours.

August 3d an attempt was made in the morning, by a general advance of the Second brigade, to drive the rebel pickets from their trenches and hold them for our own picket line. The movement met with temporary success, but gained nothing; the Confederates being able safely to outflank the position, so long as the Twenty-third Corps did not advance within supporting distance. The rebel skirmishers were soon



back in their rifle-pits again, were heavily re-enforced, and were more annoying than before. In the afternoon the attempt was repeated all along the whole division line, but failed to win a foot of ground. The Fifty-fifth was then sent for to report to General Lightburn, and marching to the left a short distance from its place in the line, the senior officer commanding, Captain Shaw, found the general crouched close behind the parapet, and reported for orders. Pointing to an aid, the general said, "You will receive your instructions from Lieutenant ——." The officer designated climbed over the works with the captain and the regiment was ordered to follow. We passed across an open field into a piece of woodland where the bullets began to whistle about unpleasantly near, and the aid from behind a tree, pointing to a little elevation further to the left front in an open, grassy field, said: "The general wants you to take that hill and hold it." Then he sped back over the parapet into safety, and Captain Shaw quietly gave the necessary orders and led the charge.

The point to be gained was about three hundred yards in advance of the main Union line, and about the same distance from the intrenched position of the enemy. The advance was gallantly made across open ground, the whole of which was swept by an enfilading fire from the skirmishers in the rifle-pits on the right. The rebel batteries in the main line also kept up a vigorous bombardment of the position we were aiming to reach. The summit was speedily gained and with an astonishingly small loss; for experience had taught the veterans how to move rapidly while hugging the ground closely, and to take the utmost advantage of every inequality. The grass, moreover, though scanty was tall enough to seriously interfere with the rebels' aim. Upon arrival at the desired point a few minutes sufficed to dig burrows for individual protection. We lay upon face or back in the roasting rays of the afternoon sun, slowly sinking ourselves into shallow pits to avoid the shower of balls that hissed a foot or two above us; and when darkness came these little pits were enlarged into a continuous trench with a traverse embankment upon the exposed flank. We labored as for our lives all night, momentarily expecting an attempt of the enemy



to dislodge us, and amazed that no troops were sent either to support or relieve us.

Here the morning of August 4th found us, less than one hundred and fifty men all told, isolated about midway between our own and Hood's main lines, receiving the enemy's infantry and artillery fire from elaborate works in front and on the right, with no possible shelter between us and those works. The men were so utterly exhausted with continuous toil and three nights' watchfulness, that they were continually dropping asleep. Captain Shaw was sick with a malarial attack; we were all half roasted with the heat of the sun, consumed with thirst, and unable to properly prepare our food. Our ammunition was reduced to less than twenty rounds per man. The afternoon came and yet no relief. Suddenly we saw two officers coming from the rear across the field we had charged over the day before, running with bodies bent low as though they found something unpleasant in the upper air. It proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel Mott of the Fifty-seventh Ohio, and Lieutenant Martin, aid of the brigade commander, Colonel Theodore Jones. Lieutenant Martin brought orders to Captain Shaw to advance in front of our works, saying that the Fifty-seventh Ohio would support us on the right.

Astonished at so insane an order, which could only mean useless murder, Captain Shaw briefly called the aid's attention to the condition and position of the regiment, and asked that the facts be reported to Colonel Jones and General Hightburn. Lieutenant-Colonel Mott asking Shaw if he refused to go forward, he replied that he could not order his men to advance in their exhausted state until he heard again from the brigade commander. Then Mott suggested in a subdued tone that a command from Captain Shaw to his men to advance would cover the requirements of the order. To this the Captain replied firmly: "I shall never give a command to this regiment that I do not wish and expect them to obey." This ended the interview, and Captain Shaw and his fellow officers who had heard the conversation, awaited events, never suspecting that he was to be reported as disobedient and chargeable with misbehavior before the enemy,



because he had suggested that the nerve and muscle of the Fifty-fifth were insufficient to endure four days and nights consecutively of toil and sleeplessness. Several comparatively fresh regiments, double ours in numbers, lay at ease in the breastworks we had built.

No return message came, but the charge was sounded and the Fifty-seventh Ohio attempted to advance through the woods from the rear upon our right, and the One-hundred-twenty-seventh Illinois made a feeble effort to move forward at our left. Captain Shaw instructed his command to be ready to join the Fifty-seventh if they came near the line of our position. But the spirit and bravery that generally distinguished our comrades of the gallant Ohio regiment could not make headway against the storm it encountered. The slow advance of the Twenty-third and Fourteenth Corps, outflanking the strong advanced posts of the rebels on our right, finally on August 7th effected what General Lightburn had proposed that three or four hundred men should do by assault in front, where a division had failed. After dark the Fifty-fifth was at length retired to the main line, when Captain Shaw was placed in arrest for disobedience of orders. He never was allowed opportunity to seek justification through trial by court-martial, never permitted to offer excuse, although every officer in his command could testify that he neither disobeyed any command nor attempted to avoid any military duty, but sought to convey to his superior officer information which he was charitably supposed not to possess, knowledge that for the safety of the army ought to modify the order. But he had been reported to General Lightburn as refusing to make the advance, and was summarily dismissed from the service, "for misbehavior before the enemy," by General Field Order No. 9, of General O. O. Howard, dated August 11, 1864. His fellow officers, astonished and grieved, at once circulated the following petition among the commissioned officers of the brigade present, and forwarded it through the proper channels to the President:



IN THE FIELD BEFORE ATLANTA, GA., }  
August 16, 1864. }

To His Excellency, ABRAHAM LINCOLN,  
President of the United States.

SIR: Having been surprised at the recent dismissal of Captain Francis H. Shaw, 55th Illinois Infantry, from the service of the United States, and fearing from his well-known modesty that he will fail to place before your excellency, in any form, words of explanation or defence, and believing the punishment he has already undergone sufficient to palliate the offence given, we entertain, through your clemency, the hope of saving the reputation of a noble patriot, and restoring at once to the service a useful officer. With this desirable object before us, we would beg leave to be heard in the following statements:

Captain Shaw was a valued citizen of Mendota, Illinois, engaged at the opening of the war in a lucrative business, and tendered his services to the government as a private August 26, 1861. He was elected first-lieutenant of Company D, 55th Illinois Infantry, and afterward promoted to the rank of captain for distinguished services on the field of Shiloh, where he was wounded in battle. Since his promotion he has ever been considered a first-class company commander, which the superiority of his company and commendatory orders will abundantly prove. He has shared with his regiment, once proud and strong, but now reduced to a fragment, in all the hardships which have thus reduced it. On the 6th of April, 1864, he was elected by an overwhelming majority of his regiment to serve with the rank of major for its veteran term, said election having been authorized by commanders from Major-General Sherman down. On the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Augustine, elect, he was recently presented to Governor Yates for promotion to rank of lieutenant-colonel, by the unanimous voice of the commissioned officers of the 55th Illinois Infantry, and was commanding the regiment with the confidence of both officers and men when arrested and dismissed.

The offence leading to such action in his case was as hereinafter set forth. Having passed through the battles of the 22d and 28th of July, the men of his command were pressed forward in the construction of new lines of defence, until the utmost weariness prevailed. On the 3d inst. he was ordered to advance his command to the summit of a small hill, which was known to be a hazardous undertaking. The order was executed, the hill taken, and fortified at night by his wearied men, with a loss of two killed and three wounded, including a lieutenant. On the afternoon of the 4th, he was directed by Colonel Mott, 57th regiment Ohio volunteers, to advance across a ravine to a hill beyond, to which Captain Shaw responded that his men had been three nights and four days without relief or sleep, and it would be impossible to keep them awake the fourth night if the advance post could be taken, and further urged that his position in line was in advance of all others, and already exposed to an enfilading fire of the enemy, and also stated that the am-



munition of the command was nearly exhausted, but twenty rounds remaining to the man, and that there was no time to procure a supply. On being asked by Colonel Mott, "Will you, or will you not, go forward?" he responded, "Under the present circumstances, I cannot order my men forward," and turning to an aid of Colonel Jones, his brigade commander, he said, "I wish Colonel Jones to understand the *condition* of my men," supposing the order could be delayed until the information could be given. It was reported to Brigadier-General Lightburn, commanding the division, that he had refused to advance, and Captain Shaw, with his command, was ordered to the rear, and he under arrest. The effort was made to advance the line, but failed, as Captain Shaw maintained would be the case, until the rebel picket posts on our right were driven in, which was done four days afterwards.

The attention of your excellency is, therefore, called to the following points:

I. The integrity, ability and faithfulness of the defendant, who has served three years without a single failure.

II. The known condition of his men at the time the order was given, having at the end of two months' campaign, which had wasted more than one-third of their number, been three nights and four days without sleep, incessantly engaged in the trenches or in the fight, so that the previous night it was with difficulty the men could be kept from falling down at their posts and endangering the whole command. Captain Shaw might be justified in hesitating to place them the fourth night where, on their vigilance, was suspended the safety of the line, and where they would have been compelled to lie on their faces till the ensuing morning.

III. The duties required could only be accomplished by an energetic, powerful force, as was proved by the failure of the force that tried it.

IV. Captain Shaw did not contemplate *direct disobedience of orders*, but hoped to stay the action till the facts could be known and comparatively fresh troops, *which were near*, could be called to the rescue of his haggard band.

This petition never reached President Lincoln. It was signed by fifty officers, including all present in the Fifty-fifth and those most prominent of the Sixth and Eighth Missouri, Fifty-seventh Ohio, One-hundred-eleventh, One-hundred-sixteenth and One-hundred-twenty-seventh Illinois regiments. Colonel James S. Martin, who himself had been severely censured by Lightburn for the failure on August 3d, in appending his signature, added:

I was not present when Captain Shaw was ordered to advance his regiment, consequently know nothing of the circumstances, but will say that I have served with Captain Shaw during the campaign, a short time as his brigade commander. I never knew a more efficient or better officer;



always prompt to obey orders, and never faltering in the fight. The gallant conduct of the Fifty-fifth Illinois in the past four fights gives them a reputation which none can injure.

The grievously wronged captain, indignant but helpless, too modest to push his claims for redress in person, and having no political influence in high places, left for his home immediately, followed by the sympathy of every man in the regiment. For twenty years he bore in silence this unmerited stain upon his record. Generals convicted by unanimous verdict of court-martial, colonels who ran away at first sight of an armed enemy, post-commanders who basely surrendered their trusts, had time and again been reinstated with purged records; but it is a far more difficult matter to get even justice, for the innocent victim of an arbitrary, accidental brigadier. On October 30th, 1884, the survivors of the Fifty-fifth Regiment Illinois Volunteers met for their first reunion at Canton, Illinois. They unanimously resolved to again attempt to secure a reversal of this undeserved and summary order of dismissal. The action of the meeting took form in resolutions and a petition, which with the early documents in the case, and affidavits of certain surviving officers, were presented to Congress. The petition was as follows:

TO THE HONORABLE SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES:

The subscribers and petitioners respectfully represent that they are survivors of the 55th Regiment Illinois Infantry, assembled at the first reunion of that regiment, held at Canton, Illinois, on October 30 and 31, 1884, that they are past middle life, and almost without exception bear the marks of wounds received in battle, and have tried, with measurable success, to perform the duties of good soldiers and citizens; that fully believing and asserting the right of petition, they present the following, and confidently ask for relief as hereinafter explained—not as a favor, but of right.

What we ask is that an act of Congress may be passed authorizing the honorable discharge or muster out of Captain Francis H. Shaw, formerly captain of Company C, of the 55th Illinois Infantry, who was, on the 11th day of August, 1864, dismissed from the service for misbehavior before the enemy. Such dismissal was by a summary order, and without any defence, or opportunity of defence, on the part of Captain Shaw. It is because we believe and know that such order was unjust, and based upon a misconception of the facts, that we ask at the hands of Congress the



relief prayed for. Captain Shaw was our comrade in arms, and the most knightly among us. He shared with us for three years privations and dangers only known to those who fought in the war of the rebellion, always alike conspicuous for his modesty and bravery. It is incomprehensible that our comrade should pass through scores of contests, should face the storms of battle until his regiment was reduced to a fragment, and then wilfully misbehave in the presence of the enemy. The statement of the proposition completely disproves the justice of the punishment. Now, after the fifth of a century has passed into history, and the smoke of battle cleared away, we simply ask that the stain be removed from the name of Captain Shaw, and the escutcheon of our regiment. These proceedings are instituted at our own behest, and without the presence or influence of Captain Shaw, who barely consents to our action. Nothing herein is intended or expected to result in any cost to the government. No pay or emolument is asked for--just simply that Captain Shaw be placed right upon the record, and his fame descend to his children unsullied.

For the purpose of establishing the justice of our position, and the truths of the facts alleged, we append certain affidavits. Also a copy of a petition filed by fifty officers of the brigade, when the action complained of was pending.

Upon the honor of soldiers and citizens, we attach our personal signatures hereto, and respectfully ask that our prayer may be granted.

[Signed by eighty-eight surviving officers and men of the 55th Regiment Illinois Infantry.]

In the Forty-eighth Congress a bill was introduced by Hon. R. R. Hitt, M. C. of Illinois, directing the honorable discharge and muster-out of Captain Shaw, and the Committee on Military Affairs recommended its passage. The able and comprehensive report of that committee, after showing that all the facts of record serve to "strongly rebut the presumption of disobedience," goes on to say:

"The clear, strong, and preponderating evidence of his brother officers shows that what he did was not to refuse obedience, but to ask that execution might be withheld until the brigade commander should be advised of the facts known to him, and thus he (Shaw) be relieved of the responsibility of allowing a general to put troops in a position of great importance who were totally unfit by reason of long exposure and exhaustion for that position--a construction of his conduct more consistent with his established military record than that conceived in great haste by the general in command upon the, probably, fragmentary report of a lieutenant of staff. \* \* \*

While this committee have in mind the stern requirements of discipline, they have no less in mind the stern requirements of justice, and



do not look with favor upon the summary dismissal of a gallant officer without his 'day in court.'

The exigencies of the service may have denied to this officer the right of trial by court-martial, but they did not deny to him the justice of a hearing, or to the general commanding the wisdom of considering both sides of a case."

Not reaching a vote in the Forty-eighth, the bill was again introduced in the Forty-ninth Congress, and passed the House of Representatives without a dissenting voice. February 7th, 1887, it was passed by the Senate, and the President approved it on the twenty-first of the month.

It is fitting that there should be put upon record here acknowledgment of the great obligation felt by the survivors of the Fifty-fifth to the Hon. R. R. Hitt, and to the Hon. Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois, champion of their cause in the United States Senate.

For two or three days after the regiment was relieved from the advanced position it had won, it was stationed in the main line of rifle-pits, constantly under fire of both artillery and musketry, and daily sending large details for picket duty. The Fourteenth and Twenty-third Corps were gradually working into line on our right flank, making noise enough daily for a bloody battle. On the morning of August 8th, long before dawn, we were ordered to the front to reverse the earth-works from which the rebel pickets had been at last flanked. After twenty-four hours of outpost duty, we were relieved by another regiment. In the night of August 9th we again went to the front and completed the works we had begun, and the division moved forward to occupy them. Here we remained several days. The rebel artillery persistently shelled the line and casualties occurred almost daily. On the tenth, George W. Cursman was wounded by a bullet which came under the head-log. On the twelfth, Daniel S. Burke, an excellent young soldier, was shot through the heart, and Sergeant Derrick Fryer was wounded. On the thirteenth, George W. Sitler was killed, and the next day John Jackson and Thomas Wilson were wounded. The pickets began to make friendly agreements with each other, and finally bargained to abstain from firing.



When the rebel officers did not interfere to prevent, they would meet and interchange commodities or talk over the situation.

August 17th the division received a new commander, in the person of Brigadier-General William B. Hazen, from the Army of the Cumberland, a West Point officer. General Lightburn returned to his brigade, but on the eighteenth was found by a stray bullet, slightly wounded in the head, and went North within a week thereafter. General Hazen in "A Narrative of Military Service," speaks of his new command thus:

"I was assigned to the Second, Sherman's old division, which fought under him at Shiloh, and had since been under McPherson, Blair, and other able and favorite officers. But recently it had been unfortunate. Under General Morgan L. Smith, on the day of McPherson's death, it was badly broken, and considerably damaged. Lightburn afterward commanded it, and at an affair of pickets a few days before my assignment to it, there was great complaint of misconduct, and one of the brigade commanders—Colonel Martin of the One-hundred-eleventh Illinois, a most worthy man—was seriously blamed, and unjustly so, as I afterwards learned. \* \* \* \* The condition of the division at this time was deplorable."

Judicious orders needed to raise the division to its normal standard of discipline and administration were at once published. Something may be judged of the unwholesome nature of previous management by the fact that the first effect of these orders was to increase within a week's time the effective men with muskets from seventeen hundred to over twenty-one hundred. The general writes:

From the first, there was the most hearty desire upon the part of all officers to aid these reforms, and they were successfully carried out, \* \* \* \* the men and officers were both admirable. \* \* \*

August 18th and 19th noisy and ostentatious demonstrations were made all along the line; colors were displayed, the artillery began a furious fire, the regiments cheering jumped upon the works, and the skirmishers moved forward, as though to assault. The rebel pickets at some points were deceived by the feint and ran back. In this way our picket line made some slight advance, but nothing else of impor-



tance was effected, save the unmasking of three batteries in our division front. During the night of the twenty-second the regiment moved a short distance in advance to construct field-works, and we were busily cutting down trees and conveying the logs to the new line, when a battery opposite hurled five shells in quick succession so skilfully directed and timed that they all burst over or in the midst of the working party. There was a sudden dropping of logs and tools, and a general seeking of shelter. But when the confusion was over it was found that, singularly enough, only one man had been injured. Gillis Woolner, a German recruit, one of a dozen who were carrying a tree trunk towards the barricade, was struck in the face by a mass of iron that scattered brains and fragments of skull all around. The guns had doubtless been trained upon the spot before dark, for the work went on that night without further interruption.

At this place there came from the Governor of Illinois, in reply to the application for commissions given under date of July 8th, the unexpected information that Major Heffernan had sought for promotion in the regiment, ignoring the agreement made with the re-enlisted veterans. As he had been absent from the command six months, although in perfect health, and was known to hold an agreeable and responsible command in Illinois, this news awakened acrimonious feelings, in the full heat of which the following document was signed and forwarded:

HEADQUARTERS 55TH REGT. ILL. INF'TY.,  
CAMP BEFORE ATLANTA, GA., August 20, 1864. }

To His Excellency, RICHARD YATES,  
Governor of Illinois,

SIR: Having forwarded to you in good faith and with the approval of our commanding general, the names of sundry officers and non-commissioned officers for promotion in several companies in our regiment, and having recommended Captain Francis H. Shaw for promotion to the lieutenant-colonelcy, in accordance with the principles upon which the 55th Regt. Ill. Inf'ty. re-enlisted, and with the approval aforesaid; being without a regimental commander and having less than one commissioned officer to each company, midst the most perilous struggles of the war, we have waited under circumstances of great trial for your response to our wishes. At length it has come through Adjutant-General Fuller, in his communication dated July 27th, 1864. Passing in silence our recommen-



dations for company promotions, you urge as the reason for delay in commissioning our chosen regimental commander, "that as Major James J. Heffernan does not appear to have agreed to submit his claims for promotion to an election, he is not bound by it, and therefore action on said recommendation is suspended until you are again heard from on the subject."

In accordance with your request, we, the undersigned commissioned officers of the 55th Illinois Infy. Vols., would set before you the following statement of facts:

1st. The men of this command utterly refused to enlist as a veteran organization under their former field officers, Major James J. Heffernan being one of them.

2d. In a written order of Brig.-Gen. Giles A. Smith it was expressly declared that any arrangement which would be satisfactory to the officers of the 55th Illinois should be guaranteed to the men, by authority of Maj.-Gen. John A. Logan.

3d. Brig.-Gen. Morgan L. Smith — then our division commander — *in person* promised in presence of the whole regiment, *if the men would re-enlist* that they should have any officers they might choose, either in or out of the regiment, stating that General Sherman had that day given him authority to make these pledges in order to secure the services of so valuable a regiment.

4th. Colonel Oscar Malmborg, *in a written order*, pledged the men, *if they would re-enlist*, that they should have a fair election, and the officers of their choice, and those only, should serve them.

5th. The commissioned officers of the regiment, except Lieut.-Colonel T. C. Chandler and Major James J. Heffernan, signed a written agreement on honor that they would not accept a command after the expiration of the present term, except by the express will of the majority of the veterans re-enlisted. To Major James J. Heffernan the paper was not presented, he being in Illinois, and also — as many responsible witnesses can testify under oath — he having assured the men with his own lips that they should have commanders of their own choosing. Hoping that Major James J. Heffernan had some sense of honor left, and fearing to delay re-enlistments for his signature, the men were assured that he would not stand in their way, and on this basis were re-enlisted.

We would add that we are placed under circumstances where it becomes necessary to say that the conduct of Major James J. Heffernan has rendered him wholly unworthy the confidence of the officers and men of the 55th Illinois Infantry, as evinced in the fact that he was the only field officer in the regiment who did not receive a *single vote* for any office whatever.

Pursuant to the orders above referred to and the pledges given, Chaplain Milton L. Haney was elected colonel, Capt. Jacob M. Augustine lieutenant-colonel, and Francis H. Shaw, major. Capt. Augustine having been killed at Kennesaw Mountain, and Chaplain Haney preferring not to accept the command, we made application by his request for the commis-



sioning of Capt. F. H. Shaw as lieutenant-colonel. Since said application, Capt. Shaw, for declining to execute an order on the field, has been dismissed from service, subject to the approval of the President. Under the circumstances, Chaplain Haney has signified his willingness to accept the command, if commissioned. Chaplain Haney has been identified with the 55th Ill. Vols. from its earliest history, and recruited more men for its ranks than any other, save one. He was commissioned captain of Company F, and served in that capacity until March, 1862, when promoted to chaplain. He is therefore the senior officer present with the regiment. As a company commander he was successful, distinguishing himself for energetic application to military duties and studious attention to drill. In the post of chaplain no more faithful officer exists than Milton L. Haney. Not thinking his duties ended with the Sabbath exhortations, he has always and in every way labored to better the condition, moral, mental and physical of the men of his charge, and essentially aided the field and line officers in their efforts to make the 55th Ill. Vols. one of the best disciplined and most efficient regiments in the service. In recent battles he has taken his place in the ranks, fighting musket in hand. One evidence of his ability to command can be found in the fact that he has so gained the confidence of the intelligent body of men comprising the veterans of this regiment, as in a formal election for commanding officer, to receive nearly nine-tenths of their votes.

We hereby earnestly request that he be immediately commissioned as lieutenant-colonel of the 55th Ill. Vols., and that our application for company promotions be granted without delay. Relying upon your sense of moral justice and being impelled by stern necessity, added to the solicitude of our men, we confidently lay before you this our last appeal.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

CYRUS M. BROWNE, *Capt. Commanding 55th Regt. Ill. Vol. Infy.*

JOHN T. SMITH, *Asst.-Surgeon.*      "      "      "

HENRY S. NOURSE, *Captain, 55th Regt. Ill. Vol. Infy., Co. II.*

CHARLES A. ANDREWS, *Captain,*      "      "      "      I.

ALBERT A. WHITTLE, *1st Lieutenant,*      "      "      "      G.

PETER ROBERTS, *2d Lieutenant,*      "      "      "      G.

ROBERT OLIVER, *1st Lieutenant,*      "      "      "      C.

GILES F. HAND, *1st Lieutenant,*      "      "      "      F.

JACOB FINK, *1st Lieutenant,*      "      "      "      D.

FREDERICK EBERSOLD, *1st Lieutenant,*      "      "      "      I.

HORACE T. HEALEY, *1st Lieutenant,*      "      "      "      H.

F. A. SCOTT, *2d Lieutenant,*      "      "      "      H.

FRANCIS P. FISHER, *1st Lieut. and Adj't.,*      "      "      "      .

HENRY AUGUSTINE, *1st Lieutenant,*      "      "      "      A.

I hereby certify that the above list of signatures comprises the names of all commissioned officers present with the regiment this 20th day of August, 1864.

C. M. BROWNE, *Capt. Comdg. Regiment.*

F. P. FISHER, *Adj't.*



Despite this indignant protest in behalf of the veterans, Major Heffernan—at this date commandant at Camp Butler, Illinois—was promptly commissioned lieutenant-colonel. He was, however, never mustered into that grade; but retained his command at the rear until November 19th, 1864, when he was mustered out of service as major, not having been present with the regiment a day for ten months. During the Fenian raid into Canada of May, 1866, he figured briefly with the title of "Brigadier-General in the service of the Irish Republic." He in after years resided successively in New York, California, Utah, and Colorado, making occasional visits to Honduras and Mexico, being engaged "in mining and prospecting." He was ambitious, quick-witted, versatile, tireless both in mental and bodily activity, and influential because of his attractive social qualities. He often held local office, and was always and everywhere an ardent politician. He died at St. Louis in 1885.

CASUALTIES OF FIFTY-FIFTH ILLINOIS VET. VOL. BEFORE ATLANTA, IN AUGUST, 1864.

KILLED.	COMPANY.	REMARKS.
OLIVER ERICKSON, <i>first-lieutenant.</i>	E.	Aug. 3, in charge.
WILLIAM J. ECKLEY, <i>sergeant.</i>	G.	Aug. 3, in charge.
MICHAEL HUMPHREY.	G.	Aug. 3, in charge, shot in head.
WILLIAM MOUNT.	K.	Aug. 4, shot through head.
DANIEL S. BURKE.	D.	Aug. 12, shot through heart.
GEORGE W. SITLER.	B.	Aug. 13.
GILLIS WOOLNER.	I.	Aug. 22, head torn off by shell.
WOUNDED.		
WILLIAM H. BARKLEY, <i>corporal.</i>	B.	Aug. 3, in face, during charge.
THOMAS WILSON.	B.	Aug. 14, in head.
JOHN JACKSON.	B.	Aug. 14, in face.
THOMAS GOKEY.	C.	Aug. 4, in neck.
MOSES WARDEN.	E.	Aug. 3, during charge, in thigh.
GEORGE W. CUREMAN.	D.	Aug. 10, in head.
DERRICK F. FRYER, <i>sergeant.</i>	H.	Aug. 12, in back.
GEORGE A. ANDREWS.	I.	Aug. 26, in right foot.

Lieutenant Erickson, a Swede by birth, was a gallant officer and a worthy man, who had won his commission from the ranks, having entered the service as a corporal in Company A. He was struck by three or more bullets and instantly killed, at the head of his company. Sergeant Eckley was a



young man of more than average intelligence and character, and greatly esteemed by all his comrades. Humphrey, a jocose little Irishman, was always frolicsome in camp, and never a shirk in the fight. Mount was killed behind the works by a chance ball. He was an exceptionally fine soldier, in the flower of youth, and a lovable comrade.

The battle of Ezra Church evidently awakened at last in General Hood a wholesome respect for his predecessor's prudent defensive policy. We thereafter met no more furious flank assaults, but everywhere found ourselves facing elaborate field-works fully manned, and strong skirmish lines of veteran troops in rifle-pits, posted some distance in front of the main intrenchments. The Confederate army had been re-enforced by large bodies of militia, to whom was entrusted the defence of the inner line of fortifications, and battalions of slaves constructed miles of field-works in anticipation of every gain in position or prolongation of lines made by the Union army. It was time for another grand flank movement.

On the twenty-sixth of August, at eight o'clock in the evening, the Army of the Tennessee abandoned its works, and moving to the rear marched in a pouring rain all night and until noon the next day, a distance of about sixteen miles, in a southwesterly direction, along the Lickskillet and Sandtown roads. Our pickets having held their posts five or six hours after the division had retired, were then quietly withdrawn and followed as rear guard. Lieutenant Roberts, commanding the guard detail of the Fifty-fifth that night, relates that, although the removal of the troops was conducted with the utmost possible precaution against noise, enough mysterious sounds reached the ears of the rebel pickets to make them suspicious. After a time the hostile batteries began to shell our lines, and when our pickets retired they were closely followed. Halted on the ridges along Wolf Creek, we threw up a line of defences, working like beavers until dark. The prepared-for assault did not come, however, for General Hood, knowing that the Twentieth Corps had fallen back to the railroad bridge over the Chattahoochee, and blinded by various other circumstances, believed



that Sherman was retreating to Sandtown for the purpose of crossing the river.

At light on the twenty-eighth we resumed the march, and reached the West Point railroad, two or three miles east of Fairburn, early in the afternoon. Here we went into bivouac in battle line, passing the night behind fortifications hastily built at right angles with the railway. The next day we worked diligently destroying the road. It was systematically ruined and obstructed for miles, each rail bent into the shape of a hair-pin, the ties burned, and the cuts filled with earth, trees and rubbish, and an occasional artillery shell arranged to serve as a torpedo. August 30th we advanced twelve miles, arriving within a mile of Jonesborough on the Macon railroad at night, where battle line was formed, and we at once began intrenching. The day's march had been constantly delayed by Wheeler's cavalry, two or three brigades of which now and then offered a sturdy opposition, sometimes from behind barricades, and assisted by light artillery. At Flint River, late in the afternoon, a more determined stand was made by infantry and cavalry, intrenched, but they were soon outflanked and fled, abandoning to our use the bridge half burned. At Jonesborough there was evidently a larger force intrenched. Guided by the sound of our labor upon the rifle-pits we at once set about constructing, a constant fire was kept up in the darkness, which proved very annoying.

At dawn of August 31st we speedily discovered that our position had serious faults not discernible the night before. The enemy's sharp-shooters commanded the ground in our immediate rear, so as to make it hazardous to move out of the shelter of our works. The First brigade was at once ordered to move forward and take possession of a prominent hill about half a mile to the front. The enemy's skirmishers stoutly resisted our advance, but by nine o'clock we occupied the crest, and while half the brigade pushed back the enemy and held them in check, the rest piled rails and logs, of which there was luckily a considerable supply within a short distance, into a rude low breastwork. Lying behind this, with bayonets and tin plates--anything that could serve as a tool



— the men dug into the hard gravel to increase their protection. The position commanded both the Confederate and our own lines. It was an amazing oversight on the part of the enemy that they had not occupied and fortified it before our arrival. The railroad and village of Jonesborough, the former about five hundred yards distant only, lay below us in plain view. Battle-lines twice the length of our brigade came out of the woodland by the railway, and a strong intrenched line, fully manned with infantry and artillery, stretched from our front southward into the town beyond our field of sight.

Luckily a few picks and shovels soon reached us, and for two or three hours every man put all his energy into the work of protection. By noon we were sheltered behind a continuous line of field-works, but far inferior in height and solidity to those we had become accustomed to construct in the advance upon Atlanta. In our immediate front low brush and small trees masked the situation somewhat from the hostile batteries. Behind us the hill sloped gently down to a little brook and a road. The dusky lines of men in the valley were constantly lengthening by the coming of loaded trains from the city. Two Confederate corps—Hardee's and S. D. Lee's—were confronting the Federal Fifteenth, and our weak brigade, detached by a wide interval from any support on the right flank, and utterly without support on the left, formed an attenuated line in this important salient, awaiting an assault for which we could see the preparations going on below. The odds were too enormous, and the division general evidently recognized the fact; for at the last moment of grace five little regiments were hurried forward from the distant Seventeenth Corps, three of which were posted in a pine grove a short distance from our left, and the other two upon our right flank at an interval of a few rods. Both the forces were refused nearly at right angles with the general direction of our intrenched line.

At two o'clock, heralded by the roar of the Confederate batteries, General S. D. Lee's corps, in double line of assault, pushed up the slope, every man yelling like a demon incarnate. Our skirmishers came in upon the run. Close behind,



the first rebel line rushed into sight out of the skirts of the brush that fringed the slope, and when within a hundred paces our first volley met them full in the face. A few of the more desperate reached the rifle-pits, but the main body was swept back to the shelter of the copse, leaving the hill crest covered with a bloody burden. The second line advanced with less spirit, halted for the most part about sixty yards from the works, and lying down kept up a desultory fire upon us. The officers again formed the lines and drove their men up the hill, again to be decimated and driven. Over one hundred dead men were visible in our front, and three battle-flags had fallen before the brigade. Many wounded and about one hundred unhurt, who had got too near to retreat, surrendered, and were sent to the rear. Among these a jaunty young colonel, with a broken arm, mounted the works and gazed up and down the line. Recognizing the flimsy character of the barricade and the scant number of defenders, a look of ineffable rage and disgust distorted his fine features as he strode back towards our field hospital. We buried one hundred and two dead within our brigade lines, while before the picket posts were many more. The attack had been made along the front of the Fifteenth Corps, but the only forceful blow was struck at the Second division and broke upon the First brigade. Lieutenant-General Lee, in his report of the battle, acknowledged a loss of thirteen hundred killed and wounded, and stated that he did not persevere in his assaults because he had apparently made no impression by his attack upon our left, where he supposed us weakest. The Fifty-fifth, with an effective force of one hundred and eighty, lost during the day two killed and ten wounded, four of the latter being mortally hurt.

The morning of September 1st opened with an unclouded sky. The Fourteenth, Twenty-third and Fourth Corps had struck the Macon railway late on the previous evening, being at the nearest point four miles north of us, engaged in leisurely destruction of the track. The position in the valley below, as to outward appearances, was unchanged. Hardee's corps in its intrenchments annoyed us with artillery, and the sharp-shooters forced us to keep close to our cover. Al-



though we did not then know the fact, Lee's corps had marched for Atlanta during the night.

It was not until afternoon that General Sherman appeared upon the scene. Coming to our rear, after viewing the position of affairs, he sent his staff galloping with orders in every direction. The Seventeenth Corps now joined us on the left, and the Fourteenth came sweeping down the railroad. We could overlook from our little eminence the approach of the columns, the deployment and gallant advance, and the final assault upon the right flank of Hardee's army, where Cleburne's division met the attack. The Confederate works were strong, running across the railroad and therefore at right angles with the main intrenchments, with salients containing batteries that were served with great rapidity, raining grape and shell upon the blue lines as they came into range. It was nearly four o'clock before the successful charge was made. General Sherman stood watching the formation, visibly impatient. Soon the skirmishers were seen running forward, and behind them the two battle lines rolled onward. The rebel pickets rushed back pell-mell before them, the smoke leaped from the cannons' mouths towards them, and the musketry volleys tore visible gaps through them. Now and then portions of the line would falter, and with hearts in our mouths we dreaded lest the next minute should see them go routed back. But the hesitation was never general and always brief; the brigades swept on with emulative determination, posted up the slope and over the batteries. Sherman, rubbing his hands one over the other, said to the officer next to him, "They're rolling them up like a sheet of paper," and moved away to give orders for pressing the advantage gained.

But it was past five o'clock, and before the Fourth Corps could get into position to envelop Hardee's doomed legions from the south, darkness closed down upon the day's work. As usual, Thomas's army, though sure, had been terribly slow. Two hours more of daylight and the whole of Hardee's corps would have been hemmed in by an overwhelming force, without hope of escape. During the night heavy explorations to the northward disclosed the abandonment of Atlanta, and the subdued bustle in the enemy's camps in-



formed the pickets that Hardee was evacuating Jonesborough. At dawn Lieutenant Oliver, leading our skirmishers, encountered his rear guard in the town, and the brigade began pursuit, following the retreat five miles, when it was relieved by other troops. Knowing the country and all its numerous and excellent by-roads, the enemy readily escaped without further serious loss.

CASUALTIES IN FIFTY-FIFTH ILLINOIS VET. VOL., NEAR JONESBOROUGH, GA., AUG. 31-SEPT. 3, 1864.

KILLED.	COMPANY.	REMARKS.
TABOR J. THOMAS, <i>sergeant.</i>	C.	Aug. 31, mortally wounded by shell in right side and shoulder.
MAYHEW C. ATHEARN, <i>sergt.</i>	D.	Aug. 31, shot through head.
CHARLES T. BEERS, <i>sergeant.</i>	H.	Aug. 31, mortally wounded in head.
JOHN HENSEY.	H.	Aug. 31, mortally wounded in left leg.
GEORGE W. CROCKER.	I.	Aug. 31, right arm amputated.
CHARLES STOCKER,	I.	Aug. 31, by musket shot.
THOMAS WILSON, <i>corporal.</i>	B.	Sept. 1.
JOHN CONNOR.	K.	Sept. 1, shot in head.
WOUNDED.		
WILLIAM H. LOWE, <i>sergeant.</i>	A.	Aug. 31, in neck.
WILLIAM W. BONNEY, <i>corp'l.</i>	D.	Aug. 31, in right foot.
WILLIAM M. GROUNDS, <i>sergt.</i>	K.	Aug. 31, in left shoulder.
GEORGE W. JACKSON.	G.	Aug. 31, in breast.
CALVIN A. SONGSTER.	G.	Aug. 31, in head.
SYLVESTER M. SHERMAN.	H.	Aug. 31, in neck.
WILLIAM H. CRISS.	D.	Sept. 1, in neck.
JACOB W. KEFFER.	F.	Sept. 1, in neck.
WILLIAM F. RANDOLPH.	H.	Sept. 1, in right arm.
ANTHONY HUGHES.	I.	Sept. 1, in right arm.
WILLIAM D. MAY.	D.	Sept. 3, in hand and leg.

Sergeant Thomas was a brave, prompt soldier. His wound was a terrible one, made by a fragment of shell, but he lived three days. Athearn had not re-enlisted, and was looking forward hopefully to his return home in a few weeks. He was an unassuming but excellent sergeant. Beers was the quartermaster elect of the veterans. He had been seemingly elated by the excitement of battle, making jocose comments upon incidents of the fight, and loading and firing as though at target practice. A sharp-shooter's bullet passed through his cap from front to rear, just grazing the top of his skull. It was apparently a scalp wound only, but stunned him for a few moments. Suddenly he regained his senses and sat up,



exclaiming, "That was a close call for Charley," His life ought to have been saved, and probably would have been could he have had the care of our own regimental surgeon. He lived three weeks. John Connor was shot through the head just as he was about to be relieved from picket duty.

September 3d we were engaged in the hard labor of destroying the railway, a part of the soldier's trade which we had acquired to perfection. Ranged beside the track, the regiment or brigade would raise and throw over a section of the length of its battle line. The ties were soon loosened and collected into large square piles, across which the rails were placed. Being of pine, the wood burned fiercely, and the rails, soon white hot at the middle, were then bent against a telegraph pole until the ends met. Some provisions and forage were gleaned from the fertile region about. The enemy halted at Lovejoy's, three miles south of us, and we threw up works facing them, and remained in bivouac two days, returning to our old position upon the hill at Jonesborough on the evening of the fifth.

September 7th we marched seven miles and went into camp near a creek behind breastworks built by the Confederates, where the congratulatory orders of the President and General Grant, and the order of thanks from General Sherman were read, and we cheered ourselves hoarse over them. The next day we continued northward seven miles to East Point and laid out a formal camp in a belt of woodland, with the hope of enjoying a period of rest which all much needed. The Atlanta campaign here properly ends. It was barely three months from the day the Fifty-fifth had entered the field upon its return from furlough. The fearful attrition of these twelve weeks is well exhibited by a comparison of the morning reports at the beginning and end of this period:

	Kenesaw.	East Point.
Present for duty.		
Commissioned officers.....	25	13
Enlisted men.....	<u>236</u>	<u>189</u>
Aggregate.....	261	202
Present and absent.		
Commissioned officers.....	30	22
Enlisted men.....	<u>431</u>	<u>402</u>
Aggregate.....	461	424



The casualties during the three months had been one hundred and thirty-five—in number more than half that of the total present for duty at the date when the regiment entered upon the campaign. The proportion of fatal wounds is very noticeable:

Killed or mortally wounded, including four commissioned officers,	39
Wounded not fatally, including four commissioned officers,.....	81
Captured in battle—enlisted men,.....	15

During September the army rested in its camps about Atlanta. The brigade was located in a pleasant open woodland, with cleared ground in its front. The men built little cabins for themselves, boards being brought from Atlanta for the purpose, and most were very comfortably housed. On the nineteenth company drill was resumed, and regimental and brigade drills were held for an hour and a half daily, five days in the week. With our war-reduced battalions it required a deal of preliminary consolidation before lines of sufficient length were obtained for convenience in the evolutions. The division commander, a graduate from West Point and promoted from the Army of the Cumberland, exhibited a greater fondness for parade, and was more insistent upon the rules of military etiquette than our former generals. He summarily arrested Lieutenant-Colonel Mott of the Fifty-seventh Ohio, one day, because his men shouted "hard-tack" when they saw the general passing, they being at the time on short allowance of bread for some reason. He ordered commanding officers of regiments to take steps for filling all vacancies among the commissioned, and in pursuance of this order the following document was forwarded to the Governor of Illinois:

HEADQUARTERS 55TH REGT. ILL. VET. VOL., {  
EAST POINT, Ga., Sept. 15, 1864. }

To his Excellency, Governor RICHARD YATES,  
Springfield, Illinois.

SIR: I certify on honor that at a meeting of the veterans of the 55th Ill. Vet. Vol. Infy., this day legally held at East Point, Ga., Chaplain Milton L. Haney was unanimously elected lieutenant-colonel of this organization, *vise* Lieutenant-Colonel T. C. Chandler, resigned and discharged by S. O. No. 146, of Maj.-Gen. J. B. McPherson, dated July 3, 1864.

At meetings duly held at the same place and date, by the veterans of



Companies B and E of this regiment, Corporal John H. Fisher of Company B was unanimously elected first-lieutenant of Company B *vice* First-Lieutenant George W. Eichelbarger, killed in action July 22, 1864; First-Sergeant Robert Dixon of Company E was elected captain of Company E, *vice* Captain William C. Porter, killed in action June 27, 1864; Sergeant John Warden of Company E was elected first-lieutenant, *vice* First-Lieutenant Oliver Erickson, killed in action August 3, 1864.

At the organizing election, held by order of Col. O. Malmborg, at Larkin's Landing, Ala., April 6th, 1863, Captain Francis H. Shaw, Company C, was elected major; First-Lieutenant Oliver, captain of Company C, and First-Sergeant Luther J. Keyes, first-lieutenant of Company C; since which time Captain Shaw has been dismissed the service of the U. S. by G. F. O. No. 9, dated August 11, 1864, of Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard.

I have the honor to request that Chaplain Milton L. Haney, Lieutenant Robert Oliver, Sergeants Robert Dixon, Luther J. Keyes and John Warden, and Corporal John H. Fisher be commissioned at your earliest convenience in the grades to which they have been elected. I would respectfully call your attention to the injunctions of an order—a copy of which is attached hereto—received from my immediate commander; and in compliance therewith I earnestly solicit you to furnish the much-needed commissions to the above named officers elect, and to those previously recommended to your favor by my predecessor in command of this regiment, at as early a day as practicable.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

HENRY S. NOURSE,

*Capt. 55th Ill. Vet. Vols., Commanding Regt.*

Within a day or two after forwarding the above, the resignations of two officers in the Fifty-fifth were accepted, their physical condition incapacitating them for the hard service of the campaign about to open. They were Captain H. H. Kendrick and First-Lieutenant A. A. Whipple; both officers of fine personal presence, intelligent, genial and universally respected. Lieutenant Whipple was the youngest officer of the regiment at its organization, being then second-lieutenant of Company G. For some time he was detached for duty with the Signal Corps. Could he have remained in the service a few weeks longer he would have received commission as captain; but the disabling effects of the wound in his head, received at the battle of Ezra Church, warned him that he must surrender to others the duties which he had modestly and manfully performed during nearly three years. Captain Kendrick, by soldierly merit, had won his position



from the ranks, and had gained especial praise for the conspicuous part borne by him in the battle of July 28th. Commissions came two or three days later promoting Henry Augustine and Giles F. Hand to captains, and Sergeant John B. Ridenour to first-lieutenant.

September 22d a haggard band of fifteen men, ragged, unkempt, feeble, the pinched look of starvation in their faces, limped into our camp. It was the missing group of the captured at Atlanta, July 22d. They reported that the sixteenth missing man in that action, John Smith, had died of his wounds in Atlanta, on the night of battle as before stated. The fifteen had been duly exchanged and returned from Andersonville, having been two days upon the road without food. Although they had suffered durance vile less than two months, nearly all of them were so reduced with starvation, and so disordered with unhealthful food and water, exposure, needless and malicious ill treatment, that they had to be sent to a convalescent hospital at Marietta, and finally further north, to recuperate. Moneymaker alone was able to report for duty at once with his company. Sergeant Gay, from his normal weight of nearly two hundred pounds had fallen away to one hundred and thirty-six. Many were afflicted with scurvy, some with rheumatism, others with night-blindness. The last was not uncommon among the prisoners, those who were attacked by it losing all power of sight as soon as it began to grow dark. Several of the fifteen did not recover in time to rejoin the command before the march to the sea, and were sent East via Cincinnati, Baltimore, Annapolis and Morehead City, finally to meet the regiment at Goldsborough, North Carolina.

The tale of Andersonville has been told again and again, but any pen must ever utterly fail to adequately convey such conception of the horrors of that prison-pen as those received who, gazing into the wan faces of the emaciated victims, listened to the unvarnished stories that fell from their quivering lips, when just relieved from its tortures. A few items from the reminiscences of John W. Edwards and James W. Gay may appropriately find place here. Those captured on July 22d were marched that night to East Point, and "cor-



ralled," the Fifty-fifth Virginia Infantry being detailed to guard them. In the morning they were marched to Jonesborough, and thence were conveyed in freight cars to Macon, and finally, after some delay, to Andersonville, reaching the latter place on July 28th. They were said to number about seventeen hundred. From the cars they were first marched to high ground near some earth-works that overlooked the whole crowded interior of the prison-pen. Even at that distance a fetid, sickening stench from it saluted their nostrils. Two hill slopes, twenty sandy acres, bordering a shallow, sluggish stream that ran through a broad piece of marshy ground, were fenced in by two timber stockades twenty feet in height, and encircling lines of strong rifle-pits, occupied by artillery as well as infantry. Within were thirty thousand patriot soldiers, starving in a land of plenty, denied even shade from the scorching sun, and fuel for cooking, although the countless stumps showed that a dense forest had been cleared away to prepare the place for its wretched occupants. Whether at sight of the unwelcome addition to their numbers, or from other cause, the hooting and yelling of the seething mass of unfortunates rose to a deafening roar, and the commandant ordered a gunner to fire a shell over them. He was persuaded by the sergeant of artillery to allow the substitution of a solid shot, which was fired at a considerable elevation across the stockade, without, however, quelling the riotous din.

The newly-arrived captives now made the acquaintance of their jailer, Wirtz. They were drawn up in two lines facing each other, and every man was carefully searched. One of the prisoners stepped across the open space and handed some article to a comrade opposite, when the infamous commandant shouted to one of the sentinels to shoot him. The soldier hesitating, Wirtz rushed towards him with his hand upon his revolver, and again, with a string of oaths, ordered the sentinel to shoot the prisoner offending. At this point the officer in command of the escort guard interfered, and in forcible language admonished the blood-thirsty coward that the Fifty-fifth Virginia was not under his orders. Edwards had sold his watch to a lieutenant of the guard for one hun-



dred and fifty dollars in Confederate money, about one-half of its fair value, as he was afterwards assured. In the search this money was found and taken from him; but as he proved by the escort how he obtained it, he was fortunate enough to finally secure its restoration. The two lines were at last divided into companies of ninety men each. Then order was given for "a sergeant who could write to step forward from each company," as though penmanship was a rare accomplishment. Naturally all the sergeants came to the front, which created considerable merriment among the men, and greatly ruffled the jailer's temper. A sergeant for each ninety men was selected and instructed to record the names and regiments of that company, and to him was assigned the duty of drawing and distributing rations. For convenience, each company divided itself into groups of thirty, and these were subdivided into squads of ten, each having its chosen commissary.

For the first few days the daily allowance per man consisted of one-half pint of black peas, always gritty with sand; the same quantity of corn meal, the cob apparently ground with the corn; and two ounces of fresh meat, no allowance being made for bone. No salt was issued, and the meat was often half spoiled before it could be used. But salt could be purchased for two dollars per pint at the Winders' store within the stockade. Onions were sold at seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half each. Eggs brought thirty cents apiece, and flour could be had at one dollar and fifty cents per pound. Tobacco was abundant, and more reasonable in price. A small bundle of pine splinters, about enough to cook one man's dinner, cost a dollar and a half. By building a little clay flue some cooking was done, but even the peas were often eaten raw. After a time cooked rations were issued, consisting of four ounces of corn bread, two ounces of meat, and half a pint of rice, with two table-spoonfuls of molasses. Members of a mess would always conceal a dead comrade just as long as possible in order to draw his rations. Some attempted to appease the gnawing pangs of hunger by the most indigestible and disgusting substances—even ate the worms they dug from the rotten stumps.



The water of the stream was but the outflow of a miasmal swamp, and received the wash of the whole foul area at every rain; but it was all that could be had. Many wells were sunk, some to great depth, without reaching moisture. The drainage of bakery and slaughter-house added to that of the slopes defiled the flow more and more, until, when the Atlanta prisoners arrived, the water seemed to them horrible beyond endurance. The death rate then averaged about one hundred per day. Suddenly, on August 13th, a clear little spring gushed forth just outside the "dead line," not far from the northern gate of the stockade. A barrel was permitted to be sunk to receive it and a trough conducted the water across the "dead line." There a guard was stationed compelling all to approach by one path and take their proper turns in line. The flow was so abundant that rarely was any one compelled to wait more than ten or fifteen minutes for a drink, although there were sometimes hundreds of the thirsty in the path. This precious fountain was generally known as "God's water," or "Providence spring."

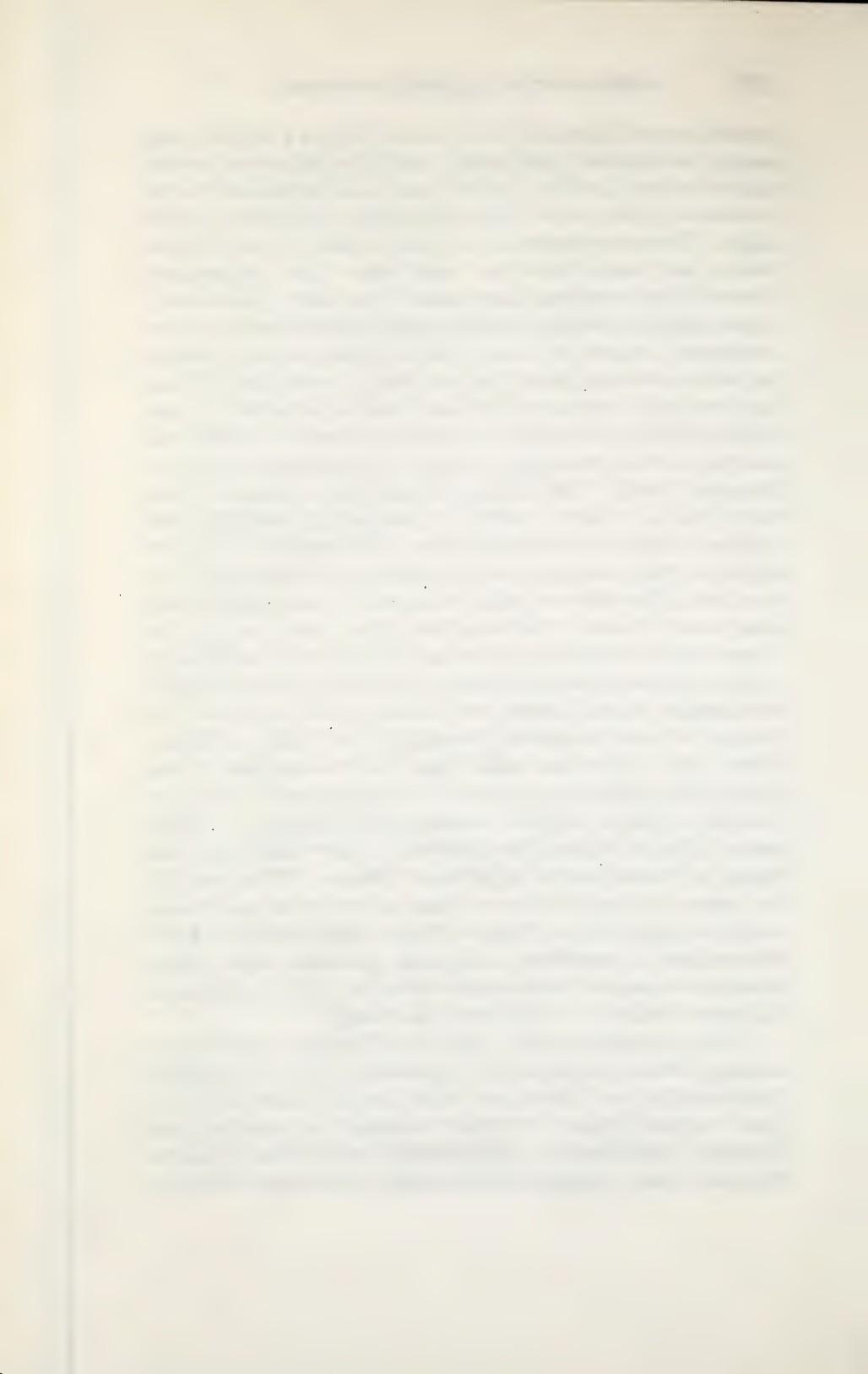
General Sherman effected arrangements for the special exchange of men belonging to his own department, and on September 20th the Atlanta prisoners were summoned into line, the roll was called, and they were sent by rail to Rough and Ready, and thence ordered to their several commands. It was rare good fortune that of the fifteen men from the Fifty-fifth not one died in the prison, for during the terrible fifty-four days of August and September that they spent in Andersonville stockade, about one in six of its inmates perished.

On the third of October, being under marching orders, we began packing up our camp equipage, which we were instructed to send to Atlanta, and all those unable to march were transferred to the Marietta convalescent hospital. General Hood was leading a desperate raid north, and had already severed our railroad communications. The next morning we marched for the Chattahoochee and crossing at Vining's late in the afternoon went into bivouac about ten o'clock at night along the railroad near and south of Marietta. We had tramped nineteen miles. The following morning we



moved across Nickajack Creek, where, behind a line of earth-works, we watched and waited until the afternoon of the eighth, when marching orders came and we moved to the northward of Kenesaw and camped near Big Shanty, in the night. The next day we lay at ease behind a line of earth-works, and many who had not before had opportunity climbed the mountain and visited the rocky promontory upon which so much of our best blood was uselessly shed on the twenty-seventh of June. The explorers returned declaring with entire unanimity that our charge upon Little Kenesaw was one of the most foolhardy and hopeless of the war. October 10th, in the afternoon, we moved north to Ackworth, and the next day through Allatoona to Kingston, camping on Two-run Creek. This last was a hard day's march of over twenty miles. On the twelfth we reached the neighborhood of Rome, marching seventeen miles. We travelled nearly all night on the thirteenth, bright moonlight illuminating our road, and after thirteen miles were passed went into bivouac near Rocky Creek. The next day after slow progress for about sixteen miles, the division crossed the Oothkalooga Creek and camped near Calhoun. October 15th, at daylight, the column started north, but, crossing the Oostanaula at Resaca, it turned westward through Sugar Valley to Snake-Creek Gap. Here we came upon the Seventeenth Corps skirmishing with the rear-guard of Hood's army. The road was soon gained, but the numerous obstructions of fallen trees seriously delayed the advance. After a nineteen mile tramp we halted for the night near Villanow. The next day we passed beyond Villanow about seven miles and bivouacked at Ship's Gap in Taylor's Ridge, where there was brisk skirmishing in our front and some prisoners were taken. Another advance of seven miles the next day brought us to Lafayette, where we crossed the Chattooga.

Here we turned south down the Chattooga valley, proceeding fifteen miles on the eighteenth to the vicinity of Summerville, and about ten miles on the nineteenth to a point beyond Alpine. On the twentieth we marched into Alabama twenty miles to Gaylesville, and October twenty-first six miles, crossing the Chattooga, and halted at Little



River, where we found the bridge burned, and went into camp. Here the regiment rested three days. Rolls were made out for the non-veterans and on the evening of the twenty-third they bade the regiment farewell, marching for Rome in charge of Lieutenant Jacob Fink. The parting between comrades whose fellowship was now to be ended probably forever, who had during three long years shared danger and toil, hunger and thirst, despair and elation, side by side, was an affecting one. With softened looks and voices that refused to hide the emotion behind them, veterans and non-veterans shaking each other by the hand, in their rough but hearty way bade each other God-speed, and separated. Partly by cars and partly by marching the company reached Chattanooga on the twenty-seventh of the month, and on the thirtieth were mustered out of the United States service in due form. The muster-out rolls bore the names of one-hundred and sixty-two soldiers, from that day dropped from the roster of the Fifty-fifth Illinois.

For three days more these men were compelled to remain in Chattanooga awaiting transportation to the North. They finally reached Nashville November 4th after a dismal ride all night, upon the top of a train of box cars, in a freezing rain storm. At that city they were paid their final dues and furnished transportation *via* Louisville and Indianapolis to Chicago, which city they reached on Wednesday, November 9th. Four commissioned officers,—Captain C. M. Browne, Adjutant F. P. Fisher, and Lieutenants Jacob Fink and William D. Lomax,—were discharged at the same date with the enlisted men. Major J. J. Heffernan, Surgeon E. O. F. Roler, Captains John T. McAuley and Henry Augustine, and Lieutenant Joseph Hartsook were mustered out a few days later.

October 25th the division crossed Little River upon a reconnoissance, halting that night eight miles south at Leesburg, and pushing forward fourteen miles the next day to Turkeytown, where a force of cavalry was driven from its barricades by the Second brigade with slight loss. At a casual halt during this expedition Sergeant-Major Brown, hopeful of chicken for supper, wandered into a grove in rear of a dwelling, when a "bushwhacker" stepped out from behind



a tree and fired both barrels of his gun at him, being but a few paces distant. For some inexplicable reason the bullets missed the target, and Brown being unarmed, abandoned further reconnoissance without delay, and supped thankfully upon army rations. This was the nearest approach to a casualty, in the Fifty-fifth, during the pursuit of Hood.

October 27th the division returned to its camp upon Little River and there remained until the twenty-ninth, when the return march for Atlanta began. Hood had escaped over the mountains and was obviously proposing to cross the Tennessee. His campaign against our communications had been brilliantly conceived and managed, though unfruitful in its results. It had dismally failed in its purpose to compel Sherman's army to loose its grip upon the Empire State of the Confederacy. Hood was now given a "free pass" to encourage his progress towards higher latitudes, and consigned to the ardent attention of General Thomas.

All the surplus ordnance stores, camp utensils, officers' property--everything that could not well be borne upon the soldier's person or slung to the regimental mules,—had been sent back to Chattanooga in obedience to Sherman's orders. Upon coming back to the camp at Little River, it was found that important and much needed company papers, and Lieutenant Oliver's entire outfit, had by some oversight gone with the superfluities. The captain commanding the regiment anxiously sought leave for the lieutenant to go to Chattanooga to recover the property, but was firmly refused. Oliver then rashly volunteered to run his own risks and go without leave if his immediate superior would consent. The captain conniving, the lieutenant started off on foot upon his desperate adventure, daring the danger of court-martial and prompt dismissal for wilful disobedience of orders, if detected; and the chances were altogether in favor of his being arrested before he could compass half the long journey.

He reached Rome that night among the stragglers of the Twenty-third Corps, which had moved for the North the day before. Everything had already left Rome save the hospital department, and that was merely awaiting a train. His only hope of escaping arrest and getting north by the cars was to



become an invalid. Those acquainted with the stalwart lieutenant, ruddy and robust as he was in those days--his frame and face plainly telling of muscles that never were tired and bodily organs that never knew an ache--will appreciate how inconvenient it must have been for him to shun illness. He luckily had nothing about his garb to mark him as an officer, and he managed to get into the hospital, where he persuaded an attendant that he was in a suffering condition, and hid his brawny limbs in a blanket. By the time the surgeon came around he had grown very sick indeed, his genuine mental distress making easier a dramatic simulation of physical woe. The doctor chanced to be too hilarious as well as too pre-occupied with the business of removal to make any sharp-sighted investigation of symptoms, and administering the tonic of a few encouraging words, he ordered the nurse to provide him with suitable rations for the journey and disappeared. Before light the train bore the sick away for the North, Oliver among them, with two big loaves of bread beside him; he had managed to wheedle an extra loaf out of the attendant, after devouring one with an appetite so ravenous as to awaken critical comments from his pallid companions.

The constant succession of long trains bearing supplies to Atlanta for Sherman's seaward-bound army delayed progress, and it was four days before the lieutenant reached Chattanooga. The cars had not stopped when he leaped off and away, without waiting to thank the surgeon, and hurried to find the men having charge of the regimental property. He soon obtained the articles for which he had risked his good name, but now found himself in a worse plight than ever. The order prohibiting soldiers in the front from going north without pass from high authority, was not a whit more strict than that forbidding anybody to go south from Chattanooga without similar permit. For some hours the situation wore a quite serious aspect to Oliver; but his luck had not forsaken him. He suddenly met a sergeant of the Fifty-fifth who had come down the road in charge of three recruits, and was feeling rather chop-fallen because one of them had escaped from him at Nashville. The lieutenant stepped into the gap



thus providentially offered, and six days from the time he deserted the regiment, rejoined it when on the march, to find a captain's commission awaiting him. He felt that he had earned it by his week's campaign, and he never was seen at the rear again during the war.

The first day of the journey towards Atlanta from Little River carried the brigade over the Chattooga and Coosa Rivers, a distance of nine or ten miles only. October 30th the regiment, with spades and axes, accompanied the wagon train, serving in the capacity of pioneers, and the eighteen miles advance brought it to the state line at Dyke's Store. On the 31st the march ended at Cave Spring. During the month the total distance traversed was about two hundred and seventy-five miles. Commissions had arrived promoting Robert Oliver and Robert Dixon to captains, and John H. Fisher, Luther J. Keyes and John Warden to first-lieutenants. Captain Nourse had received orders from department headquarters to report to General F. P. Blair as Commissary of Musters for the Seventeenth Army Corps. The acceptance of this assignment to staff duty by Captain Nourse, left Captain Andress, the senior officer, in command of the regiment. The Fifty-fifth was now merely a skeleton organization, having less than one hundred and fifty effectives; but all present were hardy, resolute men, conscious of their glorious record, and proudly positive of their ability to outmarch, tire out or outfight anything like their own numbers in either army.

During the first five days in November the march continued, averaging about fifteen miles daily progress, passing in turn Cedar Town, Van Wert and Dallas, and ending at Vining's Station. Here the regiment rested, to prepare for a winter's campaign, the fame of which is now world-wide, and then was foreshadowed with more or less accuracy in the soldier's gossip around every Union camp-fire.



## PART III.

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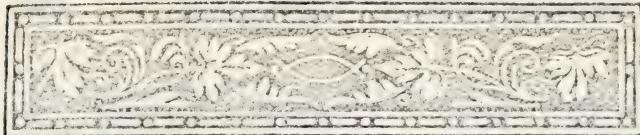
# FROM ATLANTA TO CHICAGO.

NOVEMBER, 1864, TO AUGUST, 1865.

BY

SERGEANT-MAJOR JOHN G. BROWN.





## CHAPTER X.

### FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA.

SHERMAN had turned his back upon the Confederate army while the rash Hood was pushing westward across Alabama in search of a favorable position upon the Tennessee river, whence to carry out his avowed purpose of Northern invasion. He now proceeded to reorganize his own army for that campaign to the tide-waters, which for its strategic boldness and the importance of its results, has few parallels in the history of wars. With almost prophetic sight he foretold the inevitable destruction of Hood's army by Thomas, and the easy victories awaiting his own veterans upon the sea-coast. He wasted no time in cutting loose from all communication with the North, in order to secure the proffered prizes.

The portions of the Western forces destined for the forward movement were, during the first week of November, distributed along the railway from Rome to Atlanta, the Fifty-fifth Veteran Volunteers being at Vining's near the Chattahoochee River. On November 8th a vote was taken in the regiment for presidential candidates, when Abraham Lincoln was found to have received one hundred and twenty-one, and Major-General George B. McClellan fifteen votes. This proved the entire confidence felt by the soldiers in the administration, as well as their belief in the necessity for a vigorous prosecution of the war. Such voting, among Illinois troops, had no purpose beyond the expression of political



preferences, for the soldiers of that state were disfranchised; her copperhead legislators having refused the right of suffrage to those absent fighting her battles. They saw the men of other loyal states casting their ballots in the camps about them to be counted in the election; but their own state, one of the brightest stars in the patriotic constellation, with one hundred and fifty thousand of her brave sons in the field at the front, had been long misrepresented by a disloyal legislature, whose acts evinced a greater sympathy with the rebel than with the union cause. At the election of this date the loyal people of Illinois sharply rebuked at the ballot-box these unpatriotic servants.

At Vining's, on November 9th, Captain Henry Augustine of Company A, whose health had been seriously undermined by the malarious climate of the South, parted with his command, having been mustered out. A brave, faithful and kind-hearted officer, he possessed social qualifications that made him a favorite with his men. He left for Illinois upon one of the last trains that went North from the doomed Atlanta.

November 11th news of the re-election of President Lincoln was received, and was the occasion of joyous demonstrations throughout the whole army. His overwhelming majority was a proclamation from the popular heart, declaring that the war must be energetically prosecuted to a speedy end. It inspired the troops, from commander to drummer, with renewed zeal, for it was a vote of confidence that forever silenced the copperhead accusation—"the war is a failure." It was equal to a re-enforcement of ten thousand men to Sherman's army. The refrain—"We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour-apple tree," thereafter pitched upon a higher key, resounded from camp to camp, and was daily heard along the line of march. To add to the jollification, the regiment received four months' pay the following night, just in time for the men to send their money home before the abandonment of all connection with the United States mails.

During the night of November 12th the Fifty-fifth was engaged in tearing up the railway, and on the following day it crossed the Chattahoochee and went into camp about two



miles from Atlanta. Here clothing was issued, and clad in their new garments, the boys on the fourteenth made a tour of the city, then fast crumbling into shapeless masses of ruins under the assaults of gunpowder and fire. It was a strange scene;—tens of thousands of the boys in blue jubilant over their dearly-won victory, with here and there a sullen group of the humiliated citizens of this lately defiant town, gazing upon the systematic destruction of the great manufactories and store-houses filled with machinery and every kind of military supplies. Atlanta had been second only to Richmond in the amount and variety of the material furnished the Confederacy for the prosecution of the war. To the public buildings of every description, railroad station, arsenals, and the machine shops and foundries in which had been fabricated cannon, shot and shell that carried death to thousands, the torch was applied. Nothing was left standing that could again be of value for military occupation, or a source of menace in rear of the advancing Union Army. And amid the roar of devouring flames and the crash of falling walls, rose the exultant voices of the victors singing—

“John Brown’s body lies mouldering in the grave,  
But his soul goes marching on.”

On the morrow the Fifty-fifth took its assigned position in the column, and the memorable march began. Some features in the re-organization of the forces engaged in the campaign may fitly precede a recital of incidents attendant upon the march. The grand army under the command of Sherman, in all about sixty-five thousand men, consisted of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Twentieth Army Corps, respectively commanded by Generals Jeff. C. Davis, P. J. Osterhaus, F. P. Blair and A. S. Williams, and a division of cavalry under General H. J. Kilpatrick. The Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps constituting the Army of the Tennessee, and under command of General O. O. Howard, formed the right wing; and the Fourteenth and Twentieth, or Army of Georgia, under command of General H. W. Slocum, formed the left wing. The cavalry was generally upon the extreme left of the advancing columns, which



moved as nearly as possible by parallel roads, and usually five or six miles apart. The Fifty-fifth retained its place in the First brigade, Second division, of the Fifteenth Army Corps. The brigade was composed of the Fifty-fifth, One-hundred-sixteenth and One-hundred-twenty-seventh Illinois, the Sixth Missouri, the Thirtieth and Fifty-seventh Ohio; and was commanded by Colonel Theo. Jones, the division commander being Major-General W. B. Hazen.

The Fifty-fifth now mustered less than one hundred and fifty men and officers for duty. The senior captain, Henry S. Nourse, being detached upon the staff of General F. P. Blair, Captain Charles A. Andress commanded the regiment, with Captain Giles A. Hand as next in rank. Charles B. Tompkins, formerly assistant surgeon of the Seventeenth Illinois, was appointed surgeon. Sergeant-Major J. A. Smith was promoted adjutant, Principal Musician J. G. Brown succeeding him in the former office. M. M. Potter was appointed quartermaster-sergeant, Sergeant Jacob Sanford commissary sergeant; J. L. Burnsides, hospital steward; William Kutz and J. A. Averill, principal musicians. Although the regiment was numerically so weak, it was made up of veterans who had stood shoulder to shoulder on many bloody fields, had seen hundreds of their comrades go down in conflict, and who now took up the route step ready for any fate, but confident that victory would always attend them until treason was finally trodden into the dust.

By sketching the events of any ordinary day's march a true picture of many will be given; for each twenty-four hours' experience was usually a repetition of the last, with but slight variations. The whole campaign was so entirely one of daily march and nightly bivouac, that it has been appropriately named "The Grand March to the Sea."

At the dawn, before the sounding of *reveille*, the foragers were bustling about preparing their breakfast in order to get an early start. Though but a small fraction of the army, they formed a very important part of it, for they gathered the larger portion of the supplies upon which the troops subsisted. But twenty days' rations of bread, with coffee, sugar and salt to last double that time, were carried in the wagons.



Before starting out from camp the officer in charge of the foraging detail of the regiment got instructions at headquarters as to the probable place where the column would halt for the night, and then would strive to first reach the front, or wander far to the flank where forage of all kinds could be found.

The braying of some disconsolate or hungry mule—a call no sooner heard than taken up by a hundred others whose sympathetic feelings were aroused—always preceded *reveille*. Then from some headquarters would sound a single bugle-call, quickly followed by other bugles and fifes and drums in every part of the encampment; after which countless mules and jacks would raise their highest notes, like so many rival *prima-donnas*. Thousands of fires would start up as if by magic. The whole camp was immediately astir, and every man busy about his share of the labor of preparing breakfast—no meagre meal of musty rations, but a select feast from the best bill of fare the country round about could furnish. Often in the limits of the regiment would be seen beef, veal, fresh pork, ham, chicken, turkey, duck, goose, sweet potatoes, honey, corn-bread, pan-cakes, biscuits, and the ever-present coffee—the last being the only item furnished by the government. Sufficient was generally left over from the hearty morning meal to amply provide the haversacks with materials for a generous wayside lunch at noon. In fact, supplies were often so abundant that much was carelessly thrown away by the soldiers, or left beside the fires in the abandoned camps, with the certainty that fresh provisions would be awaiting them at the next halting place for the night.

The march of the column was regulated systematically in the following manner: The advance regiment of each brigade held that place for a single day, taking position at the rear of the brigade on the next day. The leading brigade of a division, and the leading division of the corps, observed the same routine. Thus the advance guard of today became the rear guard of tomorrow, and the post of honor came at long and regular intervals to each battalion.

Breaking camp was a matter of easy and speedy accomplishment, as there was little equipage that the soldiers, camp



followers and pack mules did not carry upon their backs. A single wagon held all the other belongings of the regiment. The troops at the front had to wait until all in the rear of them had passed, and it would frequently be ten o'clock before the whole column got upon the road. The artillery, ammunition train, commissary and other wagons, and whatever mounted refugees joined, occupied the roadway. The infantry marched at the side most exposed to attack, in order to protect the train from any sudden dash that might be attempted by Confederate cavalry. Upon the opposite side were driven the cattle, and following them were usually long lines of colored refugees. A company of pioneers led the column to improve the way, wherever necessary. This order was general, except that at the rear and front a regiment or two occupied the road, and whenever the enemy was thought to be near, and a battle might be expected, changes were made to better meet the exigency.

In the rear of each regiment the negro cooks led donkeys loaded with cooking utensils and provisions. This motley crowd always presented a very ludicrous appearance, and among them almost daily occurred incidents irresistibly comic. Upon leaving Atlanta, Lieutenants Ebersold and Roberts had procured elaborate camp conveniences which they arranged in two improvised mess-chests, and slung them across the back of a vigorous mule. They congratulated themselves upon their superior arrangements for comfort, and took delight in tantalizing their brother officers who were not so well provided. The mule, after bearing his uncomfortable burden in meekness for a short time, inaugurated a little rebellion on his own account, which he managed with such energy and skill that the mess-chests were very soon resolved into their component parts, and the various utensils and provisions they had contained were scattered along the road and destroyed. The extraordinary antics of the mule aroused the noisy mirth of everybody but the two unlucky officers, and their disconsolate countenances only increased the fun.

A brief halt was always taken at noon, when the cheering aroma of steaming coffee would soon fill the air. The refreshing draught, with the abundant lunch from the haver-



sacks, made a good meal, and the contented soldiers were on the road again, singing the familiar camp songs. Now and then a stream was reached that required bridging, and heavy details would be hurried to the front to aid the pioneers. A few hours sufficed to bridge a considerable river. Sometimes rains and the wheels of the artillery so softened the roadway that long stretches had to be corduroyed; then the infantry, by brigades or divisions, as the locality demanded, was ordered forward, and short sections were assigned to each regiment. Any convenient fence rails were brought, trees were felled and the larger ones split, and all were laid close together, forming a rough but firm ballasting over the slough. When a battalion had completed its section it was moved to the front and another assigned it. By this method the column was always compact, many miles of road could be corduroyed in a day, and the distance marched was very little diminished in the process.

By the middle of the afternoon the van of the column usually reached the camping-ground selected, in the neighborhood of which would be found, lining both sides of the way for a long distance, the foraging parties, guarding their day's acquisition of supplies of every description. As soon as a regiment filed out in the direction of its place for the night's bivouac, every fourth man made a dash for the nearest fence and pre-empted two panels over which he stood guard until his messmates, after the regiment had staked arms, joined him, when the rails were borne to the camp. A mile of fence disappeared in an incredibly short time. By a simple arrangement of rails covered with rubber blankets buttoned together, comfortable shelters for the night were quickly built, sufficient to protect the hardy sleepers beneath against any ordinary storm. Then a fair division of the foraging party's spoils was made, and a bountiful supper, in variety and excellence rivalling the morning's feast, was promptly got ready and enjoyed with a zest such as only the appetites of soldiers weary with a day's march can give.

Supper over, there followed such amusements as time and place permitted, chief among which were always the singing and dancing of the colored race, celebrating their day of



jubilee. Every night brought new artists to re-enforce the original minstrel troupe, and some new attraction varied the entertainment.

After tattoo the whole army in a marvelously brief space of time was wrapt in slumber, and succeeding the tumult of the evening, the quiet that reigned in the midst of so many disturbing elements was remarkable. Whether after a hard day's march or a severe battle, or before an expected fight, the tired veteran pushes aside all thoughts of unpleasant surroundings, and fixing his meditations upon home and the dear ones far away, peacefully falls asleep to dream of them. At the sounding of taps all noises die away; men and beasts of burden surrender to drowsiness, and the fires slowly burn down and flicker out. Only at the headquarters of the prominent generals is the universal hush broken. While the weary musket-bearers are sleeping with no concern for the future, the commanding officers are intently studying maps, planning the movements for the morrow, and sending mounted orderlies galloping here and there with directions to their subordinates. "And around the slumbering host the picket-guards keep quiet watch, while constant, faithful hearts in Northern and Western homes pray that the angels of the Lord may encamp around the sleeping army."

The first two days' march, thirty-five miles, was in a south-easterly direction from Atlanta, passing through Rough-and-Ready and McDonough. It brought us into a region flowing with milk and honey, and abounding in more substantial provender, for which all were hungering. A foraging party consisting of three men from each company, under command of Lieutenant Scott, was sent out on November 17th. This detail had advanced but a few miles before they had collected hams, chickens, turkeys, honey, sweet potatoes and a variety of articles of food in quantity. Some horses and mules were seized, their hiding place in the woods being disclosed by communicative slaves. These animals were speedily harnessed into such old wagons and carts as could be found, the spoils were loaded, and the rude train was started in search of the regimental camping-ground. By some misdirection, however, the party failed to reach the command that night,



and established a camp of its own, throwing out a picket-guard and taking all needful precautions to protect themselves and their valuable commissary stores. Darkness came on, disclosing lights not far away, which upon investigation proved to be the bivouac fires of a troop of Confederate cavalry. The bright reflection from the camp-fires of the Union column showed it to be several miles distant. In the early morning the cavalry men, not having discovered their neighbors, held council together and rode away, to the great relief of the foragers. After a hard day's march the regiment was found halted near Indian Springs, the stores of food brought were quickly distributed, and the hungry were feasting upon luxuries rare to them.

This was a special foraging detail, and its duties ceased with this successful expedition. Later a permanent party of foragers was selected, one man being detailed from each company of the regiment, and the whole put under command of a commissioned officer. Every regiment in the army had a similar party. The more exciting adventures of the Fifty-fifth's detail will be reserved for a special chapter.

The division crossed the Ocmulgee November 19th, upon a pontoon bridge, and passed through Hillsborough the next day. On the twenty-first the regiment was engaged in a slight skirmish near Clinton, and the following morning the First brigade was ordered to throw up intrenchments a short distance outside of that town. During the day a short advance was made, and the enemy were again seen, but in small force, and were at once dispersed by a single volley. At Griswoldville, a few miles south, Walcott's brigade of General Wood's division, which had been sent towards Macon to create the impression of hostile designs upon that place, was furiously attacked by a large body of Georgia militia, under General Phillips. The assault was made with more dash than discretion, and resulted disastrously to the undisciplined assailants. This fight cleared the flanks of the right wing from any large body of rebel soldiers, and the march peacefully continued. General Hardee had pushed by with the main body of his command to attain a position on the coast and prepare a hostile reception for us, and only small bodies



of cavalry henceforward were met. The left wing of the Union army occupied Milledgeville, and with Macon safely passed, the chief danger and strategic difficulty of the march was over.

The Oconee River was reached near Bell's Ferry, November 25th, and the enemy made noisy resistance at first to its passage, but decamped in the night. Here the division remained in bivouac during daylight of the 26th while other troops were crossing, and it being the first daylight halt since Atlanta, the opportunity was taken by the men to wash their clothing, for which there was certainly great need. Bell's Ferry is about half way between Atlanta and Savannah. The division moved across the stream upon pontoons in the evening, and advanced about four miles. During this short night march to the new bivouac the troops were noisily gay, keeping up an incessant roar, singing, shouting, and imitating the cries of bird and beast. The psalm-singing Fifty-fifth joined in with some of its more familiar and pathetic hymns, chief among which, of course, was "Tobias and Tobunkus," lined and led by Dorsey Andress, the regimental chorister, with such feeling unction that it would have brought tears to the eyes of a tobacconist's sign.

The march for several succeeding days was uninterrupted by hostile demonstrations or serious obstacle of any kind. The country traversed was more or less swampy and covered with heavy forests, chiefly of pine. Long reaches of the roadway had daily to be corduroyed, the wheels of the artillery and heavy wagons soon sinking up to the hub in the loose sand when wet. The weather was especially pleasant, and this was great good fortune. Heavy rains would have seriously retarded progress in this low-lying section of Georgia. Here were the swamps in which the Confederate authorities and newspapers proclaimed that Sherman and his army were lost. In good time, however, we emerged from the forest, and in condition to meet and overcome any and every obstacle Nature or man opposed to us. The whole region was sparsely settled by a people devoid of enterprise and rich in nothing but acres of pine. Forage became scanty, but the daring detail of the Fifty-fifth succeeded in keeping



the commissary department fairly supplied. No foragers in the whole army would travel further, fight more persistently or run more risks in procuring the needful food. The regiment had made a proud record by its hard fighting; it now boasted that none could surpass it at gathering supplies.

December 3d the near presence of the enemy was felt. The entire foraging detail of one of the Ohio regiments in the brigade was captured. The next day the Fifty-fifth led the advance. The foragers of the corps had collected in considerable numbers at Statesborough, a high-sounding name for a court-house surrounded by a few dwellings. Here they were suddenly and fiercely attacked about three o'clock in the afternoon, by a large force of rebel cavalry, and driven back upon the marching column. Several of their number were left captive in the hands of the enemy. The regiment was promptly deployed, and soon drove the Confederates through the little town, recapturing the forage and many of those taken prisoners. For a time more serious work was anticipated, but a volley which killed four of the cavalry, including a major, finally routed them. Aaron Lingenfelter of Company A, one of the regiment's foragers, was in the hands of the enemy for a few minutes. They surrounded him, and shouted to him to surrender, but he held his musket ready, and defied them. One horseman, more impatient than the others, accompanied his order to surrender with a bullet, which grazed Lingenfelter's side, and he dropped his gun, but kept wrathfully blackguarding his captors. Just then comrades came to his rescue, and he picked up his gun again and gave the fleeing rebels a parting shot.

An incident occurred at this place which may illustrate the sometimes ludicrous result of a soldier's obeying the orders of his superior without question. In early morning the picket-guard brought to the headquarters at the court-house two women who had entered the lines. The officer, while questioning them, seeing that they were shivering with cold, directed one of the guard to take them up stairs into the court-room and build a fire that they might warm themselves. Although there was neither fire-place nor stove in the room, this did not prevent the disciplined veteran from



obeying orders. He piled a lot of kindling and fuel upon the floor, deliberately set fire to it, and went about his business. The screams of the women brought the officer upon the scene, who could only order the women removed and the fire extinguished. He could not well reprimand the soldier, who had only obeyed his orders implicitly, observing strict discipline by not questioning his superior.

As the army advanced more impediments were met. Streams became more numerous, deeper and broader, and swamps more difficult to pass. In some of the latter the men were forced to wade for long distances in water sometimes waist-deep. As we approached Savannah the enemy's cavalry made its proximity felt oftener. Food became harder to obtain in sufficient quantities, and the men were put upon half rations of coffee, sugar and hard-tack, the stores in the wagons being nearly exhausted.

The Canouchee River was reached at Ball's Bridge on December 8th. During that night there suddenly arose some skirmishing and cannonading at the front on the river's banks, and the regiment was in line instantly, but all speedily became quiet again, and we slept undisturbed until morning. The enemy having fled in the darkness, we crossed the stream at noon of the ninth and encamped two miles beyond it. Heavy artillery firing was heard in the vicinity of Savannah, which indicated that the left wing was at last pounding at the gates of Georgia's metropolis, twenty miles away. We crossed the Canouchee on the tenth, passed over the Ogeechee at Dillon's Ferry, making a march of ten miles, and went into bivouac about nine miles from Savannah, on Lloyd's plantation. The eleventh was spent in camp, and everything seemed quiet at the front. On the twelfth the regiment went out with a forage train, returning late in the evening with very little in way of provision. The situation was fast becoming serious. The army had but four or five days' rations, and we could not subsist upon what the country afforded. A "cracker line" must speedily be opened.

A movement to the right ordered on December 12th indicated that Fort McAllister was to be our next objective point, for that alone prevented easy communication with the Union



fleet, supposed to be awaiting us with supplies in Ossabaw Sound. On the morning of the thirteenth the Second division recrossed the Ogeechee on King's Bridge, marched thirteen miles and halted within one and one-half miles of the fort. Three regiments of each brigade, or nine in all, were ordered to unsling their knapsacks, and were then moved to a position under cover near the works. This was about noon. The Fifty-fifth was one of the regiments held in reserve, a situation it never before occupied when there was fighting in prospect for the brigade. The men felt so out of place that some of them, with one officer, followed the assaulting force and went into the fight with it. A Confederate sentinel had been captured about a mile from the fort, and the position of a line of torpedoes was disclosed by him. These were removed before the troops advanced, and their proposed deadly effect was avoided.

Before General Hazen could get his charging line into proper proximity to the fort preparatory to the final assault, great delay was occasioned by the numerous obstructions which the enemy had laboriously prepared. Meanwhile Generals Sherman and Howard were impatiently watching the movements with their glasses from Cheve's rice mill across the Ogeechee. The sun was fast declining. Sherman signaled orders to hasten. A steamer from the fleet below came into view about four o'clock and to its captain's question whether the fort had been taken,--which reached Sherman just as General Hazen's bugler, J. A. Vaughan of the Fifty-fifth, sounded in shrill blasts: "Attention! forward, double-quick, charge!"--the commanding general replied: "Not yet, but it will be in a minute." The gallant dash of the thin line fulfilled the promise. A short, sharp struggle ensued, and the parapet was crowned on all sides by the old Second division. The Second brigade, which was deployed on the left, had crept up under the bank of the river to a point quite near the fort, and before the garrison realized the situation the men were pouring over the embankments. The other portion of the line of assault experienced more difficulties, both natural and artificial. It was in full view of the riflemen in the fort, and the obstructions, chief of which were



torpedoes, retarded its progress; but it struggled on without halt, and simultaneously with the victorious cheers on the left, no less jubilant shouts from right and centre were wafted on the evening air to the watching generals' ears.

Our sharpshooters had been posted in easy range of the gunners, and the siege artillery of the fort was in a large measure ineffective. There was no formal surrender of the fort. The troops poured over the works upon the defenders so quickly overwhelming them that they were dumbfounded, and all firing at once ceased. The garrison, which numbered but two hundred and thirty, all told, lost thirty-five killed and wounded. The attacking force had twenty-four killed and one hundred and ten wounded. Very many of the casualties were caused by the exploding torpedoes. The fruits of victory were twenty-four cannon of various grades, over one hundred small arms and abundant stores of ammunition and provisions. The captured officers and soldiers, being thoroughly acquainted with the location of the torpedoes which guarded the channel of the Ogeechee, were immediately compelled to assist in the removal of them, and communications were soon opened with the fleet. Light-draft vessels speedily came up to King's Bridge in rear of the right wing of the army, bringing the needed supplies.

The question of a base upon the sea-coast was thus definitely solved. A successful and glorious end to the campaign was attained, for though Savannah was yet in possession of the Confederates, it was invested securely, and a few days would suffice to compel its surrender or evacuation.

December 14th the regiment encamped on the beautiful grounds of an extensive plantation called Whitehall. The weather was charming, seeming to the Northern soldiers almost summer-like; and when at night the full moon poured its fulgence upon the camp nestling under the cedars, pines, and live-oaks, whose long, spreading branches were covered with hanging moss, it presented a picture worthy to awaken ecstasy in an artist.

While in this camp Lieutenant Ebersold and two officers of another regiment, desiring some "wet commissaries," sought the department of the division where such supplies



were to be obtained, and had their canteens filled. Ebersold rode a fractious mule and his comrades were mounted upon fleet horses. During their return, having got upon a piece of road that invited the sport, a race was proposed. The mule was given a few rods the advantage in the start and proved the victor in the first contest. Soon another good piece of road admitted a second trial and the riders of the ~~horses~~ accepted another challenge. The lieutenant's mule kept the front at a tremendous rate, but meeting a team at a turn in the road, bolted and dashed through a heavy thorn hedge, which not only scratched him severely but frightened him into new speed. No obstacles could daunt the madly excited animal, and his daring rider was not to be unseated. More hedges were met with which lacerated the mule and tore the clothes of his rider. The camps of some of the troops were finally encountered, but the mule was no respecter of place or person, and went plunging on at break-neck run, with his rider hanging to him like grim death. The soldiers were astir about their quarters getting their suppers. Dog-tents, tables, cooking appliances, and everything about the camps in the track were demolished. Coffee-pots and camp-kettles were upset and their contents splashed about. Angry yells arose from every command which the lieutenant in his utter helplessness visited so unceremoniously, and the havoc continued until the the Fifty-fifth encampment was gained, when the race ended. The quadruped looked as though he had gone through a threshing machine, and Ebersold had certainly little of that dignified appearance which he has of late been noted for while presiding as chief of police over the peace of Chicago.

Our rest and enjoyment in this delightful camp and its beautiful surroundings, were of short duration. December 17th found us on the march along the Savannah and Gulf railroad, which the division destroyed for a distance of twenty miles from the Ogeechee. Leaving camp before the steamers with commissary supplies had arrived at King's Bridge, the regiment could draw no government rations, and the country afforded very little besides rice. The very fatiguing labor of tearing up the track, added to the insuffi-



ciency of food, proved severe upon the men. On the nineteenth, in the evening, we received full rations again, and with them the first mail matter we had seen for six weeks. To say that all were made doubly happy but half expresses the situation. The gnawings of hunger were momentarily forgotten in the anxiety to read the news from the dear ones at home. It was a curious spectacle: the half-starved boys all through the camps reading their letters held in one hand while devouring hard tack from the other, thus exhibiting a conflict between appetite and noble sensibilities.

On December 21st the civil authorities surrendered the city of Savannah, General Hardee having escaped with his forces into South Carolina. The same day we finished the destruction of the railway and returned to our beautiful camp. This victory won by Sherman's army was supplemented by the announcement of the glorious triumph of General Thomas at Nashville. The Christmas present of Savannah to President Lincoln was little more valuable than the contributions from the armies in the West. The true greatness of our success was not to be measured, however, until its bearing upon the succeeding campaign was determined; and it was vastly enhanced because won with so little loss of life. Many regiments had not a casualty in their ranks, and the health of the troops was excellent. The Fifty-fifth could muster in camp every man that marched from Atlanta. Hardly a dose of medicine had been administered in the whole campaign.

Details from the brigade were daily sent to report to the ordnance officer in Fort McAllister, to assist in dismantling that fortification. Guns and military stores were loaded upon vessels for transportation to the North. The weather had become suddenly cold and blustering, making it disagreeable living in our slight shelters. On the first day of the new year, 1865, we marched to Savannah, and encamped on the second just outside of the city. Having exhausted all other supplies we subsisted entirely upon rice during these two days. There was great abundance of this, mostly in the husk, on the neighboring plantations; but rice alone, with not even enough salt to season it, soldiers, however hungry, found to be an unsavory dish. Two weeks' rest was enjoyed at Savannah,



and the men built convenient huts, in which they were quite comfortable. General Logan returned and assumed command of his corps January 8th.

Savannah, which ranks as one of the most beautiful cities of the South, did not seem to our soldiers to bear favorable comparison in many respects with the Northern cities of similar size. It is neither remarkable for its works of art, nor for fine architecture. Its chief features of attraction to us were the rows of beautiful trees along the streets, and the little circular parks at every second street crossing. A pretty fountain adorns one of these numerous open places, and a monument to the memory of Pulaski occupies the centre of another. The streets were but sandy roads, difficult for travel.

Great freedom was allowed the enlisted men during their two weeks' stay here. Thousands of soldiers were to be daily seen strolling about the streets, and the relief from restraint was not seriously abused. The citizens, many of whom retained their affection for the old flag, manifested deep interest in the boys in blue, treating them with uniform courtesy; and the respect generally shown for private property by the troops showed their appreciation of such treatment. Several Union prisoners who had escaped and been secreted and cared for by loyal citizens came out into the joyous sunlight to welcome the Stars and Stripes, and rejoin their comrades.

The colored race here as elsewhere had been the truest friends of those who were unfortunate enough to taste the woes of captivity. Thousands of old soldiers to this day bless some black-man who rendered them invaluable aid in the hour of their great need. And though ignorant and credulous, none were ever found who gave credence to the tales of their masters alleging that horrible cruelties were the common amusement of the Yankees. They had a confidence born of inspiration in "Lincoln's sojers"—a confidence that could not be shaken. When, as it often happened during the march, information was given by the slaves, it could always be relied upon, and again and again the neighborhood of the enemy was disclosed and the secret hiding places of horses, mules



and forage made known, to the great advantage of the army. One day there came into the lines two escaped prisoners, bringing with them an aged negro upon a mule. This freed slave had hidden them in the swamps and fed them for weeks, and in the warmth of their gratitude the men vowed that their benefactor should ride to freedom and be fed on the best of the land for the rest of his life.

The freedmen became faithful servants to the soldiers—to enlisted men as well as officers—in camp and on the march, voluntarily and often with no hope of pecuniary reward. Every mess soon had its black waiter, who would lead the donkey loaded with utensils and provisions, do the cooking, and perform all the other work he was called upon to do. Many of these men remained with the regiment until the close of the war, and some came North with it. A few of the more faithful colored boys of the Fifty-fifth were considered as much a part of it as those sworn into the service, and when the hour of final separation came a hearty shake of the hand and a "God bless you" was given them with the warmth that should be shown to a true and tried friend. These negroes realized that slavery was the exciting cause of the war, and that the result of the conflict would determine their future; and they rarely failed to do their whole duty by those whom they recognized as their self-sacrificing benefactors.

On January 14th the army abandoned its camps about Savannah and started northward to pay its respects to that state which of all states was most responsible for the inception of the unholy rebellion. The soldiers had long wished for the opportunity to set foot upon the soil of South Carolina, and the anticipation of a victorious march through that hot-bed of secession aroused in them renewed enthusiasm and noisy rejoicing. The long pent up spirit of revenge for sufferings endured and comrades slain was bound to burst forth when they found themselves in the very nursery of sedition, and the inhabitants, conscious of their responsibility for the war, were with reason terrified at the rumor even of invasion. They could but dimly foreshadow, however, the woes in store for them.





## CHAPTER XI.

FROM SAVANNAH TO GOLDSBOROUGH.

THE Fifty-fifth embarked upon the steamer George Leary on January 16th, and after a few hours of uneventful experience among the Atlantic's waves, it entered the harbor of Hilton Head, then dotted with more than a hundred vessels of various tonnage, all flying the national colors. As the steamer neared the wharf, the last rays of the setting sun were kissing the salt billows and playing hide-and-seek among the rigging, and sails of the fleet, numerous bands were discoursing their choicest music, and the admiring soldiers of the West gave cheer upon cheer in their exultation amid these impressive surroundings. A camp was selected a short distance beyond Beaufort, where the regiment remained nearly a fortnight in luxurious ease, save that in fair weather the men were daily exercised for two or three hours in battalion drill. To most of the Western soldiers the oyster was a very rare delicacy, but here the bivalves were so abundant and cheap that all feasted upon them without stint.

During the last days of the month of January the division was engaged in building corduroy roads in the direction of Pocotaligo, the weather being rainy and the swamps flooded. The whole army was in motion on the thirtieth, and the invasion of South Carolina had begun. The Seventeenth Corps was the right flanking column, next the Salkehatchie River. The Fifteenth Corps marched on a parallel road a few miles to the left, and the Fourteenth and Twentieth moved from the Savannah River. Thus if the crossing of the Salkehatchie was disputed, or the line of the Charleston and



Augusta railway defended, as was to be anticipated if competent generalship governed Confederate councils, a junction of Union forces could be speedily effected sufficient to sweep everything before it. The weather was all that could be desired, and the roads were excellent where they had become dry.

After passing Pocotaligo, from which the enemy had been driven several days before with little loss, clouds of black smoke soon began to darken the sky. All deserted residences and other structures supposed to belong to slave-holders were sure to have the torch applied to them. This incendiarism was of course without authority, and clandestine. The attempts of the general officers of the Fifteenth Corps to prevent wanton destruction were constant and vigorous, but availed little. South Carolina was to reap the reward for her hellish work in precipitating rebellion. She had been foremost in sowing the whirlwind, and she was to reap a cyclone. In her central position she doubtless expected to be secure from the devastating tread of hostile armies, but fifty thousand patriots had sought her out, and in their triumphal march with fire and sword made her pay dearly for her vanity and selfishness. Throughout the state the progress of each corps was signaled far and wide by the columns of flame and smoke that day by day rose from burning buildings, as the army moved northward by parallel routes.

The Fifty-fifth had the advance on February 2d, and skirmished with cavalry at different times during the day, sustaining no loss. In the evening the enemy were found in considerable force across Duck Creek, when the brigade was brought into line, and after a lively fusilade dislodged them. Five rebel dead were found and several prisoners were taken. The brigade lost three wounded. In this position we remained the following day, waiting for other troops to cross the stream. The regimental foragers came in on the evening of February 4th, bringing an abundant supply of provisions, which were much needed.

The Big Salkehatchie was crossed at Buford's Bridge on the fifth, and the Little Salkehatchie near Springtown Church, on the sixth. The resistance encountered was easily over-



come, probably because the Seventeenth Corps, by dashing assaults, had crossed the river and carried two strong positions several miles below. An extensive *tête de pont* confronted the Fifteenth Corps at Buford's Bridge, but its garrison had fled. It had been foretold that Hardee, whose army numbered thirty thousand, would make a persistent stand on the Salkehatchie line; and its speedy abandonment was a surprise. The following day preparations were ordered for a contest to get possession of the Augusta and Charleston railroad. It is said that Generals Howard and Logan were in consultation about the details of a general advance for this purpose, when a forager upon a white mule came cantering from the front and saluted them with "Hurry up! hurry up! We've got the railroad." The bummers and foragers had taken the road at two or three points about Midway, and were already throwing up defensive works to hold it, while the generals were planning for the attack. One day was spent in tearing up the roadway, and the command was again "forward."

The South Edisto was reached on the ninth, at Holman's Bridge, and the rebel infantry were found holding the opposite bank. To the First brigade was assigned the duty of forcing a crossing. The Fifty-fifth was deployed, and its skirmishers were soon engaged at short range across the deep, narrow river. The Confederate sharp-shooters, concealed in the trees, made it extremely hot for a time, and it was found hopeless to attempt a passage in front of the works. Captain Andress, with a lieutenant and twenty-three men, by a circuitous route through the swamp, finally effected a crossing higher up the stream. After safely passing one channel or bayou, they had to wade for two or three hours in water from one to two feet deep, before reaching the main river, which they at last got over by walking out upon a drifting raft of logs and brush as far as possible, and then wading in water waist deep. They soon became aware that a camp of Confederate cavalry was within sixty rods of them, and that their approach was apparently not suspected. This force was evidently the reserve of that engaged at the bridge a mile away, and it was determined to attack the camp, trust-



ing that the surprise would rout the detachment, and that the main body at the bridge, supposing themselves assailed in the rear, would at once give way.

Skirmishers were sent forward, but when within about thirty rods of the camp were brought to a stand by a mill-race. Observations from this point being reported to Captain Andress, he prudently ordered a withdrawal, his force being too small to give hope of a successful surprise. Sergeant Bigbee, who had command of the skirmishers, could with difficulty restrain his men from firing upon an unsuspecting straggler from the camp, who came out within range of their place of concealment. In their retreat they were discovered by a rebel sentinel, and a great commotion was noticed; but no attempt was made to pursue them. Darkness closing down, after long and tiresome wading through the swamp, all effort to regain the command that night was abandoned. The party found as dry a spot of ground as they could and lay down together, cold, wet and hungry, to await the opening of another day. The next morning they rejoined the regiment to find that the Confederates had withdrawn from their intrenchments at the bridge, no doubt hastened by the report from their reserves that the Yankees were crossing the river above. The Seventeenth Corps had crossed at Binnaker's Bridge, several miles below, during the night.

Intrenchments were now thrown up at the end of each day's march, for the enemy was reported to be in our front in great strength. The North Edisto was reached February 12th. Shilling's Bridge, our intended place of crossing, had been burnt, and rifle-pits strongly manned blocked the road. While the Second brigade engaged the enemy here, General Hazen led the First and Third two miles below. A floating bridge was quickly constructed and a crossing effected, but a swamp was found beyond three-fourths of a mile wide, and flooded to a depth varying from one to five feet. The general and staff led the way, and the First brigade followed without waiting for orders. For a time short men were at a discount. The Third brigade followed closely, and the troops at the bridge, finding themselves completely flanked, beat a hasty retreat, the Second brigade crossing in time to capture



over fifty prisoners. The total loss in the division was reported as one killed, one drowned and four or five wounded. The Seventeenth Corps at the same hour occupied the little city of Orangeburg. Thus the swamps of South Carolina, which the Confederates boasted were to swallow up Sherman and his army, were safely passed with insignificant loss, and the whole force with all its trains was upon high ground, with the broad highways leading east to Charleston and north to Columbia open before it. Which way would it turn? The average soldier hardly troubled himself to ask the question. All roads were the same that led to victory.

To illustrate the recklessness of soldiers the following simple incident is given: On the morning of the thirteenth, while the regiment was patiently waiting to take its proper place in the moving column, the writer climbed a tall pine to see which course the advance took after marching through Orangeburg, a mile ahead. One of the men, as a practical joke, began chopping down the tree. An order to "come down out of that" being unheeded, the chopping was persisted in, and finally the tree and the game fell to the ground, the latter with an injured foot which made riding in an ambulance for a few days a necessity.

Turning towards Columbia the army was brought into more compact arrangement in expectancy of battle, for the Confederate generals had been given ample time to perfect concentration and prepare for a stubborn resistance in defence of the state capital. As we drew near Columbia, entering a more densely peopled district, the whole country seemed on fire at times. The inhabitants of that city could plainly see the columns of smoke rapidly coming nearer day by day, and anticipate the retribution about to overwhelm them. The First division encountered a large force of Confederates at Congaree Creek, south of and about five miles from Columbia. This force was soon pushed back, and was pursued by both the First and Second divisions, which took position with their right resting on the Congaree River, and their left at Congaree Creek. Here earth-works were quickly thrown up. It was dark before the line was fully established, and the camp-fires disclosed its direction to the enemy.



About nine o'clock a rebel battery opened from across the river, completely enfilading the works. In an instant the fires were extinguished, and each company made a right wheel and built traverses for protection, in the shelter of which the men lay until morning. The battery annoyed the line all night, firing shells at regular intervals. Some of Company F had a turkey boiling in a camp-kettle when the battery got the range. A shell struck the kettle, and not a fragment of that, and only a faint smell of turkey, could be afterwards discovered. The language aired upon that occasion would create consternation in a Sabbath-school.

At dawn the advanced skirmishers found the Congaree Bridge at Columbia destroyed, and a battery upon the opposite shore fired on them. A few cavalry soldiers and numbers of citizens were rushing to and fro in the streets, or watching for the approach of Sherman's army.

The Second division moved at once to the Saluda River, two miles beyond. The bridge at Saluda factory had been burned. Generals Sherman, Howard, Slocum and Logan came up together, and the Fifty-fifth Illinois, with the Thirtieth Ohio, were ordered to cross the river upon pontoons in the face of the rebels, push across to the Broad River, and save the bridge over that stream, if possible. The order was executed with a will. The enemy were driven on the double-quick over the two miles between the Saluda and the Broad, and across the covered bridge; but the planks had been turpentined, and a match set the bridge in a blaze instantly, which prevented the Fifty-fifth from being the first of the Union army to enter Columbia. During the charge over the peninsula, one of the regiment is said by his comrades to have passed through a smoke-house that stood in his way, and to have come out with a ham upon his bayonet, without losing a step. Sergeant Mills of Company A ran a Confederate cavalry-man into such close quarters that he dropped his saddle-bags filled with corn-bread and boiled sweet potatoes, which came very opportunely in the dearth of rations then existing.

During the night pontoon bridges were thrown over both the Saluda and Broad, and on the morning of February 17th



the army marched triumphantly into humiliated Columbia. The Fifteenth Corps had the advance. The city was soon filled with thousands of straggling soldiers, who seemed to believe that the judgment day for South Carolina had arrived, and that they were ordained to pass and execute sentence upon her capital. Before the army entered the city bales of cotton were burning in several places along the chief streets. The wind rose during the evening to a gale, scattering flocks of smoking cotton far and wide. By these, aided doubtless by the incendiary matches of escaped prisoners and inebriated soldiers, the central portion of Columbia was fired and rapidly swept away in storm-driven flames. An immense amount of supplies and munitions of war of all kinds had been collected here for safety and distribution. Some of these had already been destroyed by Hampton's cavalry to prevent them from falling into Union hands. What remained that could not at once be utilized by the army were burned, thrown into the river, or blown up with the arsenal. The beautiful, unfinished capitol was not seriously injured, although the stately facade will long bear a scar or two made by De Gress's Battery from the other side of the river, in the first salute paid to the Confederate flag floating over it.

The scenes of that night were the most horrible of the kind we had seen during the whole war. The fire spread in all directions from many centres. Shifting winds scattered the burning brands from roof to roof, and from one part of the city to another. Brigades were ordered out to fight the flames, and the generals used their best efforts to this end; but for a long time all labor was fruitless. The seal of destruction had been set upon the city, and it was doomed. Hundreds of the terror-stricken inhabitants were running hither and thither to save themselves and what few things they could wrest from the fire-fiend. Women and children left roofless were seeking shelter with wringing hands, cries of anguish, and faces paled with mortal fear. About forty blocks, including all the chief business portion of the place, and the best of the private residences, were entirely wiped out. Columbia was a beautiful city, and its destruction was a severe blow to its inhabitants and to the state. The people



began more fully to realize that their cause was lost, and their property at the mercy of a long-suffering and victorious army.

Little comment need be made respecting the manner of, and responsibility for, the burning of Columbia. It only paid the just penalty for its treason. It was among the first to cry out for war, and at length reaped its reward. If, as soldiers mostly believed, the conflagration was in some measure due to the revengeful action of scores of escaped prisoners, fresh from the terrible sufferings needlessly inflicted by their Southern jailers, few that saw the condition of these men will harshly blame them. The chief officers of the Union army made every exertion to stay the flames.

Among all the gloomy and distressing surroundings shone out the smiling faces of the colored people. The welcome given to General Sherman by the negroes was singularly touching. As has been told by a historian of the campaign, they greeted his arrival with exclamations of unbounded joy. "Tank de Almighty God," they said, "Mister Sherman has come at last. We knew it; we prayed for de day, and de good Jesus heard our prayers. Mr. Sherman has come wid his company." Groups of negroes lined the streets and sent up cheers of welcome to the passing column. They seemed to realize that the destruction of their masters' power was their own salvation. While the whites were crest-fallen, and plainly showed their distressed state of mind, the blacks were joyous and exultant. They believed that the day of jubilee had come. An old colored couple occupied a small building which was miraculously left in the heart of the burnt district. They knew that the Almighty had specially preserved them, and no one was disposed to dispute this when viewing the surroundings.

All the railroads leading into Columbia were soon completely destroyed. This work was done, as in many instances before, by distributing the troops along the road-bed and assigning a portion to each regiment. Two sets of men, using a rail, pried up the track; others piled the ties with the rails in the centre, the ends projecting several feet from the pile; fire was started, and when the rails were so hot that the



ends dropped, short levers with couplings fastened to them were applied by two or three men to each end of a rail, one party twisting one way and the other in the opposite direction. In this manner each rail for several feet in the centre was made to look like a cork-screw. Sometimes rails were bent around the trees near the track. These were called Jeff Davis's neck-ties. One regiment could thus destroy several miles in a day.

The army resumed the march on February 20th, and reached the Wateree River on the 22d, whence a small force of the enemy was dispersed, a pontoon bridge laid, and the troops safely crossed. The regiment was in front on pioneer duty on the twenty-third, but the country being broken and the roads good it had little work to do.

On February 24th we passed through Camden of revolutionary fame, where a lot of old whiskey and bottled wine was captured. Some of the last had seals over the corks dated 1832. It had rained all day, the men's clothing was completely soaked, and they went into bivouac weary and down-hearted. A copious inward application of the captured juice of the grape counteracted fatigue, drove away trouble, and cheerfulness reigned throughout the camp. The regiment acted as rear guard on the twenty-fifth, and with the Thirtieth Ohio encamped at Kelly's Bridge over Lynch Creek, while the rest of the brigade advanced six miles to a bridge higher up the stream. We joined it the following morning, then countermarched to the same ground we had occupied the night before; all of which extra fatigue was occasioned by a miscarriage of orders. Some of the Fifty-fifth foragers were missing for three days, but returned with a lot of mules and more wet weather antidotes, which were greatly needed, as it rained daily. These rains so raised the creek that the army did not move until March 1st. The streams and bottom lands for a long distance had to be bridged, when the water subsided enough to permit it. Before all had crossed, the water had fallen so that most of the bridging was removed from the road.

We reached Cheraw on the Great Pedee during the fourth. There had been a camp rumor that thirty thousand Confed-



erate troops were awaiting us here, prepared to obstinately defend the place, and that General Lee had said that Sherman must be defeated at Cheraw; yet a few hundred foragers took it. It was also reported that as the army neared the place General Sherman sent a message to General Logan, directing him to halt his command and let the Twentieth Corps occupy the town, as that division of the army had not yet had the honor of taking any important point during the campaign. General Logan replied by messenger: "I have halted my corps, but my bummers took Cheraw yesterday." A large amount of merchandise and munitions of war had been accumulated here, having been brought hither from Charleston at the beginning of the campaign, when Sherman was supposed to be moving upon that city. The enemy made such haste to escape from our advance that everything was left intact. Among the captures here were twenty-five cannon, chiefly twenty-pounder rifled guns, from which a salute was fired in honor of the second inauguration of Lincoln.

Fayetteville was captured after a sharp skirmish, March 12th. Here was a supply depot of great importance to the enemy. The old United States arsenal had been enlarged and used to its utmost capacity in the manufacture of ordnance stores, but everything was abandoned uninjured. The fleet-footed defenders, escaping across Cape Fear River, burned the bridge behind them. The pontoons were soon brought to the front, and the army was not long detained. The regiment went out with a forage train on the thirteenth, returning at nine o'clock at night, after a march of thirty miles. Boats came up the river from Wilmington, opening communications, but brought few supplies, and the army was much in need of provisions and clothing, particularly of shoes. A large number of refugees, who had sadly encumbered the army since our leaving Columbia, were sent down the river on the returning boats. These unfortunates, mostly colored, had by thousands followed the army with a confidence that was child-like. They were ready to do anything or go anywhere, as Sherman directed.

At Fayetteville, as at other places where the troops had



been delayed a sufficient time, the train teams were inspected and all worthless mules and horses were replaced by better ones captured from the inhabitants. The rejected animals were corralled on the banks of a river, and a detail of soldiers surrounded and shot them, many falling into the stream. Thousands were disposed of in this way to prevent them from becoming useful to the Confederacy. Thus the war was prosecuted in every way to cripple the enemy. It was a campaign of obliteration.

Every division train was also inspected by a regiment, and all goods found therein of a nature by order forbidden to be carried in the wagons were taken out. Sometimes books, furniture, tobacco, and all kinds of household goods would be found. The tobacco and all eatables would be issued to the troops, and the other articles were destroyed. This work created a good deal of merriment for the inspectors, but chagrin and wrath in the train men, who often lost trophies of war which they highly prized.

The rain poured down in torrents during March 15th and 16th, flooding the country, here a continuous swamp. A part of the Twentieth and Fourteenth Corps had a severe fight on the sixteenth at Averysborough, about thirty miles south of Raleigh, and finally drove from intrenchments a force of ten thousand Confederates. The bad roads and the presence of the enemy in force on front and flank made foraging very unproductive. The activity of the rebels indicated that General Joseph Johnston, who was now in command, would stand for a test battle at the next favorable position. The advance of the Fourteenth Corps was attacked March 19th by a superior force of the enemy. A heavy engagement was soon in progress, and lasted all day, resulting finally in the enemy's repulse with severe loss. The right wing of the army was marching on a parallel road six miles away. Our division remained in camp until ten o'clock in the afternoon to allow the other divisions of the corps to pass. We had made eight miles by midnight, when we were countermarched and hastened to the assistance of the left wing, making eighteen miles by six o'clock in the morning, at which hour we joined the right of the Fourteenth Corps.

Our regimental foragers encountered a large force of cav-



alry and lost two men captured. Lewis Winget of Company F was also taken prisoner while venturing too far from the column of march. We moved forward at noon two miles through a continuous swamp, the Sixth Missouri and Thirtieth Ohio in advance, deployed as skirmishers. They drove the rebels into their works, sustaining some loss. The Fifty-fifth relieved the Sixth Missouri at dusk, and immediately began a lively skirmish. Firing was kept up more or less vigorously all night, the lines being in close proximity, the Confederates posted behind intrenchments.

Joseph Moorehead of Company G was here killed. He, with Lingenfelter of Company A, were together upon picket, and saw a flash of light as if from a lantern. Moorehead said that if it appeared again he should fire at it. He was advised not to do so, but, as good as his word, he shot at it the next time he saw it. Simultaneously with the flash of his musket came the report of a rebel rifle, and he fell dead at his comrade's feet. Moorehead was one of the youngest men in the regiment, being but twenty years of age when slain. He had served his country faithfully for nearly four years, and at this our last battle he heroically lay down his life. Captain Giles F. Hand, who had charge of the picket line, was slightly wounded in the head. It was a severe experience for the men; they had marched all the night previous, their rations were exhausted, and the foragers were unable to supply them because of the presence of the enemy in great force throughout the country around.

The sergeant-major, with a detail of men and the pack animals, was sent back through the swamp to find division headquarters, report the situation, and procure ammunition and axes. It was nearly dawn before the detail returned to the regiment, having marched several miles to accomplish its errand. The regiment was relieved in the morning, when the men endeavored to take a little rest. During March 21st the right wing got into position, and the Seventeenth Corps became hotly engaged. The same day there was skirmishing or hard fighting from extreme right to left. Both wings by forward movements upon the flanks, gradually began to envelop the enemy's position.

In our front there was only sharp skirmishing by a strong



picket line. When volunteers were called for to re-enforce the pickets, twenty of the Fifty-fifth instantly stepped forward, and were soon hotly engaged. Aaron Lingenfelter, one of the number, was severely wounded in the right shoulder. He was the last of the regiment hit by Confederate bullet in battle. He still lives, a great sufferer from the grave injury then received.

Lieutenant Ridenour had charge of the brigade pickets during that night, and in posting them encountered the rebels; but the dense darkness admonished all to keep quiet until the lines were established, when courtesies ended in a brisk fire from both sides, which was kept up in order to prevent the men from going to sleep, for they had been marching or on continuous duty for three days and nights.

The enemy had tried their strength sufficiently in the effort to put a period to Sherman's progress, and were glad to take advantage of night and steal away. When the morning of the twenty-third opened, Johnston was retreating towards Raleigh. The army took up the march on the twenty-third, and on the twenty-fourth it encamped in the vicinity of Goldsborough, on the New Berne road, to rest awhile and enjoy the fruits of the most memorable campaign of its kind in modern warfare. In the fifty days since leaving Beaufort the regiment had marched five hundred and sixteen miles, and eight hundred and fifty miles since starting from Atlanta. There had not during this period been a single death among its number from disease --a remarkable fact considering the hard service. At this camp several of those left behind in hospital when the march to the sea began, rejoined the command.

Not only had the campaign ended gloriously, but the battle losses had been extremely light. A wide expanse of country had been scorched by the blight that always attends the tread of an invading army. It should be noted here that the devastation so conspicuous while in South Carolina for the most part ceased after the boundary of North Carolina was passed. General Sherman in his report says: "We have traversed the country from Savannah to Goldsborough with an average breadth of forty miles, consuming all the forage, cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry, cured meats, corn meal, etc.



The public enemy, instead of drawing supplies from that region to feed his armies, will be compelled to send provisions from other quarters to feed the inhabitants." The very vitals of the Confederacy had been pierced through and through, and its days were already numbered. Its army could not be held together longer, and it only required one more blow to break it in pieces. That blow was soon given.

March 27th a detail from the Fifty-fifth went out as guard to a forage train. The party was attacked by a superior force of rebels. L. B. Mohler of K, attempting to escape, was fired upon and fell from his horse. Sergeant William Constantine of I, and Corporal J. A. Cameron of D, were captured not far away, and saw afterwards a group of Confederates, one of whom had on Mohler's boots, another his coat, a third his hat, and a fourth his pantaloons. They then believed that Mohler was killed, and as he has never been heard from since, it is probable that he was slain—the last of the regiment to fall by a rebel bullet. These were the final war casualties in the Fifty-fifth, ending a long list which few regiments in the Union army can equal. Constantine and Cameron were soon exchanged, and reported to the regiment.

The entire loss in the Fifty-fifth during the campaigns from Atlanta to Goldsborough was two killed, two wounded, and five captured. The aggregate effective strength of the regiment on April 1st, 1865, was one hundred and forty-three. Total aggregate present and absent, two hundred and thirty-eight. This was a small remnant of the full battalion that left Chicago in 1861. A large proportion of the missing filled soldiers' graves in ten different states. The flag of the Fifty-fifth was always found at the front, and no demands, however severe the work might be, were made upon the regiment to which it did not respond cheerfully. Its brigade and division were frequently chosen for arduous duties which were always performed—such duties as only the bravest of the brave are competent to achieve. The regiment had grown weak in numbers, but was yet strong in character. Little discipline was exacted by the officers in the latter part of the war, for every man could be relied upon to know and to do his duty at all times. Long association had made us one family.





## CHAPTER XII.

### ADVENTURES OF THE FORAGERS.

TO keep a large army in an enemy's country well fed by supplies gathered day by day along the region through which it was marching, required a thoroughly organized and efficient force. Upon the foraging parties devolved a very important part of the campaigns through Georgia and the Carolinas, and a special chapter is therefore devoted to their work and adventures. Could one-half the exploits of even the Fifty-fifth's foragers be told in graphic language, the account would fill volumes with interesting reading.

A detail was made from every regiment, consisting of one enlisted man from each company, under command of a commissioned officer. Only the most daring were selected for this hazardous duty. The life of the army was in some measure in the hands of these men, and they guarded well their trust. Scarcely a day passed but they were required to engage in more or less skirmishing, and often hard fighting was necessary to drive away the Confederate cavalry that hung about the front and flanks of the army. Whenever an opposing force was met too strong for the advance party, they had not long to wait before re-enforcement of others came, and soon the rebels had to leave, and on the double-quick. An officer was placed in charge over the details from each brigade, but his office was generally a sinecure, for the companies could not be kept together, each striving to get farthest from the column in its chosen direction. He there-



fore had to content himself with accompanying one of the parties, and his foraging generalship was of little benefit.

The Fifty-fifth detail consisted of the following comrades:

Captain ROBERT OLIVER,	Co. C.	JACOB W. KEFFER,	Co. F.
Sergeant JOSEPH H. MILLS,	" A.	JASON R. EMERY,	" G.
CHARLES S. VANDERVERT,	" B.	COLUMBUS C. BIGBEE,	" H.
EARL P. GOODWIN,	" C.	PETER EBERSOLD,	" I.
CHARLTON G. EDWARDS,	" D.	L. B. MOHLER,	" K.
CHRISTIAN LEIBUNDGUTH,	" E.		

This force was changed a little at times, but remained practically as given to the close of the war. All proved to be experts in the profession. What they could not find and bring to camp was beyond human sagacity and mule endurance. When the Fifty-fifth was short of rations it was certain there was but little to be found in the locality, and the army in general went hungry.

Captain Oliver carried written authority, endorsed by General Sherman, by which he and his men could be identified as duly authorized foragers. Such endorsement was expected to afford some protection in case of capture, for the Confederates, and even guerillas, would show some respect for Sherman's signature. His orders were to keep the regiment in supplies, but to leave no family destitute of the necessities of life; a strict construction of which meant that the army must live if the whole South starved. The instructions were to break all fire-arms, capture all horses and mules, destroy all wagons, carts and implements that might be used in raising crops, and in fact leave the country as destitute as possible of material that could be used in prolonging the war.

In obedience to these orders the men felt compelled at times to do things at which their better natures revolted, but the exigencies of war had to be respected, regardless of consequences. When the only family horse was hitched to the carriage, loaded with all the cured meat and sweet potatoes on the premises, and the women broke forth in sorrowful lamentations, the men were often persuaded to yield something to their tears and pleadings. A few incidents only will here be given in the attempt to picture the daily experience of the Fifty-fifth foragers.



One day while they were busily engaged in securing some sweet potatoes, a company of rebel cavalry charged upon them. They mounted, and in the retreat one of the mules balked. The rebels, passing him, pressed after the rest, who led them directly to the regiment, which happened to be near by. The race then took a reverse direction, and it was so rapid that the Confederates did not stop to deal with the man on the balky mule, who continued bravely "holding his position."

On another occasion, as they rode up to a fine house, the lady of the mansion met them with smiles and courteous greeting at the entrance. On demanding the keys of the smoke-house and other buildings in which the provisions were locked from the slaves, she readily gave them up. After a good supply had been taken out, she invited the soldiers upon the porch, and her two daughters passed around plates of cake, which each of the boys accepted with a more or less graceful bow and hearty thanks. Captain Oliver asked if any of the rebel cavalry had been around lately. The women seemed amazed at the question, and asked: "Ar'nt you Hampton's men?" He replied, "O, no; we belong to Sherman's army." With terror-stricken countenances they retired into the house, exclaiming in unison, with bated breath, "Are you Yankees?" Being answered in the affirmative, one of the girls asked, "Which is Sherman?" The stalwart captain was pointed out to them, at whom they gazed in evident awe. As many of the men wore southern suits, the mistaken identity was not unreasonable. Some horses had been found in the woods which were soon harnessed to a wagon heavily loaded with a variety of supplies. By this time a hundred other foragers had come up, but ours did not remain to see if the cakes held out. They afterwards frequently addressed their commander as General Sherman, and more than once thereafter he was introduced to astonished natives by that title.

At a place called Long Town, between Columbia and Camden, the advance foragers had been surrounded and several captured. Those who escaped, in falling back met our foragers, and reported that their lieutenant and a number of



men were prisoners and under guard at a plantation. Others soon came up, when all deployed and soon surrounded the house, turning the tables on the rebels by taking them prisoners. The lieutenant who had been for a brief time in bondage, quickly, in a tone that said "delays are dangerous," ordered a rebel to take off the blue uniform in which he had been parading while guarding the owner, and was soon clad in his own garments again.

At this plantation our party loaded a six-mule team with hams and flour, and went back to the other end of the town, where the army had begun to come into camp. The vicinage was a succession of rich plantations for three miles along the highway, and the party spent that night at a wealthy planters, where several young ladies entertained them by singing Confederate songs.

In the vicinity of Camden provisions were far from abundant, and our foragers travelled a long distance from the column to secure supplies. A heavy fog coming on, they were lost for three days. The first day they captured eleven horses and mules, and a colored man was put upon each animal. The second day they reached Camden just at night, when by chance they were informed of a quantity of liquors buried in a field three miles beyond. Captain Oliver resolved to obtain something with which to load his colored troopers, and the party went on until the field was found, and began digging. They were soon rewarded by finding the liquors, which were mostly in glass bottles. Every negro had on two or three pairs of pantaloons, having thus prepared himself with surplus clothing for the journey to freedom when Sherman should come along. The captain ordered them to take off all but one pair; strings were tied around the bottoms of the legs, the bottles were placed in them, and the trousers thus loaded were straddled over the backs of the animals in front and in rear of the riders. In this manner each negro carried several bottles, and the cavalcade presented a very ludicrous appearance. One of the horsemen, who had got too much of the captured stimulant inside the clothes he still wore, being mounted upon a fractious mule, began to fly about in an erratic way. One of the bottles hit a tree and



the crash of the glass frightened the animal. For a little time he kept his place near the others, but soon smash went another bottle as it struck a pine beside the road, and the mule became so ungovernable that it ran away with rider and bottles, and was never seen afterwards. The company reached the regiment on the night of the third day at Lynch Creek, which we were then engaged in bridging. When the men came from their work in the water, each was given a half gill of the contents of the bottles, which was a timely treat.

As the army approached the coast food grew more and more scarce, and only the most reckless and persevering foragers could secure a sufficient quantity. One day about March 10th, our men had been unable to obtain anything. At ten o'clock in the forenoon they heard of a grist-mill thirty miles ahead, and it was immediately determined to push on and reach it. The country was infested with rebel cavalry, yet this brave band, every member a hero, made the thirty mile ride before sunset. They only thought of their comrades who depended upon them for rations. The proprietor of the mill, a planter, was greatly surprised at their coming, and acknowledged that he had not expected to see any of Sherman's army for two or three days. He was told that the whole force was close at hand. Being asked if he had a miller, he answered in the affirmative, and sent for him. "I see," said Oliver, "you have abundance of grain, and to that I can help myself. How long is it since any Confederate troops were here?" "A squad just rode away," replied the planter. "Well," said the captain, "I must then send across the creek for a regiment to be brought to protect us while we are at work in the mill." This of course was expected to impress the fact upon the mill-owner that it would be good policy for him to prevent, if possible, any attack by the rebels. A citizen was rarely found who would not do all in his power to avoid a fight around his own house. Oliver added: "It all depends upon yourself, if you would save your property. If any of us are injured upon your plantation, Sherman will burn your buildings to the ground when he arrives."



A lot of grain was taken to the mill, and the miller set at work grinding it, while the men fortified the place, making defences so strong that many would have bitten the dust if an attack had been made. About eight o'clock in the evening the old planter came down to the mill, surprised to see it looking more like a fort than anything else. He wanted the captain to go up to the house for supper and stay all night with him. Oliver excused himself, stating that he should have various duties to occupy him as soon as the army came up, speaking as though the column was three—not thirty—miles back. The excuse was accepted and the planter went back to the house, while the men worked all night assisting the miller and strengthening their fortifications, fully expecting an attack.

The next morning the planter came down and invited the captain to eat breakfast with him, which he did. The family consisted of the father, two daughters of eighteen and twenty, and one son about fifteen years old. Another son and the lover of one of the girls were in Lee's army.

The captain asked them if they had anything buried about the premises. They replied, "Not anything." Oliver then said, "Do not deceive yourselves; we don't want anything that belongs in the house, and if you have property buried dig it up, put it in the house, and I will place a guard over it and everything will be safe." At noon the son was sent to the mill to invite the whole party to a dinner which the young ladies had prepared especially for them. They accepted the invitation, a part going at a time, as they did not propose to be led into a trap. That bountiful dinner, served by female hands, made them think of home. The girls sat at table with them, and were as jolly as if entertaining their best friends. At night the captain was again invited to sleep in the house, but excused himself by saying, "My place is with my men."

They had been at the mill twenty-four hours, and, strange to say, not another Union soldier had put in an appearance, and happily none of the enemy. Close watch was kept at night, and in the morning breakfast was prepared by the family and partaken of by the men, taking turns as before. Peter



Ebersold was placed on guard at the house, preparatory to the coming of the bummers, who were expected to arrive soon, and Captain Oliver repeated his admonition of the morning before, saying, "If you have anything buried it will surely be found today, as the treasure-seekers will be along soon." "O, no, we've nothing buried," they persisted in saying. About ten o'clock some bummers arrived, and began thrusting their bayonets into the ground about the garden. An iron kettle was soon found, containing forty dollars in silver, a watch and a quantity of Confederate money. The old planter came down to the mill with a down-cast face, and said to the captain, "They have found it." "Found what?" he asked; and was told about the concealed money. The captain laughed, and again warned him: "They will find everything that you have hidden. If you have anything more concealed, get it into the house and my guard will protect it;" but the answer was, "There is nothing more."

At noon all ate dinner at the house again; the boys began to feel very much at home, and they had some fun in twitting the girls upon their ill success in hiding things from the Yankees. About two o'clock the planter appeared again at the mill, and reported: "They have found it." This time a lot of trinkets belonging to the girls had been unearthed. He came three or four times during the afternoon and said, "They have found it," until there was apparently nothing more to be found. The girls dolefully told of their lost treasures, and said: "After this we will believe a Yankee, for you have always told us the truth, and did not permit a soldier to set his foot inside the door of the house." That night the troops were camped all around them.

The mill was kept running night and day, and turned out a large quantity of flour and meal for the army. Just before our party were prepared to leave the next day, a mounted man came along and asked Oliver what facilities he had for transporting provisions, etc. The captain replied that he had impressed all the planter's horses, mules and wagons to carry the supplies to camp. The cavalry-man then told him that he had found two kegs of peach brandy out in the swamp, and had knocked in the head of one and filled his canteen.



He suggested that the captain might secure the other unbroken. This Oliver at once did, and sending for the planter asked him if he had any liquors on the place. He stoutly affirmed that he had not a drop. "Very well, then," rejoined the captain, "these kegs of brandy must belong to some one else. A bummer has just found two hidden in the woods, and I will take one to my command." The old man was dumbfounded, and ejaculated, with an oath, "That *is* the last."

Before leaving the whole party went to the house to say good-bye to the girls, who had treated them so well. Notwithstanding they were taking all the horses and wagons, leaving the place destitute of anything to raise a crop with, the family plead with the men to stay another night, as they considered themselves safe so long as they remained. The old planter took the captain by the hand and said: "If you will only stay there is nothing I have but what I will freely give you."

In trying to reach the regiment the wagons got stuck in the mud, when the captain went ahead and sent the regimental wagon to the rescue, in the middle of the night. The party and provisions arrived in camp at four o'clock in the morning, receiving hearty welcome for they had been given up as lost.

On one occasion an old mare had been hitched to a cart loaded with sweet potatoes, when the aged lady who owned them begged the men to leave the mare and cart, 'as she had nothing else to go to mill with.' Her daughter spitefully exclaimed: "Mother, it is no use your saying any thing more, they will take them any how." This taunt had the desired effect, for the captain ordered the animal left. Then the girl said: "Mother, your prayers did move them." In fact it was the girl's challenge of their generosity that won the concession.

The account of an adventure on March 19th, near Bentonville, N. C., shall be given in Captain Oliver's own language:

The division was marching on the road from Lee's Store, and I took the road to the left. We travelled until about ten o'clock in the forenoon before meeting any opposition. A picket was then seen standing at a cross road which led to the main highway upon which the division was marching. We rode up until he halted us, and found ourselves near a



rebel general's headquarters. We galloped away upon the road to the left and received a parting volley by which, fortunately, no one was hit. Having gone about two miles we came to a fine plantation well stocked. Here we loaded two carts with provisions and I directed Ebersold and Edwards to hitch the horses to them when they had finished eating, and follow the road in the direction of the troops; I took the other eight men and proceeded about two miles further to the front, reaching another plantation where we saw a dozen or more rebel cavalry, but they fled leaving us in possession. We here got three or four sacks of flour and started back.

When about half way to where Ebersold and Edwards had been left we saw a soldier standing in the centre of the road. I did not like his looks, but we rode on until we got quite close, when his comrades began to come out of the woods and soon filled the road. They were dressed in blue uniforms, and we rode up to within ten rods of them when they commanded us to surrender. We could not think of complying without an attempt to preserve our freedom. I told the boys to throw away the provisions with which they were loaded, and we made for the swamp. I wanted to get around the enemy and reach the other two men, thinking they might not have moved yet. We took a circuitous route through the swamp and the rebels had the road, but we reached the men first. I put out two guards to keep a look-out while we made haste to hitch up and get away.

Just as all was ready a whole brigade of Hampton's cavalry rode right over us, and we were completely mixed up with them. I cannot fully explain how any of us got out of the place. The bravery exhibited by every one of that handful of men will never be forgotten by me. A rebel captain rode up within six feet of me and pulled his revolver to shoot, when Henry Joslin ran up and caught his leg and said: "D---n you, what are you about! don't you know you are shooting your own men?" I have no doubt but that act saved my life for the bullet just missed me. I shouted to the boys to take care of themselves. All happened to be dismounted except myself, and therefore I was powerless to assist them in any way. I did not for a moment expect to escape, but I resolved to make the attempt at all hazards, for it would probably be death if taken. We understood that Hampton had given orders that foragers should receive no quarter. They had me so cornered that all there was for me to do was to try the mettle of my horse. I put the spurs to him with all my force, and started towards a high fence which it seemed like an impossibility for him to surmount, but the leap was successfully made by the frightened animal. Up to this time many shots had been fired at me, and how they all missed will always be a mystery.

I then struck out after the boys who had made their escape, not knowing how many had succeeded. I caught up with them and found all safe but Ebersold and Edwards. Just then I heard cheering, and told the boys to make for the swamp, while I would ride back, thinking our advance might have come up. I felt distressed that any of the boys were



captured, feeling that certain death would be their fate. I rode back until I came within about fifteen rods of some troops, and was sure that they were some of our own army, when one of them shouted, "There comes one of those d--d Yankees!" I turned to escape and they opened fire, wounding my horse so that he was unmanageable. He ran into a pine thicket and between two leaning trees, striking my left shoulder against one, and throwing me with such force against the other as to knock me to the ground senseless. My right shoulder and head were terribly bruised. I came to my senses soon after my fall and saw my horse about twenty rods from me running around in a circle; I then made my way as best I could for the swamp to which I had told the boys to go. They had seen my horse without a rider, and had started to look for me. We succeeded in escaping all pursuers and found the regiment in the evening just before it counter-marched to support the left wing which had been fighting all day.

It was long afterwards learned that Ebersold's horse was killed and fell upon him. The rebels pulled him out from under the dead animal, and beat him severely about the head with their carbines, but he was finally rescued by Fred Klein, a captain in the Tenth South Carolina Cavalry, who recognized him as a former schoolmate in the Fatherland. Edwards was also captured, and both were subsequently paroled and discharged without joining the regiment.

Every member of the party had encounters scarcely less desperate in making his escape. Each looked out for his own safety until all rallied in the swamp, in which the rebels for a time followed them. One shot from Sergeant Mills broke an arm for one of his most persistent pursuers, and others doubtless used their tried weapons to some purpose.

The duty of the foragers ceased after this date. They had faithfully fulfilled their trust, and the regiment had nearly always been well fed by the brave band. The Fifty-fifth drew on the march less government rations than any other regiment of the division, and every surviving member of it present in that campaign will ever hold the services of Captain Oliver and his detail in grateful remembrance, for they held the comfort if not the lives of their comrades in their hands.

The bummers formed an element of the army deserving of some recognition here; for, although their names will not appear in this record, the Fifty-fifth was not without representatives in this irregular body. The name was used to desig-



nate self-constituted foragers, and every regiment had its delegates among this class which, at times, would perhaps outnumber the regular detail; and their presence in large numbers often aided the latter in driving the enemy, and securing the food. They would be absent from their commands many days at a time, but upon their return they always brought in a good supply of the choicest spoils of the land, as a peace offering for their unsoldierly and improper conduct.

Many of the soldiers were at times without shoes. To such men, by order of the commander, rejected horses and mules were given on which they rode in rear of their respective commands. Being thus mounted it was an easy matter to slip out and join the army of bummers, and many availed themselves of the opportunity, soon developing into the most reckless of their class. These men with their feet wrapped up in old rags would frequently capture boots or shoes, but would sell or give them to a comrade, preferring a ride and their barefooted freedom.

The bummers were always found at the front. Parties of them, without officers, would join together and resist a charge of cavalry, or make an attack upon the enemy, and they were almost always the victors in a skirmish. The advance at Cheraw and Fayetteville was composed of this class, joined with the regular foragers, and what fighting was done in the capture of these places was justly credited to them.

Many, of course, were merely treasure seekers, and in order to succeed in their search it was necessary to be in the van. They speedily overran a town, and were the terror of the inhabitants. Sometimes they would constitute themselves guards over private houses for a money consideration, and protect the property against the vandalism of their associates. When the army moved and they abandoned their posts for new fields, it is doubtful whether they received the blessings or curses of those they had protected.

Notwithstanding all that has been said or written derogatory to the bummer, his voluntary services at the front and flanks were, at times, of great value to the army. His good deeds often over-balanced his bad ones, and the mantle of charity may well be thrown over him.





## CHAPTER XIII.

### FROM GOLDSBOROUGH TO CHICAGO.

WHILE in camp at Goldsborough, on the evening of March 20th, a meeting was held with reference to electing officers to fill the positions of lieutenant-colonel and major, the regiment not having men enough to entitle it to a colonel. The feeling in favor of an election to fill the existing vacancies was the result of the official sanction given to such procedure at the time of re-enlistment as an inducement for the Fifty-fifth to join the brotherhood of veterans, and because those high in authority then recognized the unfitness of the existing field officers for their positions. The orders on that occasion, by their express terms only applied to the officers needed upon re-organization, but it was claimed by many that the elective right was impliedly vested in the enlisted men during the remainder of their term.

All the officers mentioned in the previous pages as commissioned or elected to hold field positions in the regiment had by the casualties of battle or other causes left the service during or before the campaign succeeding the fall of Atlanta. Captain Henry S. Nourse, the senior officer, upon arriving in Goldsborough at the end of the Carolina campaign, had chosen to be mustered out, his term of enlistment having long expired. It is not clear how many officers participated in the effort to secure an election at this time. It is certain, however, that some, among whom may be named Oliver, Roberts and Ebersold, neither took part nor believed in it as



a matter of right or policy. Those enlisted men who saw fit proceeded on March 21st to express their choice for field officers, with the following result: There were seventy-eight votes altogether cast for lieutenant-colonel, of which John B. Ridenour received fifty-nine, Charles A. Andress eighteen, and Giles F. Hand one vote. For major there were only sixty votes cast, of which Francis A. Scott received forty-one, Robert Oliver ten, J. August Smith eight, and Charles A. Andress one vote. On April 1st, ten days later, there were reported one hundred and forty-three men present for duty. It is apparent, therefore, that but few more than half the regiment participated in this so-called election, and less than half voted for major. Some companies are reported to have taken no part whatever, and the result obtained no recognition from the officers of the army or of the state.

It was, however, in a measure a compliment to those who received the highest vote; they had fought their way up from the ranks, and it showed at least that they had the good-will of the majority of those who chose to go through the forms of an election. Lieutenant Ridenour had been made corporal in 1862, was grievously wounded at Shiloh, won his promotions subsequently step by step, and during his whole term had been always known as a thoroughly reliable soldier and consistent Christian.

All Fools' Day was noisily observed in camp. Every man who did not stay close in quarters and hold his peace became sooner or later the victim of some ridiculous joke. Discipline was for a time abandoned, even the officers joining in the frolic to the loss of all authority. Finally, the postmaster having prepared a quantity of letters, at dark shouted the ever-welcome call, "Come and get your mail." The soldiers eagerly obeyed the summons, and only discovered the deception when they opened the envelopes at their quarters, by which time the cruel joker was safe in concealment.

On April 10th the army took up the march again in the direction of the capital of North Carolina. News of the capture of Richmond had just been received, and all were jubilant over the prospect of the speedy end of the rebellion. But when a dispatch came on the twelfth announcing that



General Lee had surrendered his whole army to General Grant, the troops became crazy with enthusiasm. The long column from van to rear guard was soon in an uproarious, uncontrollable state of excitement that did not subside during the day. Every one knew that the long and bloody war was at an end. Home seemed almost in sight. No wonder that an exultant joy took possession of each soldier's heart, and manifested itself in the wildest demonstrations.

On the thirteenth two men of the regiment captured four Confederate soldiers, who were "tired of war," and reported that Johnston's army was fast being depleted by desertions. Raleigh was occupied the next day, and the army marching through its streets and passing in review before General Sherman at the capitol, presented a grand military pageant. Many citizens greeted it with demonstrations of joy, evincing their gratification that the close of the great conflict was near at hand. The ladies particularly were lavish with smiles and greetings of welcome, which the soldiers acknowledged by cheers as they passed.

The shocking news of the assassination of the President was received on the seventeenth, and cast a deep gloom over all the camp. Loud and angry expressions of hatred for the dastard who perpetrated the deed, and the cowardly traitors who sanctioned it, were heard everywhere. The same day General Sherman met General Johnston under a flag of truce to consider terms of capitulation for the army in our front. Owing to a disagreement arising between Secretary Stanton and General Sherman, the final surrender was not, however, consummated until April 27th, when orders were issued for the homeward march.

While in camp about four miles north of Raleigh the Fifty-fifth received a beautiful national flag, upon which were inscribed the names of the battles in which the regiment had participated. It was the gift of Chicago friends, chief of whom was Fred P. Fisher, a brother of our third adjutant, Francis P. Fisher. This appropriate gift was warmly welcomed by every member of the regiment, at its formal reception was greeted with hearty cheers, and a vote of thanks was unanimously tendered the donors.



In the same camp, during the delay attending the arrangement of the terms of surrender for Johnston's army, the men who for a time had been subsisting exclusively upon the rations furnished by government, began to weary of their monotonous diet. They had for so many months been feasting upon the fat of the land that hard-bread and salt pork palled upon their appetites. Foraging was, however, positively forbidden by orders, early in April. The situation seemed to veterans to warrant the adoption of extraordinary and perhaps even questionable measures. A squad of men from the regiment went out about ten miles to a wealthy planter's and persuaded him to sell them a wagon-load of miscellaneous provisions, *very cheap*. He was permitted to accompany them to camp in order to convey the purchase with his own team and wagon, but was mildly enjoined to reply promptly to any inquirers who might ask impertinent questions about his load, that the soldiers had satisfactorily paid for it. This he did; the goods were safely delivered, and the expedition was proclaimed a glorious success.

The whole army of Sherman took up the march April 29th, bound for Washington *via* Richmond. The commanding general had gone to visit Savannah and other points in the South in order to confer with various officers and settle matters pertaining to their departments. The corps and many of the division generals turned their commands over to subordinates and hurried in advance to Richmond and Washington for a festival of rejoicing over the triumph of the Union arms. The officers left in command entered into a friendly contest, as the newspapers of the day characterized it, to see which could reach Richmond first. The result of this amicable race was a disorganized and fagged-out column of troops put to the severest test of endurance. Brigades would be ordered to take the road in the middle of the night in order to steal around other troops and get in the advance. There was more straggling and actual suffering from fatigue in this march, perhaps, than in any other during the Carolina campaign. Thirty-five miles a day were made by some commands. The first warm weather of the season had come, making the tramp doubly exhausting to the men,



and several fatal sun-strokes were reported. Twenty-eight miles was the longest distance covered by the Fifty-fifth in one day.

The people, white and black, all along the route greeted us with demonstrations of joy. All seemed delighted that the bloody war was over, and their absent friends coming home again. The paroled prisoners congregated along the column and about the camps and freely discussed the campaigns and their future status under the government, about which they seemed deeply concerned. It was the universal expression that if the conquerors would allow the conquered their homes and equal rights with all in prosecuting their business they would be content. They did not expect a voice in the management of the republic which they had fought so hard to destroy.

But what a change has been wrought! Our paroled prisoners have now equal voice with the patriotic victors in the control of the government against which they waged an unholy and bloody war, and for which their leaders have little love today. In the highest councils of the nation treason is lauded by the traitors who instigated the rebellion and who were governing spirits in the attack against the life of the grandest republic on the face of the earth. Patriotism blushes with shame at the humiliating spectacle. The administration is handicapped by the power and influence of its chief advisers, who were given their high authority by the votes of the paroled prisoners and apologists of treason. The Southern oligarchy has taken control of the government and the Northern patriots are supplicants at its feet. Union soldiers who sacrificed health in defence of their country are kicked out of place to make room for rebels they conquered. Maimed and diseased soldiers are sneeringly refused pensions by the chief executive. How long shall we bear these humiliations at the hands of our old enemy? Comrades of the Fifty-fifth, let us remember the four hundred and fifty of our number killed and wounded by the men who now rule over us, and register a vow to wage as desperate a battle against them with the ballot as we did with the bullet.

Petersburg was reached on May 7th. Here the Fifteenth



Corps was reviewed by General Howard, and a day's rest was taken and enjoyed by the men in visiting the immense fortifications around that city, where Grant and Lee had contended so long. Marks of the desperate struggle were visible everywhere. At the site of the mine we could see human bones yet strewn over the ground. But the wrecks of war only feebly illustrate its horrors. The army went into camp on the tenth at Manchester, opposite Richmond, where a two days' halt was ordered. The rebel capital and its numerous places of note were thoroughly inspected. Libby Prison and Castle Thunder awakened sad reminiscences and just wrath against the now fugitive authorities responsible for the infamous cruelty to our comrades therein confined.

The column was again put in motion May 13th, and passing in turn the noted battle grounds north of Richmond, marched via Hanover Court-House, Bowling Green, Fredericksburg, Stafford Court-House and Dumfries to Alexandria. Near the latter place we encamped at noon of the twenty-first, and began preparations for the farewell review, to take place at the Capital. On the twenty-third the Second division moved towards Washington and went into bivouac for the night at the southerly end of Long Bridge. The following day the Fifty-fifth took its assigned position in the column for the Grand Review. Its rank and file were ragged and visibly bore many marks of the hard campaigning they had endured; but they marched with a true and steady step, proud in the consciousness of having performed their whole duty to their country, and receiving as their honest due a full share of the plaudits tendered by the assembled multitude to the bravest of the brave.

A camp was established two miles north of the city, and the men improved the opportunity for visiting the public buildings and noteworthy places near the Capital, all tending to impress them with the greatness of our country. The recruits belonging to the One-hundred-sixteenth and One-hundred-twenty-seventh Illinois Infantry, upon the expiration of the term of service of those regiments and consequent muster-out, were attached to the Fifty-fifth. This nominally added eighty-five men to our thinned ranks—a re-enforce-



ment which, however welcome, was useless, for the war was over.

At this camp sundry promotions in the regiment were announced, and several commissions issued, as follows: Captain Charles A. Andress of Company I was commissioned lieutenant-colonel; Captain Giles F. Hand of Company F, major; John B. Tompkins, assistant-surgeon. First-Lieutenant John B. Ridenour of Company A was promoted captain; Sergeant Harrison H. Prickett of Company A, first-lieutenant; Sergeant Isaac Wooding of Company D, first-lieutenant; Sergeant David N. Holmes of Company F, first-lieutenant; Second-Lieutenant Peter Roberts of Company G, captain; Second-Lieutenant Francis A. Scott of Company H, captain; Sergeant Artemas C. Richardson of Company H, first-lieutenant; First-Lieutenant Fred Ebersold of Company I, captain; Sergeant Dorsey C. Andress of Company I, first-lieutenant; James W. Kays of Company K, first-lieutenant.

The Western army left its encampments June 2d, and proceeded by railroad to Parkersburg, West Virginia, and thence by boats to Louisville, Kentucky, where camps were established and all expected to be speedily disbanded. At this point commissions came for those promoted, as previously named. These official documents arrived by mail on the twenty-third, and the recipients were at once called upon to "stand treat" in their respective companies. It had long been customary in the regiment for a newly commissioned officer to furnish his men, in honor of the assumption of his rank, with something delectable to the palate, if not exhilarating to the spirits. Louisville could supply everything eatable and drinkable, and the new officials had no excuse for not satisfying all tastes. The soldiers partook of the bounty furnished in camp fashion, and good fellowship reigned over the festivities.

The troops, present in great numbers, were paid off and discharged as rapidly as possible. The Fifty-fifth was waiting patiently for its turn to come, preparing papers for the final settlement of accounts with the government, when orders unexpectedly came for the Second division to get ready to move to Arkansas. This struck dismay to the hearts of



all. Ever since the organization of the old Second division it had repeatedly been given extra marching and excessive work; and now with home almost in sight, to be sent South again for garrison duty was too intolerable to contemplate. The regiment was paid off on the twenty-ninth, and with the other regiments of the division took boat on the thirtieth for the voyage down the Ohio. The Fifty-seventh Ohio and the Fifty-fifth were embarked on board of the Pocahontas, a miserable old tub. The fleet was not allowed to land at prominent towns, but was held at anchor in the middle of the river, while the officers and boat's crew went ashore in skiffs. This was an exasperating sight to the men, and its frequent repetition added fuel to the smouldering fire.

In approaching Memphis, Tennessee, where many of the regiments of the division had encamped for a long time three years before, the men swore they were going to land. When the city was sighted a cheer went up from all the boats, betokening some conspiracy. About noon the transports cast anchor in front of the town, which had a very inviting look to the men who had spent many enjoyable months there in 1862. The troops in large numbers were seen to collect on the bows of the boats. By some unforeseen cause the anchor cables broke, or the rudder ropes gave way, and the steam having gone down the boats were soon floating helplessly in the current. After drifting a few miles every thing was righted, and the fleet lay in the stream till night, when it moved up under Fort Pickering. It is needless to say that most of the men spent the night in the city.

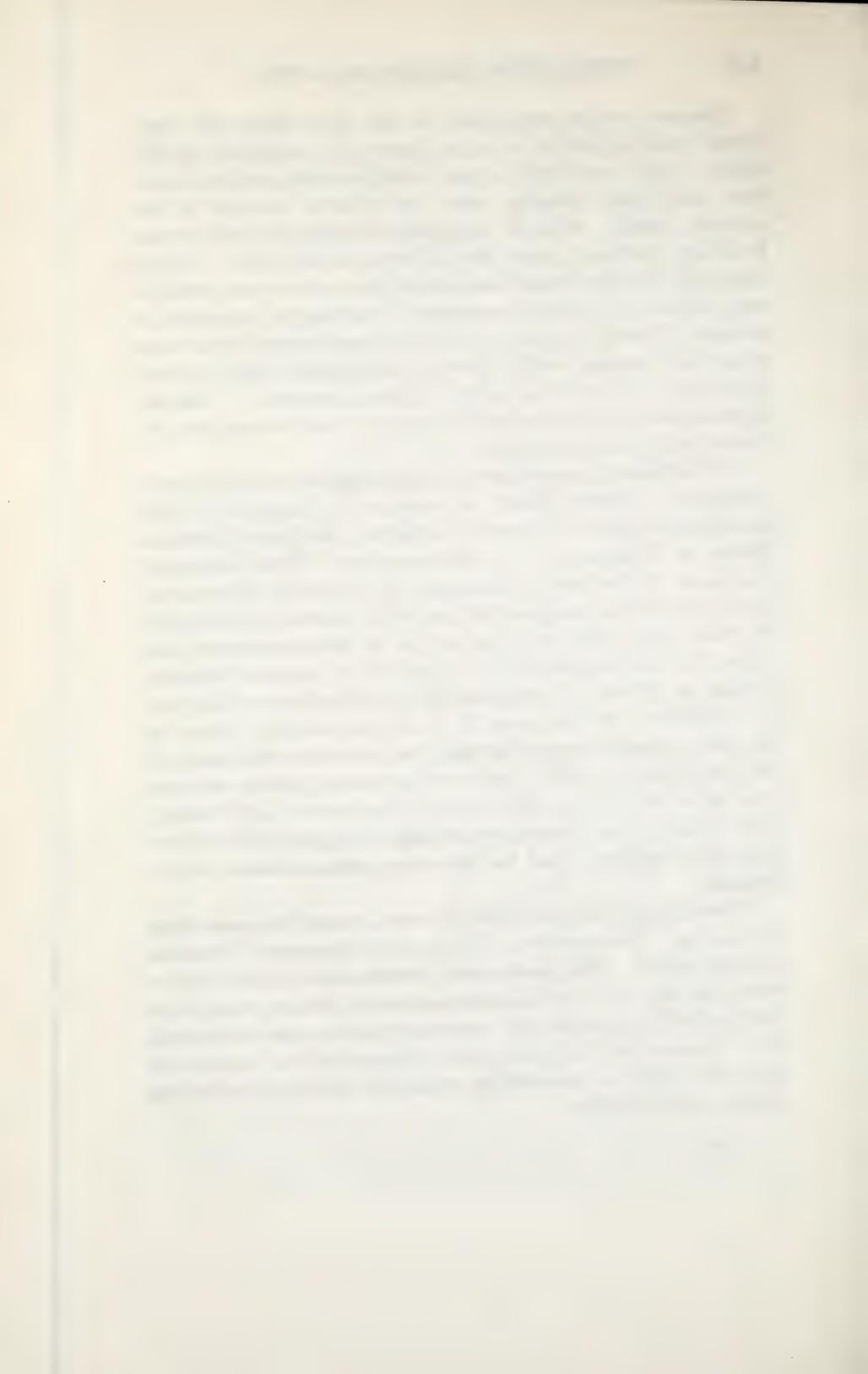
Devall's Bluff, on White River, was reached July 3d. The "glorious fourth" was not very joyously celebrated, the troops awaiting transportation to Little Rock, which place they reached by cars on the sixth. The Fifty-fifth took possession of the old log barracks of a deserted camp near the city. The routine of camp duty, including brigade drill, was at once inaugurated here, which was sadly distasteful to the men. The weather was extremely hot, the brigade drills were voted a nuisance, and but few men were around when drill call sounded. It was a great hardship for veterans to play soldier, and they did not play it when they could avoid it.



Frequent visits were made to the city, where the men found various sources of relief from the monotony of the camp. Late one night several were returning to their quarters, and when passing near the colored section in the suburbs, heard a series of unearthly yells, shrieks and groans breaking suddenly upon the stillness of the night. A rush was made for the house from which the noises came, and the men broke in without ceremony, expecting to interrupt or prevent a bloody tragedy. An old colored man saluted them upon their entrance with, "Please, mister sojers, doant' terrupt de meetin'; we jes havin' a little 'ligious 'citemen't." The uninvited guests withdrew and the negro revival doubtless proceeded with renewed fervor.

The following promotions were announced at Little Rock: Adjutant J. August Smith to captain of Company F; Sergeant-Major John G. Brown to adjutant; Sergeant Theodore Shultz of Company C, to quartermaster; First-Lieutenant Harrison H. Prickett of Company A, to captain in place of John B. Ridenour, resigned at Louisville, Kentucky; Sergeant William McCumber of Company A, to first-lieutenant; Sergeant Francis Bandsfield of Company B, to captain; Sergeant Robert R. Elliott of Company B, to first-lieutenant; Sergeant C. F. Bennett of Company G, to first-lieutenant. Some of the officers had been performing for some time the duties of the positions to which they were promoted; which was also true of most of those who received promotion at Washington. During the campaigns through Georgia and the Carolinas the regiment had but fourteen commissioned officers present.

Time dragged heavily with the men, waiting for something to turn up. The question, "What are we here for?" was frequently asked. The camp was thrown into joyous excitement on July 31st, by the announcement that we were to be discharged as soon as the necessary papers could be made out. Earnest and vigorous work began, and was prosecuted day and night to completion, when the following order was read to the regiment:



HEADQUARTERS 1ST BRIGADE, 2D DIVISION, 15TH A. C., {  
LITTLE ROCK, ARK., August 13th, 1865. }

*General Order,*  
No. 40.

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE FIRST BRIGADE:

I have the honor to congratulate you that the time has arrived when you will be mustered-out and sent to your homes for final payment and discharge. It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the many marches, bivouacs and skirmishes that you have been engaged in; history will do that. In returning to your homes you will bear with you my best wishes for your future welfare, and my hope that you may be as good and obedient citizens in peace as you have been soldiers in war.

THEO. JONES,  
*Brevet Brig.-Gen'l Commanding.*

The regiment, numbering nineteen commissioned and two hundred and sixteen enlisted men, including the assigned recruits, was mustered-out August 14th, and bade farewell to Little Rock the next day. The journey homeward was by cars to Devall's Bluff, where in company with the Fifty-seventh Ohio, the regiment embarked upon a steamer for their last voyage together down the White and up the Mississippi river. When Memphis again came in view, the veterans remembering their many exploits and experiences there, greeted it with cheers. As the boat neared the well remembered landing a large pile of watermelons was discovered on the shore, and fearing lest the temptation might be too much for them, the men sounded an alarm cry of, "Take in those melons!" But their kindly warning was unheeded by those interested in the property. All crowded upon the side of the boat next to the shore, making landing difficult by causing the boat to careen seriously. The mate cursed as only a mate can, and implored the soldiers to distribute themselves over the boat if they did not want the boilers to blow them sky-high. "Let her bust," was all the consolation he got from them. Before the plank was run out half the men were ashore interviewing the melons, most of which accompanied them back upon the boat.

Chicago was entered by the regiment on the eighteenth in the midst of a rain-storm, and temporary quarters were secured at the Soldiers' Rest. The next day we marched to Camp Douglas where, as a final farewell to government



rations, we were fed on sour bread and wormy meat. Our arms and accoutrements were here turned over to the ordnance department. The parting from these drew out many strong expressions of regret, for they had served us through numerous hard contests, and, as long worn and tried companions, were closely associated with most of our memories of the eventful years passed in fighting for the Union. The paymaster visited us on the twenty-fifth, and the signing of the pay-roll receipts was the winding up of our military contract.

Notwithstanding the members of the regiment had all anxiously looked with longing for the day of final discharge, when the time for their separation came there were struggles with the emotions which showed themselves, although not in words, for no language can express the feelings of sorrow at parting between comrades whose regard for each other has grown from long companionship amid the scenes of a bloody war. We were citizens again, and each one after the parting words and hand-shaking took his individual way homeward to join the dear ones around the family hearth-stone, and enjoy the fruits of his labor in saving and purifying our government.

The Fifty-fifth had been in the service four years, and how well, and at what cost, it had filled its place in the Grand Army of the Republic, the foregoing pages and the table of casualties will attest. The whole number of individuals that appeared upon its rolls during the war according to the Adjutant-General's Reports, was eleven hundred and ninety-one. Of this aggregate eighty-five were the recruits belonging to the One-hundred-sixteenth and One-hundred-twenty-seventh Illinois Infantry, temporarily attached to the Fifty-fifth in June, 1865, to complete their term of service. They came to the regiment some time after all fighting had ceased, and the disbanding of the army had begun. Their record properly appertains to the commands with which they first served. Sixteen more were unassigned recruits,—not one of them ever seen with the regiment. Twenty were members of the regimental band, and were discharged by order of the War Department before the field of action was



reached. Deducting these one hundred and twenty-one men, we find the correct number of those fairly considered members of the regiment during the war to be ten hundred and seventy. Nor did so many as this perform actual service or ever reach the front. At Camp Douglas, Benton Barracks and Paducah very many dropped out by resignation and discharge, and a few died of disease. Twelve recruits enlisted in 1865 joined the regiment after the last battle had been fought and the Confederacy had succumbed.

Any computation, therefore, of the proper percentages of regimental loss must keep in view the fact that considerably less than a thousand men ever served their country in the Fifty-fifth outside of the camps of instruction. Four hundred and forty-eight of this number were killed or wounded in battle, over one hundred of whom were reported as killed outright. Thus forty-two per cent. of the total number ever borne upon the rolls in the field were hurt by Confederate missiles severely enough to place their names in the battle reports—or certainly more than half of those who followed the regimental colors upon the soil of a rebel state. Others there were so slightly touched by bullet or shell as to decline to report themselves wounded. But fifty-five were captured by the enemy, and taking this into consideration, the heavy percentage of battle casualties is remarkable, and perhaps rarely equalled.

The number who died of wounds during the war, owing to imperfect records cannot be ascertained with accuracy. Fifty-five were duly reported, but doubtless several others found premature graves after discharge, and before the downfall of the rebellion. The number of those who lost their lives by disease before the close of the rebellion is likewise uncertain, because most of these died in hospitals far distant from their companies, and their history often failed to reach the company commanders. They are reported as one hundred and twelve, not equaling the aggregate of the killed and mortally wounded. This is a somewhat unusual record in the history of protracted warfare, the mortality by disease often being largely in excess of the slain in action.

The Fifty-fifth participated in thirty-one engagements,



besides the prolonged siege operations at Vicksburg and Atlanta, and was under fire one hundred and twenty-eight days. It marched three thousand two hundred and forty miles, travelled by railway two thousand eight hundred and seventy-five miles, and by boat five thousand eight hundred and fifty miles; or in all, eleven thousand nine hundred and sixty-five miles. It entered every state classed as Southern save Delaware, Florida and Texas.

The valiant service of the Fifty-fifth and the heroic deeds of its bravest were never glorified in battle reports, and in the various histories of campaigns and memoirs of generals it has received no laudation. The regiment had no subsidized correspondents to publish far and wide its special achievements in glowing phrase. It has not received even from its members the recognition justly its due. It is hoped that this truthful story, though given to the public at a late day, and narrated with inadequate talent, may give it proper rank in the regards of a grateful people. If so, the historians will feel largely repaid for their perplexing labors.





# PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

BY

CHAPLAIN MILTON L. HANEY.

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IN writing this chapter for the history of our regiment, I have yielded to the urgent request of my old comrades, but with much hesitancy; for my memory concerning facts of twenty-five years ago is none too vivid, and the press of ministerial work at present gives scant opportunity for literary labor. I cheerfully contribute my mite, however, for the book is a necessity to do justice to as noble a body of men as were ever mustered into ranks or stood in battle line for home and native land. The men and officers of the line have never had their due, and nowhere is this fact more conspicuous than in the meagreness of the place which the reports of the commanding officers have given them in the battle of Pittsburg Landing. As an eye witness of their deeds in that battle, I cannot die without testifying to the fact that their unsurpassed bravery preserved the left flank of the Union army from utter destruction. This was not due to the skill of their commanders, but to the dogged, determined, death-defying gallantry of brave men, in whose hearts there coursed not one drop of disloyal blood. Surely, if for no other reason, this book was demanded, to place this gallant regiment in its true relation to the battle of Pittsburg Landing.



In entering upon the duties incident to the chaplaincy of our regiment, I was not a little aided by the fact that I had already served five months as a captain. This experience had given me a knowledge of the tricks to which officers at times condescended, and opportunity to observe the causes of the failure or success of chaplains. Beyond this, and conducing more to what little success I may have attained, I had as a captain by some means gained the love of my company and a place in the hearts of the line. The sympathy which, as a Christian, I tried to manifest by ministering to the necessities of those under my command, was returned in kind. It may not seem important that a captain should see that his men were cared for in their lodgings, and protected from cold on the deck of a steamer, but twenty-five years ago, as today, there was a chord in human hearts which vibrated to such little offices of love.

During my entire army life I tried not to forget that I was a Christian and a minister of the Word, and did not knowingly compromise the truth of the gospel or yield to the solicitations of wrong; and this is not only a source of highest joy to me now, but was the secret of all that was successful in my career as a chaplain in the army. I remember that after the election of our field officers a banquet was given at Camp Douglas, to which the commissioned officers were all invited. Another captain and myself, being public speakers, were to propose and respond to the toasts. Of this I was ignorant until the hour of invitation, and so went as "a lamb to the slaughter." Arriving at the feast, I was conducted to the foot of the table where a glass and various wines were standing, and the captain to whom I have just referred, pouring out some wine, motioned me to imitate him. Upon my refusing, with the statement that I did not drink, he and the Swede lieutenant-colonel insisted that I should take a little Madeira wine, which, they explained, was "only the juice of the grape." As I declined to assent to this, it was proposed that I drink water; but I was not thirsty and could not drink even water there. The face of the colonel reddened with anger, but my stand won respect and saved me much trouble throughout the war. As a chaplain I must have failed unless



the regiment had faith in the sincerity of my trust in God, but with their confidence in my integrity I could not fail. I may say in passing, that the other captain, who was applauded for his pliable conscience, and doubtless expected honors for yielding to the wishes of these men, was afterwards treated with contempt and retired under a cloud.

In the spring of 1862, when we were encamped at Paducah, our chaplain retired, and with the exception of my company the whole regiment besought me to accept his place. To this request I yielded, although for months I doubted the wisdom of the step. I had learned to love my men so well that it was painful beyond expression to separate from them, and they in turn could scarce forgive me for relinquishing my command. Captain Schleich, the just and able officer who succeeded me, advanced the company much more rapidly than I could have done, however, and the thought of leaving it in such capable hands did much to soften the pain of separation.

The authority of a commander is of course subject to abuse, and to see the men of the regiment wronged by the perverted use of official power always pained me. Indeed I was often compelled to violate military rule by identifying myself with the men as against certain officers, and thus sometimes came into sharp collision with those who ranked me. In a few instances it became necessary for me to follow in the steps of Peter Cartwright far enough to manifest a willingness to resort to physical force; but happily hostilities always ceased before violence ensued; and now in the calm evening of my life, no memory gives me keener pleasure than that once I was willing to take curses upon my own head which otherwise might have descended in blows upon my more defenceless comrades.

On the field of Shiloh we fought our first great battle. I remember that on Saturday, April 5th, I received a polite note from a Michigan colonel, requesting me to preach that night to his regiment, which formed a part of Prentiss' division. I accepted, and had the pleasure of offering them Christ as an almighty Savior, on the very ground which was reddened by the blood of many of them before nine o'clock



the next morning. In crossing a little stream on my return, I got my boots badly soiled with clay. As we were about to appear for inspection on Sabbath morning, I was compelled to black the boots, and had just completed the polish on one of them when the ominous music of the long roll and the still more terrible crash of musketry fell on my ear. There was so sharp a contrast in the appearance of my pedal extremities that I concluded to polish the other boot, and having done so placed my effects in an army wagon just in time to escape capture.

On joining the command, I said to the lieutenant-colonel, "The rebels are coming upon you two lines deep in the woods yonder." "O, no, chaplain," he replied, "I guess 'tis only de skirmish line;" to which remark I answered, "You will soon see the skirmishers"—and he did. Our commander had exhausted military skill in locating the regiment where it had the least possible defence, and where the enemy would have the best opportunity to destroy it. Observing the disadvantages of our position, I suggested to the colonel the advisability of retiring behind the ridge, where we would be less exposed to the enemy; but the only reply was a scornful look. Shortly after, the terrible fire opened in earnest, our brave boys standing firmly against fearful odds.

Surgeon E. O. F. Roler, whose name is to this day as "ointment poured forth," said to me: "Chaplain, I want you to take charge of our ambulances." Here was a task that required the exercise of the best judgment that I possessed! After locating the ambulances behind a ridge as near the line as was compatible with safety, I hastened down the creek and found a way out over the hills. Returning thence, I ordered the litter bearers to follow me, and led the way towards the front. We had gone but a little distance when we came upon the first of our dead that we had seen—a man whose head had been torn off by a shell. Lest this spectacle should terrify the litter-bearers, I seemed not to notice it, but with a "forward, men," stepped over the body and on to our work. Then down the creek came rushing one of our captains, as though the fiends were after him. He was a redoubtable warrior—in camp—and before the battle, the only



brave man in the regiment. In a voice of profoundest sympathy, I hailed him with, "O, captain, are you wounded?" He threw his hands wildly into the air, exclaiming, "Oh! oh!! oh!!! The regiment is all broken to pieces! Oh-h-h!" and on like a race-horse he sped for the landing. The dead man in the path, the shells crashing through the timber, and last of all the racing captain's report, were too much for the nerves of my command, and when I turned about four of the six were not.

I observed that the regiment had been ordered back to the ridge of which I have spoken, and turning to the two brave men who followed me, I said: "Some of our wounded are probably lying yonder on the hill between the two armies. It is a dangerous undertaking, but will you follow me to the rescue?" Like the true men that they were, they consented. As we neared the summit of the hill, however, I noticed that the distance between the litter and myself widened very perceptibly, and it was soon manifest that my command were wiser than their commander. A musket ball hissed past my left ear; another grazed my left breast; a third and a fourth whistled by. I looked before me, and lo! I was face to face with a rebel regiment! I presume it is needless to say that I ordered a vigorous retreat and requested my feet to convey me to the bottom of the hill in short order. My litter-bearers, having promised to follow me, could not conscientiously advance farther upon the rebel army; and throwing the litter into the air bore down upon their fleet-footed leader with a speed that lightning might have envied.

On reaching a point opposite the left flank of the regiment, I discovered that by standing near the edge of the ravine, I could direct the wounded, who were running the gauntlet of rebel bullets as they came down to the ravine, how to leap into it and find shelter behind its banks until they reached the ambulances, or made their way to the landing. In the performance of this task, I was sheltered by a tree that was inconveniently small; but, drawing my body into the smallest possible compass, I stood while the rebel sharp-shooters planted perhaps forty bullets in the tree.

At length the ambulances were filled with the wounded,



and it became my duty to conduct them to the landing. I had found a horse without a rider, and mounting led the way. I told the drivers that we should be badly exposed to shells when we mounted the hill, but that they must follow me. Two of them obeyed, but upon reaching the river I learned to my astonishment that when the third had come to the trying point, he had cut his team loose and escaped through the ravines, leaving the wounded to the mercy of the enemy. Fortunately they were able to make their way down to the gunboats, and were found at a later time.

At the landing a most appalling scene was presented. Five thousand soldiers, I presume, were on the bluffs, and more were coming. Every moment the line at the front was growing thinner, and it seemed that the fate of the country depended upon our having immediate aid. I rode to the crest of the bluff and saw the head of Buell's army emerging from the woods across the river, but time that seemed ages must elapse before they could be made available. Of General Grant's medical director, who by chance rode by, I obtained a drink of brandy, and being totally unaccustomed to stimulants, it immediately gave me temporary strength. This was all put forth in speeches to inspire the return to the front of the discouraged and stampeded soldiers. Never, perhaps, have I spoken with such power, for the tremendous issues at stake gave an inspiration such as seldom comes to man. I rode under an overhanging bluff where hundreds of these frightened men were sitting, and as I spoke a soldier, whose arm was dangling by his side, burst into tears as he exclaimed, "My God! boys, how can you stand it?" Thus going from group to group, at last a movement was effected which resulted in adding large numbers to the line which on Sunday evening saved the battle.

The whole line having been pressed towards the river, became so contracted that our entire artillery remaining was brought into action. This with the gunboats on our left made fearful havoc in the Confederate ranks, and speedily silenced the rebel yell. So numerous were the wounded that hundreds were strewn upon the ground without a covering. Upon appealing in vain for tents at an adjacent camp, I gath-



cred a little company of soldiers and, sword in hand, forcibly took them, and with them nine camp-kettles. This proceeding may not have harmonized with the letter of the gospel, but I praised God while the tents were erected over the sufferers and nourishing food was prepared for them in the kettles.

The whole of Sunday night was occupied in assisting Dr. Roler, supplying the wounded with nourishment, praying with the dying and carrying out the dead. After two o'clock in the morning, I heard that some of the wounded of the Fifty-fifth were lying near the river. I begged Dr. Roler to let me go to them alone; but although he was ready to faint from the terrible toil of the day and night, he insisted on accompanying me. On reaching them, we found the group that had been deserted by the ambulance driver. One of them was young Ennis from near Elmwood, Illinois, who had been converted in a meeting held before the war. Wounded painfully in the ankle joint by a fragment of shell, his suffering was extreme; but the triumph of his soul was so great that he kept his fellow sufferers in good cheer through the darkness and rain of that night of agony on the Tennessee. Dear boy! He was not again seen in the ranks nor at the home of his mother; but he had "chosen that good part which shall not be taken away."

Among the wounded on the ridge, were numerous rebels, some of whom were recently from New Orleans. One mortally wounded besought me to commit him to God in prayer, confessing his sins with bitter tears. He found peace in believing and welcomed death with a smile. Others less seriously injured, but whose lives depended on the care which we gave them, were insolent beyond expression. One of their number who had only lost a finger while we were preparing his food remarked: "There is no use, gentlemen, the last Confederate will die in the ditch, but we will have our rights." The veins in the neck of the little German sergeant helping me began to swell, until at length he laid his hand on a sword with the remark: "Well, captain, if this is so we might as well begin right here." It is, perhaps, unnecessary



to say that the valiant Southerner instantly begged pardon, and became as meek as a lamb.

On Monday morning, fearing that the regiment had been un supplied with food, I went on board a supply-boat, and by the vehemence of my demands obtained a sack full of hams with which I hastened to the line where the brave boys had lain all night in the rain. They were already in motion, but I distributed the meat to them. I could not hold back my tears when I learned that they had received no food since breakfast on Sunday morning. Not a complaint escaped their lips, however, but they looked haggard and very weary. I returned to my post with emotions which, perhaps, would not bear a strict religious justification; but God did not rebuke me for He knew their condition and remembered that I was dust.

The victory of Monday was easy, for we were re-enforced by Buell's army and the enemy had been repulsed on Sunday night. The want of care for the wounded gave me the keenest agony that I have ever endured. Many perished for want of nourishment who might have lived if food had been brought in time. There were faithful surgeons who did what they could, but many loyal men perished as the result of the reckless cutting and carving by adventurers, and the wanton neglect of others who, instead of caring for the sufferers, spent their time in riding for amusement or seeking relics on the field.

The arrival of Governor Yates with his boat-load of sanitary goods, brought joy and comfort to thousands of sufferers and, in time, the sick and wounded were taken by transports to various hospitals or their homes. Great suffering resulted from the unnecessary delay of the army in the woods of Tennessee. Camped amid half-buried dead, and surrounded by the decaying bodies of animals, the entire army became weakened by disease. In the outrageously slow and timid advance upon Corinth, many soldiers contracted diseases from which they never recovered. As a chaplain I found a wide field of labor among the sick, and was a witness of the blessed results of the religion of Christ both in living and dying. Throughout the war, I never found one real



Christian Union soldier who did not have triumph in death, and on the other hand, I never knew a Confederate Christian who did not find it necessary to confess and make some settlements that he might have peace in the dying hour. To my mind, this is one of the many indications that God was on the side of the Union army.

After the fall of Corinth we emerged into a beautiful and healthful country near La Grange, Tennessee. At that place I accompanied a squad of men outside the lines in search of food, and on reaching the house of a rebel soldier requested the lady to provide us with a dinner. She reluctantly set forth some corn-bread and buttermilk, which was a royal banquet to us. As we rose from the table, I presented her with fifty cents in Federal currency, and one by one the soldiers followed my example, until the last, who handed her a five-dollar bill on the bank of La Grange. I warned her that the paper was worthless, but might have spared my pains as my kindness only evoked the remark: "I think I know my own business, sir." She returned four dollars and a half in greenbacks as change to the boy, who by this clever business stroke had cleared just that much money in addition to his dinner. To my rebuke for his dishonesty, he replied that "he liked to gratify these secesh by supplying them with their own money."

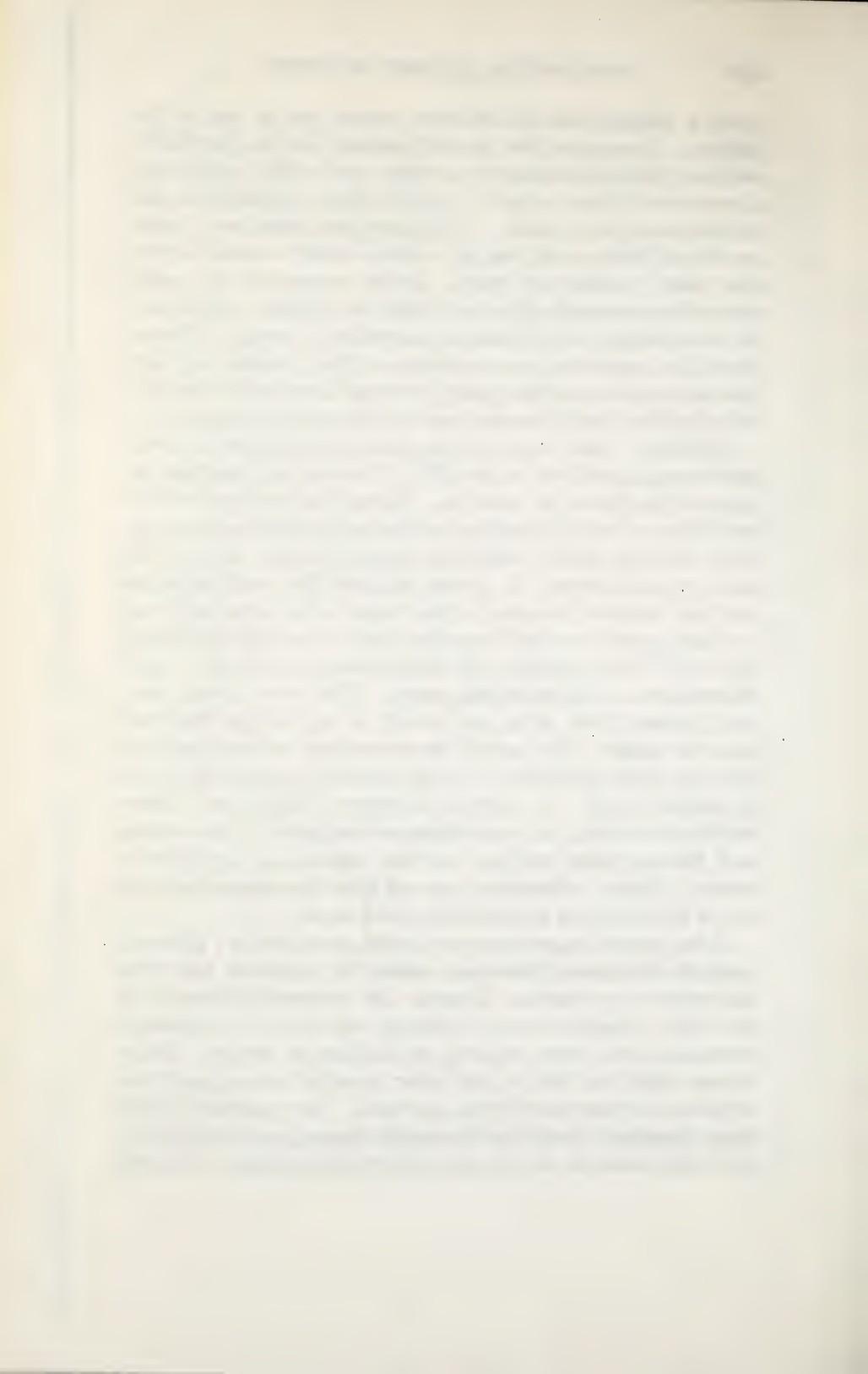
At another time Doctor Smith and I went beyond the lines in search of food — for the regiment suffered much from hunger at this place. On reaching the pickets we were warned of the presence of rebel scouts in the country, and gladly accepted an escort of three Eighth Missouri men, who rode in the ambulance with the doctor. Being mounted I led the way, and on reaching a plantation observed a man in citizen's clothes ride from the house so as to avoid contact with me. The owner of the place averred most solemnly that he had been stripped of all that he had, but thought that we might find provisions by going to the southeast — the route taken by the man who had just left. I rode on, the ambulance following. Reaching the borders of a woodland I was suddenly confronted by a horseman armed with a carbine. I had left my revolver in camp, and had no protection be-



yond a trifling little six-shooter, loaned me by one of the pickets. I presume that this will account for the fact that I suddenly found it necessary to adjust my saddle, and when I dismounted it was so as to have the horse between me and the man with the carbine. "Why don't you come on?" asked my friend in the road; but my saddle needed so much attention that I could not reply. In the meanwhile the rebel glanced occasionally into the timber as if there were others in concealment, and I became exceedingly uneasy. Doctor Smith had paused at a cooper-shop a little distance off, with the ambulance, and the guards were so absorbed in the doctor's fun that their attention was not attracted to my peril.

Hitherto I had kept my eye upon the adversary in front, but becoming restless at the delay, I turned my head and requested the guards to come on. Scarce had my eyes left the rebel when a bullet from the carbine went whistling past my head and the rebel's horse was doing his best to carry his rider beyond danger. I sprang out into the road trying to pull my revolver from its leather case, but a minie ball from my body-guard reminded me that two others were to follow, and that I was in range, so I stepped aside to give the brave Missourians a chance at their mark. The doctor being startled forbade their firing, and much to my disgust the rebel escaped unhurt. An immediate retreat was ordered and ambulance, body-guard and all went dashing towards the camp at fearful speed. It seemed altogether likely that a force sufficiently strong for our capture was secreted in the woods, and that we were well on our way towards a Confederate prison. It was afterwards learned that the man who faced me in the road was a prominent rebel scout.

After varied experiences we found ourselves in a pleasant camp in Memphis, Tennessee, where the regiment had time for rest and recreation. Despite the immoral influences of the city, a band of true Christian men from the different companies was never wanting at the hour of prayer. Many slaves made free by the war came to us for refuge, and their religious services were often glorious. They seemed to feel that President Lincoln's life was in danger, and rarely omitted the mention of his name in their petitions. Colonel



Stuart listened with me on the outside of a cabin, one moonlit night, to a prayer from an old Mississippi bondsman that can never be forgotten. After a recital of his wrongs that would have melted a heart of stone, he thanked God for the army of deliverance and poured out his soul in a plea that Mr. Lincoln might be spared until the people were free. Colonel Stuart's frame trembled, and tears rolled down his cheeks as he turned to me with the words: "Lord! chaplain, did you ever hear the like of that?"

On Saturday, December 20, 1862, we boarded the steamer Westmoreland bound for Vicksburg, and landed on the twenty-sixth of the same month. Captain Schleich, who succeeded me in command of Company F, took breakfast with my mess the next morning. I remember well that on rising from the meal he remarked: "Boys, I am glad I ate with you this morning, for I am going out here to be killed by these rebels, and I want you to bear witness that I desire to be buried here on this sand ridge." At Memphis I had lodged in a house, as our tents were poor and it rained frequently; and on the last night of our stay the captain slept with me. He was restless in his sleep and in the morning apologized for the fact, saying: "I dreamed that I stood facing a rebel about fifty yards away when he shot me through the heart, and as he shot I sprang up in the bed, and I fear, greatly disturbed you." So profoundly did the dream impress him that he seemed like a different man until we reached the Yazoo.

On December 28th I was caring for some wounded at a distance from the Fifty-fifth, when I was strongly impressed to go to the regiment. On reaching it Captain Schleich was forming his company to go to the front. As they marched away I spoke to him, urging the utmost caution as the trees were overhung with moss and the enemy secreted behind the levee. I addressed the men also as they passed by, and then returned toward my post of duty; but before half way there, was drawn by an irresistible impulse to rejoin the regiment. On reaching the spot where I had just parted with him, I met the lifeless body of Captain Schleich, borne by his comrades whose hearts were aching and whose eyes were streaming with tears. As in his dream he had stood facing a rebel sol-



dier about fifty yards away, just long enough to be shot through the heart, and the spirit of my brave and beautiful captain had gone back to God who gave it. So quickly did death come that he fell into the arms of Sergeant Henry Haney, only crying, "I am shot!" He had few equals in intellect and all those qualities which form true manhood. His presence was sunshine, and in our darkest days his good cheer had given comfort and inspiration. Beautiful captain, I shall see you again when the throne comes down!

In the gloom and depression of the morning I said to some comrades, "Boys, it would be worth a thousand dollars to see Morgan L. Smith." To our surprise and joy, in a few minutes the general rode through our lines towards the pickets. He was cautioned with reference to the sharp-shooters as he passed, but on he went. In less time than it takes to write it, he returned. We noticed that his face was pale, and on looking again I saw blood on his stirrup. He passed in silence, but turning and looking at us cried, "Boys, give them h---l!" Among the very bravest generals of the war, he had a natural power to inspire men which was wonderful. From the wound received that day he never fully recovered.

The deep night of the Yazoo was succeeded by a bright day at the Post of Arkansas. Our troops had nearly made the circuit of the enemy's works, when darkness came on. To divert the Confederate commander's attention from the real design, a detachment of men was ordered forward to open fire upon the rebel works. Scarce had the firing begun when a great rebel gun threw some shells over us. My horse was fastened near, but so that he could not step on me as I lay on my blankets, and becoming excited by the glare and roar of the cannon, opened fire on the rebel works with his heels; and I, unable to get away owing to the vigor of his movements, lay there in doubt as to whether the rebel shot or the heels of the Union horse were the most dangerous to me. The next day, before the regiment was engaged, I rode down to the gunboats just in time to see a sergeant train his gun on a big cannon in the fort. I could follow the shot with my eye, and had the pleasure of seeing the third ball hit the



gun about half way from the muzzle and end its mission of death forever.

Knowing that fearful work was going on at our right flank I hastened thither to assist the wounded, and never were my offices needed more. I found scores of soldiers bleeding in the woods and no ambulances near nor any one to care for them. There were bullets in those woods, and the commander of the ambulance corps, being a prudent man, had secured a safe retreat nearly a mile away. On complaining to McClelland's medical director, I received orders to bring up the ambulance corps, and that prudent gentleman came with his train on a gallop at the heels of a new commander. The wounded had scarcely been loaded in when the long, glad shout of victory came up all along our lines, telling that six thousand rebel soldiers were in our hands.

After a season of gladness I went in search of the wounded, who by this time had been conducted to the boats. I boarded a large steamer and found two rows of wounded soldiers lying the length of the cabin, totally without care. Their bandages wet with blood had become dry, and the wounds were inflamed. In utter amazement I inquired as to the cause of this, and found that the surgeon in charge was drunk. Procuring a vessel of water to moisten their wounds I went the entire circuit of the cabin, and in my rounds saw many who were marked for death. Not a complaint did I hear, however, from all that throng of sufferers; but there were notes of triumph from a few Christian heroes there, which almost alleviated the horror of the situation. The bathing their wounds was all that I could do to ease their sufferings, and I then went around a second time to minister to the souls of the dying. I gave an appropriate tract to the nearest comrade of each mortally wounded man, requesting him to read it quietly to his neighbor.

While thus employed a German captain came in and found three of his own men in a neglected condition. Looking at me with flaming eyes, supposing that I was in command of the boat, he began to curse me. I quietly waited until he had finished, and then informed him of my relation to the wounded. To his profuse apologies, I interposed: "Captain,



if what you have said has relieved your mind I rejoice with you, for the case is a desperate one." I then sought the drunken surgeon, intending to end his debauch by an immersion in the river. Failing to find him, however, I hastened to General Stuart's headquarters and besought him to go to Sherman at once and enter complaint. To end my importunity he assented, but feeling intuitively that he would not keep his word, I took it upon myself to go. The general was evidently tired with my impertinence, and turning upon his heel responded to me, "D---n it, chaplain, I am not responsible for the neglect of the doctors." I was as excited as General Sherman, and answered, "General, I am aware of that; but you command all the doctors in this army, and if this is not righted I will publish the whole affair if it costs me my head." It was not long until there was such commotion among the surgeons as there is among the rats when a house burns down; and it was but a few hours before the sufferers in that cabin were in a clean hospital boat, with wounds carefully dressed and comforts assured; and I wept in the gladness of my heart at what God had done by my hand.

At Young's Point, a few weeks after, I went to General Sherman to get his signature to some papers. He recognized me, and without looking at the papers ordered his adjutant to sign them. Turning to me he said: "Chaplain Haney, whatever I can do consistently to aid you, I will gladly do until the end of the war." Grand old hero that he was--as he is today--he felt that I was right in my appeal for the wounded though I had overstepped military discipline.

We suffered nothing from battle at Young's Point, but the mortality among our soldiers was terrible to contemplate. The papers of the opposition at the North were full of treason, while the whole nation behind us appeared absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure or money. This was the time when from the soldiers' stand-point the day grew dark, as if God in displeasure at our national apathy had resolved upon the downfall of the Republic. To get relief to my own soul and to move the Christian power of the North to humiliation, fasting and prayer, I resolved to address several Christian



ministers whom I had formerly known. After weeks of waiting an answer came from one of these, and I sat down with unspeakable gladness to drink in its contents. "Yours received," so the writer said. "Very glad to hear from you. I learn that you are going up the Red River. I am now engaged in the hedge business and want you to get me some seed." In the bitterness of my disappointment and contempt I could only think that had I possessed hedge seed by the boat-load, he should have had none of it.

While we were halted a little while at the village of Raymond, I seized the opportunity to visit the wounded that crowded a little brick church not far distant. Observing a beautiful boy whose eyes were covered with bandages, I inquired as to his injury, and learned that a minie ball had entered his left temple, cutting the optic nerve and coming out at his right eye. "I suppose," I said to him, "the sun is blotted out forever to you." "Yes," came quickly in reply, "but I have light within." I was profoundly moved that one so young and beautiful should be thus mutilated, and rejoined, "It is sad indeed, this prospect of walking many years in darkness." "But, sir," said he, "I have light within and it is glorious." From another who was lying wounded in the church at that time, I learned a few years since that the subsequent life of the blind boy was a continual triumph through his Master. If I had ever doubted my religion, such conquests of faith would have ended that unbelief forever.

During the long and painful siege of Vicksburg I was much taxed with the hospital work and care of our own regiment, but also gave much time to another Illinois battalion, the chaplain of which had resigned. The health of the men had given way, and utter discouragement was everywhere prevailing. Deaths occurred every day, and each man who became sick expected a fatal termination of his disease. I resorted to every innocent measure to restore their spirits and fill them with hope. I sang and prayed with them; I laughed and related funny anecdotes, and by word and work encouraged cheerfulness until I had the satisfaction of seeing my efforts in a measure successful. My daily visits very nearly cost me my life, however, for their camp was situated



in a deep, unhealthy ravine, and so full of malaria that I sometimes wonder at my escape.

About this time I witnessed a beautiful incident. On entering the hospital one day I saw a young soldier from New York reading a well-worn copy of the New Testament. He had been taken up from the streets when a ragged urchin by a pious school teacher, educated and brought to Christ, and now as he lay wounded sought consolation in the word. The next day I found him again engaged with his testament, and received the facts of his history from his own lips. His eyes filled with tears at mention of his teacher. "O," said he, "if she could only know how glad I am now that I am dying for my country, that she brought me to Christ." As I came in the third morning his eyes were set and he seemed unconscious. He gave no answer to my greeting, and the nurse informed me that he had not noticed anything since sunrise. I took the little testament which was carefully laid against his left breast and passed it before his vision. That moment his eyes began to follow it, and then looking me in the face he glanced towards his breast, indicating that he wished to die with the word of God upon his heart. I leaned over his form and said, "My boy, you love this book;" and as he died he whispered, "Yes, O yes!" I placed it again over his heart, and his happy spirit went triumphantly unto its reward.

At Camp Sherman we prepared as soon as possible for regular religious services. At the meetings many of the men were happily converted. One incident of this period made an indelible impression upon my memory. At the conclusion of a discourse upon the experimental evidences of the Christian religion, a confirmed sceptic came to me, and with a depth of emotion that brought the perspiration in beads upon his face, remarked, "Chaplain Hancy, this is the most wonderful thing that I ever heard of." "Why, my friend," said I, "what is the matter?" The sermon had been an attempt to show that the most illiterate were capable of exercising a rational faith in the Christian religion, and related almost entirely to the operations of the Holy Ghost within the human breast. I began with the first ray of divine conviction, and tracing as best I could the subsequent steps



in the holy way, concluded with the profounder experiences of the mature Christian character. Behind the sceptic sat an old negro who, as each successive step was explained from the pulpit, ejaculated, "Dat's so! Bress de Lord, dat's so!" This was the mystery that confounded my sceptical friend, and he continued: "That stupid old slave could no more have made the points in your sermon than he could have made the world; but the moment you brought them out he saw that he had a corresponding experience in his own heart, and from this time on, chaplain, you may count me in to be a Christian." His name was Samuel Bunnel, and he belonged to Company D of the Twelfth Indiana. In February, 1887, I learned from one of his old comrades that he was converted before reaching his tent, and as the result of this wonderful change in heart and life, brought many of his fellow soldiers to the cross. In less than twenty days from his conversion he died in the triumph of the Gospel.

Before crossing the Tennessee River above Chattanooga, we had a service of prayer, and as the result there were some in those boats who were assured of protection, although engaged in one of the most hazardous undertakings of the war. Others were not so confident. I remember a surgeon fresh from the North who was with us. Before leaving the Chickamauga his face blanched and his knees began to tremble as he said: "As soon as we strike the river we shall be blown to pieces." As his fears increased his body bent lower, until at length he lay prone with his face to the bottom of the boat. God's hand was over that expedition, however, and our brave boys landed in the face of the rebel army unnoticed and un-hurt. Soon joy filled our hearts, as from boat to boat the news passed on that the rebel pickets had been captured without the firing of a gun. Hearing this, the terror-stricken man rose up and made a sickly attempt to yawn as though just aroused from refreshing slumber, and as his teeth ceased to chatter, said, "Well, I've had quite a nap!"

Our little brigade was soon followed by Sherman's entire army, and we were ready to attack Bragg's right flank at Missionary Ridge. As we were advancing upon the enemy's pickets through a region thickly covered with underbrush, J



met General Giles A. Smith who had advanced beyond his post of duty. "Chaplain," said he, "if I were you I would not go into that brush, for it is full of bullets." I heeded his warning and he retired a little to the rear. Here he stood facing the enemy, when he was so severely wounded that he never fully recovered. A gentleman, a patriot, a skilful brigade commander, may his name be revered as long as this country endures!

After taking the first hill, we were ordered to the foot of the second. In descending we were exposed to a storm of shells from the heights beyond, and in the confusion of the moment our colonel ordered us to lie down. The rebel batteries could not have had a more inviting mark, and shell after shell came crashing among us until the air was filled with dust and smoke. It seemed as if annihilation was before us, and knowing that a few rods further towards the enemy would place us out of danger from artillery, I shouted, "Colonel, why don't you take the men to the foot of the hill?" This brought an order to march forward, and when out of range we had opportunity to reckon up our loss. It is difficult to say whether we were more amazed or delighted to find that but three had been wounded.

On returning from Knoxville, Tennessee, whither Sherman had been sent to relieve Burnside, we were compelled to subsist on the country. Our colonel had not detailed a sufficient foraging party to supply the regiment. One night I met the officers of the line coming in a body to headquarters. On inquiring the object of their visit, one of them replied, "We are going up to settle with that — old Swede. Our men have marched all day and some of them have eaten nothing since yesterday." Lest trouble should result from the stormy interview which I saw was about to take place, I prevailed upon them to allow me to speak to the colonel for them. Finding him in excellent humor, I had no difficulty in getting his permission to lead a foraging party the next day and covenanted to supply the regiment by noon.

That night the soldiers supped on faith, and in faith they slept. In the morning I started out, with Joe Presson as my sergeant. Arriving at a beautiful home, we were met by the



father and mother and two daughters. In reply to my questions the father said that they were Union people and had three sons in the Federal army. Having observed that nearly all the inhabitants of the South became Unionists in the presence of our soldiers, I continued my interrogations. Upon this, one of the girls brought out the portraits of her three brothers, all of whom were dressed in Federal uniforms, and also a number of letters from them. "There," said she, and the tears began to fall, "look at these pictures and read these letters if you don't believe that my brothers are in the Union army." Presson had meanwhile gone through the house without formality, and upon returning said: "Chaplain, I find some very nice bacon here. How much shall I take?" Of course under the circumstances I forbade his taking any. As he turned reluctantly from the bacon, as well as from several turkeys upon the fence, his face formed a picture that rises vividly before me as I write.

In a little valley which we soon reached I heard a young man say to his mother, "There are more coming; be ready." I learned upon approaching the woman that she had been sending her son down to the moving column since morning inviting hungry soldiers to come to her house to get refreshment. After her cheerfully giving us all that we requested, I sent Presson across the valley to get further supplies, and I entered the house. "Strange as it may seem to you," I said to the family, "I am a Methodist preacher, and thought I would come in and talk with you about Christ." An aged woman sick unto death was lying there upon a couch; but on hearing my remark she sprang up in bed and shouted aloud, praising God that she was permitted to see a Christian minister once again.

In our rambles we soon came upon an old mill and in its ground a quantity of corn meal, and in due course of time we returned to camp with bountiful supplies. The varied incidents of this expedition, most of them so pleasant, make its memories among the most precious to me of any of the war.

Passing down to Tellico Plains we crossed a beautiful mountain stream. I noticed among our pioneers a number



of feeble men who were unable to wade the stream, as the water ran nearly breast high, so to assist them I remained behind the command and took them across upon my horse. The last one that I took over evidently found it difficult to express his gratitude, but was at length, I think, equal to the occasion. Said he, "I have a beautiful sister at home, and when the war is over if you will come down you may marry her, by all that is good and great." Near our camp that night was the grave of an old lady who was shot because she insisted on waving a Union flag. In all our marching through the South we were never hailed with such gladness as that which met us among the hills of Tennessee. "O, sir," said a poor old man, as his voice trembled with feeling, "I have not seen that dear old flag for three years. God be praised, it shall yet wave!" The face of his aged wife was radiant, and having brought all that she had to give the soldiers as they passed, she literally danced like a girl. Women and girls came for miles, bringing baskets of provisions and other tokens of love and loyalty to the flag. I remember seeing one beautiful girl standing at the forks of the road, waving a little flag. Not a word could she say, but the joyful tears which rolled down her checks will not be forgotten by one of the soldiers who tramped so wearily by that day.

At three different times while I was in the South my family visited me. Their sojourn in camp has ever been remembered with pleasure by them, and greatly added to the joy of my own life in the army. Each of them formed an undying love for our grand old regiment, and the entire future of my sons was moulded favorably by those months of association with our patriot soldiers.

Before the capture of Atlanta, through the kindness of General Logan I was permitted to return to the North for the purpose of recruiting the regiment. Having been elected by the veterans to be their colonel, it was found necessary under existing laws to add to our numbers before we could muster in a full corps of officers. I remained with the regiment long enough, however, to witness the crowning outrage of our campaigning, viz: the arrest of Captain Shaw for hesitating to obey an order of General Lightburn, which it would



have been a crime for him to have executed. With more manhood and patriotism and courage in an hour than Lightburn was capable of possessing in a lifetime, our true, good captain was left under a cloud for twenty years—a cloud that at last has lifted through the untiring efforts of his surviving comrades: May his children's children be blessed to the latest generations.

Upon arriving at Springfield I immediately reported at the office of Governor Yates, only to find that he was in Chicago attending the democratic convention. Taking the next train for that city I presented my papers to him, and he promised to see me the next day. The republican central committee and the governor feared that the welfare of the country would be in danger if any more loyal men left Illinois before the election. The draft was soon to take effect, and they proposed that if I would speak in certain doubtful districts I should have two hundred men from the draft. In addition to this they agreed that as many men as voluntarily reported to me might be sent on to the regiment. Believing that everything depended upon the re-election of President Lincoln and a republican majority in Congress, I accepted their proposition and spoke through two districts until the campaign was ended. A large number of recruits voluntarily reported to me and were sent on to Springfield. At the close of the campaign I received a note from the Secretary of War stating that he was painfully disappointed in the result of the draft, and could not furnish the two hundred men as agreed. Much chagrined I hastened to Springfield only to find that nearly all of the recruits who had voluntarily reported to me had for some reasons not been sent to the regiment. I believed then and do now that they were sold to the highest bidder by dishonest officials. In view of these facts I requested to be mustered out of the service. When Sherman's army had reached the sea my request was complied with.

My election to the colonelcy was unsought and contrary to my expressed wish; but the appreciation of the regiment shown thus, and in a thousand other ways, fills me with gratitude. To be identified with such a body of men and in such a cause is honor enough for one life, and to me a source of



unfailing pride and joy. After these years I only regret that I was separated from the veterans in their last triumphant march; and yet it must have been God's will, and I do not murmur. The years have come and gone, and our ranks are very thin. Our comrades are sleeping on many a field that their valor won, and most of us who remain are worn and grey. May the good God who gave us victory grant a glorious reunion to the old Fifty-fifth in the land of never-ending peace!





## APPENDIX.





## ROSTER OF THE FIFTY-FIFTH INFANTRY.

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### INTRODUCTION.

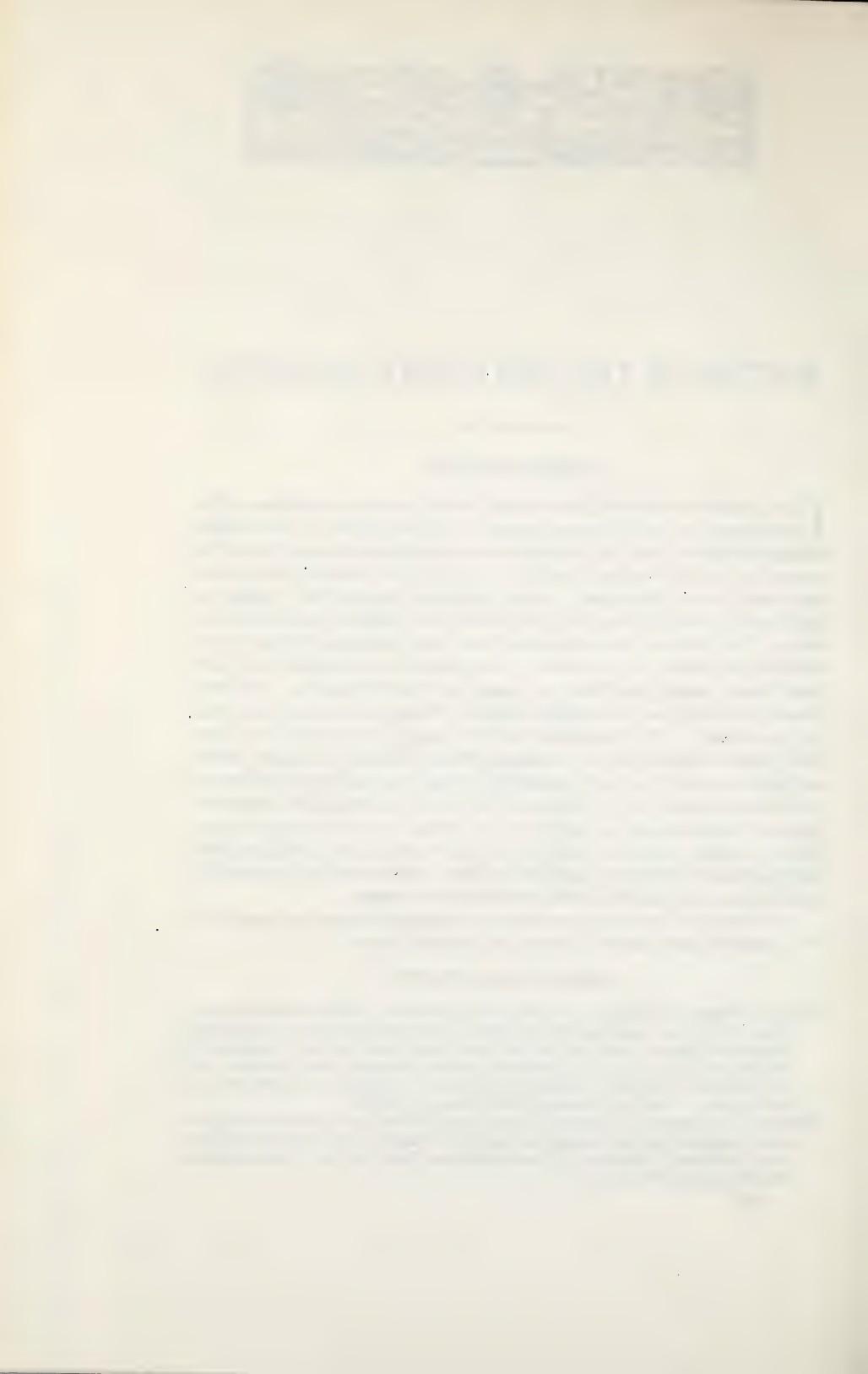
IT is probable that some inaccuracies as well as many omissions will be discovered in the following roster. This ought not to be thought strange in view of the fact that twenty-two years have elapsed since the muster out of the regiment, and that many of the company documents have been lost or destroyed. It has been found impossible to supply all deficiencies from the uncertain memories and notes of surviving comrades. The efforts of the committee have been, however, directed to the reduction of errors to a minimum. Competent and interested men have been found among the living of nearly all the companies, who have labored zealously to correct these records. Prominent among them may be mentioned: J. B. Ridenour, Curtis P. Lacey, Robert Oliver, Jacob Fink, John Warden, Joseph Hartsook, Peter Roberts, J. August Smith, and John Averill. The late reprint of the report of the Adjutant-General of Illinois, though very imperfect, has been an invaluable assistant. Many of its omissions and errors will be found rectified in these pages. Luckily copies of all the regimental reports of battle casualties have been preserved, and every man hit by rebel missile and so reported by name at any time has been duly credited in this roster.

The names of those who lost their lives during the war are noted with a \*; commissioned officers' names are preceded by a †.

### FIELD AND STAFF.

†DAVID STUART. Chicago; colonel at organization; commanded brigade from Feb. 27 to May 14, '62; wounded in shoulder at Shiloh; appointed brigadier-general Nov. 29, '62, to date from Oct. 31, '61; commanded brigade to Dec. 27, '62, and division during remainder of service; left service April 3, '63, his appointment having failed of confirmation by the Senate. Died at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 11, 1863.

†OSCAR MALMBORG. Chicago; lieutenant-colonel at organization; promoted colonel to date from Dec. 19, '62; wounded—contusion over eye—at Vicksburg, May 19, '63; mustered out Sept. 20, '64. Died in Kansas, 1874, aged 67 years.



- †WILLIAM D. SANGER. Chicago; major at organization; promoted lieutenant-colonel to date from Dec. 10, '62, but declined commission; aid to General W. T. Sherman from March 10, '62, until discharge; mustered out for disability—an unexplained error—by S. O. of the War Dept., to date from Nov. 1, '62. Died at St. Louis, Nov. —, 1873.
- †THEODORE C. CHANDLER. Canton; transferred from D as major, to date from Dec. 10, '62; promoted lieutenant-colonel, to date from March 27, '63; resigned July 3, '64. *See D.*
- †JAMES J. HIEFFERNAN. Chicago; transferred from H as major, to date from Dec. 10, '62; promoted lieutenant-colonel, to date from July 3, '64; mustered out as major, Nov. 10, '64. Died at St. Louis, — 1880. *See H.*
- †MILTON L. HANEY. Bushnell; transferred from F as chaplain, to date from March 6, '62; elected colonel at veteran re-organization, April 6, '64; commissioned lieutenant-colonel; mustered out Dec. 2, '64, as chaplain. *See F.*
- †CHARLES A. ANDRESS. Mendota; transferred from I as lieutenant-colonel, to date from June 12, '65; mustered out with regiment. Died — 1876. *See I.*
- †GILES F. HAND. Prairie City; transferred from F as major, to date from June 12, '65; mustered out with regiment. *See F.*
- †GEORGE L. THURSTON. Lancaster, Mass.; adjutant at organization; promoted captain of B, to date from March 1, '62. *See B.*
- †HENRY S. NOTRSE. Lancaster, Mass.; headquarters clerk at organization; commissioned adjutant, to date from April 30, '62; slightly wounded in leg at Shiloh; promoted captain of H, to date from Dec. 19, '62. *See H.*
- †FRANCIS P. FISHER. Chicago; transferred from C as commissary-sergeant, Nov. 20, '61; detached as store-keeper, etc., at brigade, division and corps headquarters, from July, '62, to June, '63; promoted adjutant Oct. 19, '63; mustered out Oct. 30, '64. *See C.*
- †J. AUGUST SMITH. Cedar Rapids, Iowa; transferred from H as sergeant-major, Jan. 1, '64; veteran; promoted adjutant, to date from Oct. 31, '64; commissioned captain of F, to date from Aug. 2, '65; mustered out with regiment as adjutant. *See H.*
- †HENRY W. JANES. Chicago; quartermaster at organization; promoted captain a. qm. vols. Aug. 10, '63; captain a. qm. U. S. A., Nov. 17, '63; brevet major and lieutenant-colonel, March 13, '65; retired as major, for disability, July 2, '79. Died at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 16, 1883.
- †THADDEUS H. CAPRON. Durand; transferred from C as quartermaster-sergeant; promoted second-lieutenant of C and acting quartermaster; promoted quartermaster, to date from Aug. 10, '63; captain a. qm. vols. June 20, '65; mustered out Oct. 31, '65. Appointed second-lieutenant 9th U. S. Inf'y., Jan. 22, '67; promoted first-lieutenant Nov. 8, '71. *See C.*
- †E. O. F. ROLFE. Chicago; surgeon at organization, promoted from assistant-surgeon 42d Ill. Inf'y.; acting brigade and division surgeon March, '62, to Aug. '63; medical inspector 15th A. C. to May, '64; medical director 15th A. C. to end of service; mustered out Nov. 10, '64.
- †CHARLES B. TOMPKINS. Lewistown; promoted from 17th Ill. Inf'y., to date from Nov. 23, '63; mustered out with regiment.
- †CHARLES WINNE. Somonauk; first assistant-surgeon, to date from Nov. 25, '61; promoted surgeon 77th Ill. Inf'y., to date from Dec. 6, '62.
- †JOHN T. SMITH. Cedar Rapids, Iowa; enlisted Sept. 20, '61; appointed hospital steward at organization; promoted second assistant-surgeon, to date from Dec. 6, '62; first assistant-surgeon, to date from Jan. 3, '63; mustered out Jan. 6, '65.
- †JOHN B. TOMPKINS. Lewistown; first assistant-surgeon, to date from May 5, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- †ORLANDO W. NEWELL. Marshall; second assistant-surgeon, to date May 19, '63; resigned Aug. 13, '63.



- †L. P. CROUCH. Chaplain at organization; resigned March 1, '62.
- JOHN T. McAULEY. Transferred from K as sergeant-major, Nov. 14, '61; wounded severely at Shiloh; promoted second-lieutenant of C. *See K, C and B.*
- JOSEPH HARTSOOK. Transferred from F as sergeant-major, Sept. 1, '62; promoted first-lieutenant of K. *See F and K.*
- JOHN G. BROWN. Transferred from A as principal musician, Feb. '63; veteran; promoted sergeant-major, to date Oct. 31, '64; mustered out with regiment. *See A.*
- CALVIN K. SANDERS. Appointed quartermaster-sergeant at organization, from C; discharged for disability Jan. 5, '63. *See C.*
- JOSEPH H. PRESSON. Transferred from A as quartermaster-sergeant, Sept. —, '62; mustered out Oct. 31, '61. *See A.*
- MILTON M. POTTER. Transferred from D as quartermaster-sergeant, Oct. 31, '64; mustered out with regiment. *See D.*
- HENRY A. HURLBUT. Transferred from C as commissary-sergeant, May 4, '64; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. *See C.*
- DORSEY C. ANDRESS. Transferred from I as commissary-sergeant, Oct. 31, '64; promoted first-lieutenant of I, June 12, '65. *See I.*
- JACOB SAXFORD. Transferred from F as commissary-sergeant, June 13, '65; mustered out with regiment. *See F.*
- \*ELON G. CANFIELD. Transferred from E as hospital steward, — '63; died at Batavia, Ill., Dec. 13, '63. *See E.*
- EDWARD H. WORDEN. Transferred from B as hospital steward, — '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. *See B.*
- JAMES LEROY BURNSIDE. Transferred from G as hospital steward, Jan. 1, '65; mustered out with regiment. *See G.*
- WILLIAM H. HOWE. Transferred from G as principal musician, Jan. 1, '62; mustered out Feb. 9, '63, pursuant to G. O. 126, abolishing the office. *See G.*
- MICHAEL GUILFOIL. Transferred from E as acting principal musician, — '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. *See E.*
- WILLIAM KUTZ. Transferred from I as acting principal musician, Jan. 2, '64; mustered out with regiment. *See I.*
- JOHN Q. AVERILL. Transferred from K as acting principal musician, March 1, '64; mustered out with regiment. *See K.*

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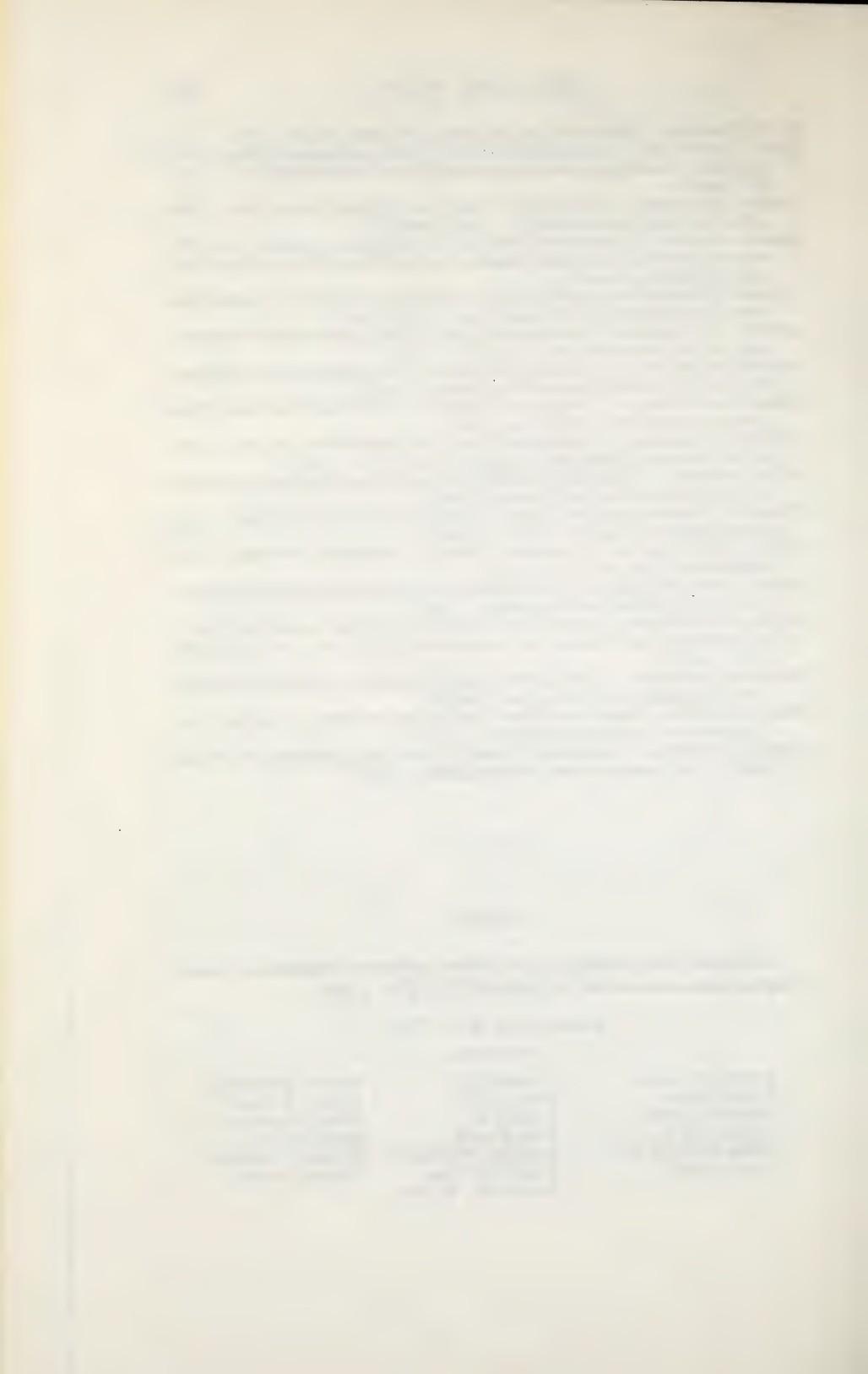
### BAND.

The band was mustered into service with the regiment at Camp Douglas, and mustered out at Paducah, Ky., Feb. 1, 1862.

LEADER—S. V. W. Post.

*Musicians.*

Amos, Benjamin	Downey, A.	Parker, Roderick
Bailey, John	Downey, H.	Raney, Edward
Bardsley, John	Foster, A.	Rice, Augustus
Collister, S. G.	Hill, Henry	Sproule, John
Coykendall, H. W.	Johnson, William	Smalley, Forrest
Carry, David	Kaste, William	Thorpe, Barton
	Kirkbride, Wesley	



## COMPANY A.

When Company A was mustered into the service it numbered one hundred and one enlisted men and officers. They were recruited principally in Fulton County, and in three divisions:—one from Lewistown by Rev. William A. Presson, one from Canton by Jacob M. Augustine, one from Liverpool by Casper Schleich. The company was known as the Canton Blues, the ladies having presented them with a blue flag.

The men for the most part came from rural avocations and they made the best of soldiers. One evidence, perhaps, of this is the fact that they furnished an unusual number of commissioned and non-commissioned officers. The regiment elected from A two lieutenant-colonels,—Jacob M. Augustine and John B. Ridenour,—though by fortune of war neither obtained commissions in that grade. Joseph H. Presson was promoted quartermaster-sergeant; John G. Brown, sergeant-major; Captain W. A. Presson, after his resignation from the 55th, became major and lieutenant-colonel in the 73d Ill. Inf'y. Company A had five captains from its own ranks, and furnished one each to E and F. Captain Henry Augustine after leaving the regiment served six months as captain of Company I, 51st Ill. Vet. Vols. John B. Johnson became captain in the 137th Ill. Inf'y. Seven first-lieutenants were supplied to Company A, one to E and one to the 1st Tennessee H. A. Four second-lieutenants were furnished to Company A, one to F and one to the 2d Mississippi Colored. Thus in all it gave the service eight captains, seven first-lieutenants, and six second-lieutenants.

The company had during the war eight orderly-sergeants and furnished one, Peter Schleich, to the Veteran Reserve Corps. Twenty-one served as duty sergeants and twenty-eight held the rank of corporal. Sergeant John B. Phillips, the first color-bearer of the Fifty-fifth, after discharge served three years as private in the 23d Ill. Inf'y. Most of the survivors of the company fill important stations in church and society, and respectable positions in business pursuits.

The losses during the war were as follows: Killed, 10; mortally wounded, 4; wounded not mortally, 25; died of disease, 10; discharged for disability, 12; taken prisoners—all returned to duty—8; died since the war so far as known, 13.

The company had in it a large number of consistent Christians, a majority of them Methodists, whose prayers and songs were often heard in camp, on the march, in storm and battle. As a fearless and efficient military leader and commander, Captain Jacob M. Augustine, killed while commanding the regiment, was recognized as among the foremost.

\*<sup>j</sup>AUGUSTINE, JACOB M. Enlisted at Canton, July 30, '61; first-lieutenant at organization; promoted captain, to date from March 15, '62; elected lieutenant-colonel by veterans, April 6, '64; killed in charge on Little Kennesaw Mountain, June 27, '64.

<sup>f</sup>AUGUSTINE, HENRY. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 23, '61; sergeant at organization; promoted second-lieutenant, to date from Aug. 1, '62; first-lieutenant to date from Oct. 2, '62; captain, to date from June 27, '64; mustered out Nov. 8, '64. Captain 51st Ill. Vet. Vols., 1865.



- \*APPLE, NATHANIEL. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 10, '61; died at home, May 9, '62.
- \*BABBITT, CHRISTIE. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 21, '61; wounded and captured at Shiloh; paroled, and died during May, '62, at Canton.
- \*BANKS, JOHN M. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 10, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- BARKLEY, JOHN M. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 2, '61; division teamster from Nov. 1, '62; discharged for disability, Jan. 28, '63. Died July 18, '64.
- BARKLEY, JOSEPH C. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 11, '61; wounded in head at Vicksburg, May 19, '63; division teamster from Nov. 10, '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '63.
- \*BOLANDER, HARVEY. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 2, '61; killed at Atlanta, July 22, '64.
- BOYLE, JASON. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 12, '61; deserted Jan. 11, '62.
- BRAYDEN, SAMUEL. Enlisted at Lewistown, Oct. 10, '61; division teamster from Oct. 23, '62; captured and paroled near Memphis, Tenn.; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- BROWN, ELI C. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 2, '61; discharged for disability, Jan. 28, '63. Died at Bryant in 1881.
- BROWN, JOHN G. Enlisted at Canton, Oct. 29, '61; musician; veteran; promoted principal musician and sergeant-major. *See Field and Staff.*
- BUFFUM, GEORGE A. Enlisted at Lewistown, Oct. 7, '61; corporal at organization in color-guard; discharged for disability, Jan. 23, '63. Died at Lewistown, Dec. 20, 1884.
- BULL, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 6, '61; wounded in left knee at Shiloh, and discharged therefor Nov. 13, '62.
- \*BURNS, JOHN. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 20, '61; promoted corporal March 15, '62; sergeant, March 31, '63; killed at Vicksburg by shell, May 22, '63.
- BURNSIDES, GEORGE M. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 7, '61; detached at corps quartermaster's from Nov. 11, '62; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- CADWALLADER, JOHN. Enlisted at Liverpool, Sept. 2, '61; captured at Shiloh, and returned March 2, '63; transferred to Second Miss. Colored as second-lieutenant, June 15, '63.
- CHAMBERS, CHARLES. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 2, '61; wounded at Shiloh in left hip, and discharged therefor July 2, '62.
- \*CLARK, JAMES. Enlisted at Liverpool, Sept. 14, '61; wounded in charge at Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64, and died of wound at Allatoona, July 9, '64.
- COLEMAN, WILLIAM H. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 4, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- †COOTES, WILLIAM F. Enlisted at Liverpool, Sept. 1, '61; first-sergeant at organization; promoted second-lieutenant to date from March 13, '62; first-lieutenant, to date from July 1, '62; transferred to E as captain. *See E.*
- COX, ALFRED J. Recruit; enlisted at Young Hickory, March 7, '65; mustered out June 8, '65.
- COX, MICHAEL T. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 2, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- COYKENDALL, MORRIS J. Enlisted at Canton, Oct. 16, '61; wounded at Shiloh; with Signal Corps in '62; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- DEEMS, JOSEPH. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 31, '61; wounded severely in left side at Shiloh; promoted corporal Aug. 1, '62; sergeant, Sept. 1, '63; wounded in thigh at Vicksburg, May 19, '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- DEFORD, MILTON. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 31, '61; deserted May 11, '63.
- DEFORD, THOMAS. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 1, '61; discharged -- '62. Died Dec., 1885.
- DURHAM, JACOB A. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 6, '61; detached with



- corps quartermaster from Dec. 10, '62; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. Died Nov. 6, 1885.
- DURYEA, BENJAMIN F. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 21, '61; division treasurer; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*ELROOD, THOMAS J. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 31, '61; wounded in thigh at Shiloh; wounded at Vicksburg, June 18, '63, and died of wound at home, Aug. 21, '63.
- ERICKSON, OLIVER. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 3, '61; corporal at organization; sergeant, Aug. 1, '62; first-sergeant, May 19, '63; transferred to E as first-lieutenant. *See E.*
- EVELAND, LORENZO. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 31, '61; orderly for Brig.-Gen. M. L. Smith from Oct. 29, '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- FILEK, LORENZO. Enlisted at Liverpool, Sept. 3, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- FINGLE, CHARLES P. Recruit; enlisted at Young Hickory, March 7, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- FRY, DAVID J. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 31, '61; corporal at organization; veteran; promoted sergeant, March 28, '65; mustered out with regiment, as first-sergeant.
- \*FUNK, JOHN. Recruit; enlisted at Chicago, Jan. 10, '64; drummer; killed at Ezra Chapel, July 28, '64.
- GARRETT, SILAS S. Enlisted at Liverpool, Sept. 24, '61; captured at Shiloh and returned April 7, '63; transferred to 1st Tennessee H. A. Colored, Dec. 11, '63, as first-lieutenant. Died at Memphis, July 23, 1885.
- GAY, JOSHUA H. Enlisted at Liverpool, Sept. 14, '61; discharged for disability, Sept. 23, '62.
- \*GLASS, JOHN C. Enlisted at Liverpool, Aug. 30, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant, Aug. 1, '62; first-sergeant, March 31, '63; killed at Vicksburg, May 19, '63.
- GLASS, WILLIAM M. Enlisted at Liverpool, Oct. 21, '61; veteran; promoted corporal, June 1, '65; mustered out with regiment. Died, Febr. 1, Nov. 27, 1883.
- HAMILTON, CHARLES F. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 31, '61; wounded in left leg in charge upon Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; mustered out, Oct. 31, '64.
- HART, HENRY L. Enlisted at Liverpool, Aug. 31, '61; promoted corporal, May 22, '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*HASTY, WILLIS. Enlisted at Lewistown, Oct. 5, '61; veteran; killed at Ezra Chapel, July 28, '64.
- HAYDEN, ALFRED R. Enlisted at Nekoma, Oct. 30, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- HEBB, JOSEPH. Enlisted at Canton, July 30, '61; mustered out, Oct. 31, '64.
- \*HENDRIX, LYMAN P. Enlisted at Fayette, Aug. 5, '61; died in hospital at St. Louis, April 17, '63.
- HENDRIX, TIMOTHY S. Enlisted at Fayette, Oct. 12, '61; went home on furlough sick, June 17, '62, and deserted. *See also 12/12/61*
- \*HILL, LEVI. Enlisted at Liverpool, Aug. 30, '61; sergeant at organization; promoted first-sergeant, March 15, '62; second-lieutenant, Oct. 2, '62; killed at Vicksburg, May 19, '63.
- \*HOLDEN, BARTLEY. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 31, '61; killed in charge upon Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64.
- \*HUFWARD, FRANCIS M. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 10, '61; captured at Shiloh, and returned Feb. 25, '63; died at Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 9, '63.
- JOHNSON, JOHN B. Enlisted at Prairie City, Sept. 2, '61; sergeant at organization; transferred to F as second-lieutenant, March 8, '62. *See F.*
- JONES, ABNER. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 2, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*LENHART, HENRY. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 31, '61; promoted cor-



- poral March 15, '62; severely wounded at Shiloh; promoted sergeant May 22, '63; died at Camp Sherman, Miss., Aug. 21, '63.
- LENHART, ISAIAH. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 31, '61. Enlisted again in Company A, 103d Ill. Inf'y., Aug. 16, '62, and mustered out June 21, '65.
- LINGENFELTER, AARON. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 9, '61; veteran; wounded at Atlanta, July 22, '64, in hand; wounded severely in right shoulder at Bentonville, N. C., March 21, '65; mustered out July 22, '65.
- LOWDER, ANDREW J. Enlisted at Liverpool, Aug. 31, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; wounded at Ezra Chapel, July 28, '64; promoted corporal Oct. 31, '64; sergeant, July 21, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- LOWDER, JAMES. Enlisted at Liverpool, Aug. 31, '61; division teamster; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- LOWE, WILLIAM H. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 5, '61; promoted corporal March 31, '63; sergeant, May 26, '63; severely wounded in neck at Jonesboro', Aug. 31, '64; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- LUCKY, GEORGE J. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 12, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant March 15, '62; discharged for disability July 24, '62.
- MAXWELL, ALBERT B. Enlisted at Liverpool, Aug. 8, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- MAXWELL, DANIEL K. Enlisted at Liverpool, Aug. 5, '61; veteran; severely wounded in right leg in charge on Little Kenesaw, June 27, '64, and discharged for wound March 10, '65.
- MAXWELL, RICHARD A. Recruit; enlisted at Claiion, March 13, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- MCCULLOUGH, JOHN K. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 21, '61; veteran; promoted corporal Oct. 31, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- MCCUMBER, ORVILLE. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 2, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- †MCCUMBER, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 2, '61; promoted corporal Sept. 23, '63; veteran; promoted sergeant Oct. 31, '64; first-sergeant, March 28, '65; commissioned first-lieutenant July 21, '65; mustered out with regiment as first-sergeant.
- MILLS, JOSEPH H. Enlisted at Ellisville, Sept. 13, '61; promoted corporal Sept. 26, '63; veteran; promoted sergeant Oct. 31, '64; first-sergeant, July 21, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- MITCHELL, MATTHEW. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 31, '61; wounded in groin at Vicksburg, May 19, '63; veteran; promoted corporal Oct. 31, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- MONROE, J. J. Recruit; enlisted at Claiion, March 13, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- \*MORAN, CHARLES. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 31, '61; died at Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 17, '63.
- MORGAN, NEWTON. Enlisted at Ellisville, Sept. 13, '61; wounded at Ezra Chapel, July 28, '64; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- NEGLEY, DANIEL O. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 31, '61; promoted corporal Aug. 1, '62; sergeant, Sept. 11, '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- NORMAN, JAMES. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; wounded at Shiloh; division teamster; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. Died in Kansas in 1881.
- \*PETERS, WILLIAM T. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 31, '61; died at home, March 19, '62.
- PHILLIPS, JOHN B. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 23, '61; sergeant at organization, being the first color bearer; discharged March 31, '62.
- \*POLLOCK, HARRISON. Enlisted at Lewistown, Oct. 7, '61; died in hospital at Paducah, Ky., March 23, '62.
- PORTER, EDGAR J. Enlisted at Lewistown, Oct. 17, '61; captured on Black River, Miss., Aug. 14, '63; exchanged, and returned June 16, '64; severely wounded in left hand in charge upon Little Kenesaw, June 27, '64; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.



- PORTER, FITCH J. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 31, '61; discharged for disability Sept. 14, '62.
- PRESSON, JOSEPH H. Enlisted at Galesburg, Sept. 2, '61; corporal at organization; promoted quartermaster-sergeant March 31, '63. *See Field and Staff.*
- †PRESSON, WILLIAM A. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 31, '61; captain at organization; resigned March 13, '62. Major and lieutenant-colonel 73d Ill. Inf'y.
- †PRICKETT, HARRISON H. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 31, '61; promoted corporal Sept. 26, '63; veteran; promoted first-sergeant Nov. 1, '63; first-lieutenant, to date from May 19, '63; captain, from July 21, '63; mustered out with regiment. Killed at Lewistown by runaway team, Jan. 27, 1867.
- PRICKETT, JACOB P. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 3, '61; deserted while on sick leave, granted June 12, '62. Died May 11, 1868.
- PRITCHARD, BENJAMIN. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 30, '61; mustered out March 27, '65.
- REDFERN, MARK. Enlisted at Liverpool, Aug. 31, '61; fifer; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*REEVES, DAVID M. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 6, '61; wounded at Shiloh and died of wound at Quincy, Ill., May 27, '62.
- †RIDENOUR, JOHN E. Enlisted at Lynn, Sept. 21, '61; wounded at Shiloh; promoted corporal Aug. 1, '62; sergeant, May 19, '63; first-lieutenant, Sept. 26, '63; veteran; promoted first-lieutenant, to date June 27, '63; captain, to date March 28, '65; elected lieutenant-colonel March 30, '65; resigned as captain, June 15, '65, at Louisville, Ky.
- ROBBINS, JAMES F. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 26, '61; discharged for disability June 12, '62.
- \*ROCKHOLD, CHARLES. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 5, '61; promoted corporal March 15, '62; sergeant, March 31, '63; died at Camp Sherman, Miss., of fever, Sept. 11, '63.
- ROSEBAUM, ABRAHAM. Enlisted at Canton, Oct. 9, '61; deserted Jan. 10, '63.
- ROSS, STEPHEN M. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 31, '61; discharged for disability June —, '62.
- SCANLAN, THOMAS. Enlisted at Liverpool, Aug. 8, '61; veteran; promoted corporal March 28, '63; mustered out with regiment.
- †SCHLEICH, CASPER. Enlisted at Liverpool, Aug. 31, '61; second-lieutenant at organization; promoted first-lieutenant March 15, '62; transferred July 1, '62, to F as captain. *See F.*
- SCHLEICH, PETER. Enlisted at Ellisville, Aug. 31, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant Aug. 1, '62; transferred to V. R. C. S. Oct. 9, '63.
- SEBREE, JAMES. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 10, '61; promoted corporal May 22, '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- SHAW, HARVEY. Enlisted at Liverpool, Oct. 5, '61; captured at Shiloh; wounded at charge on Little Kenesaw, June 27, '64; mustered out May 11, '65.
- \*SIMPSON, SAMUEL J. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 9, '61; died at Shiloh about April 15, '62.
- \*TOBIN, PATRICK. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 2, '61; killed at Vicksburg, May 19, '63.
- VAUGHAN, JAMES A. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 15, '61; bugler; wounded at Shiloh; mustered out with regiment.
- WELLINGTON, HORATIO. Enlisted at Canton, July 30, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- WHEELER, ALLEN. Enlisted at Fayette, Aug. 18, '61; detached in Pioneer Corps; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- WHEELER, JOHN P. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 24, '61; promoted corporal, Aug. 1, '63; sergeant, Sept. 26, '63; veteran; wounded in right



- foot at Atlanta July 22, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- WHEELER, MYRON. Enlisted at Fayette, Aug. 5, '61; sergeant at organization; discharged by court-martial Dec. 25, '64.
- WHEELER, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Fayette, Oct. 7, '61; deserted while on furlough granted June 17, '62.
- WHITE, JOSEPH H. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 30, '61; captured at Black River, Miss., Aug. 14, '63, and returned June 16, '64; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. Died at Lewistown, June 4, 1875.
- WHITE, JAMES M. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 3, '61; promoted corporal Aug. 1, '63; veteran; wounded at charge upon Little Kennesaw Mt., July 27, '64, leg amputated, and discharged June 5, '65.
- \*WILLIAMSON, NATHANIEL. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 22, '61; died of wound received at Shiloh.
- WILSON, BENJAMIN A. Enlisted at Lewistown, Aug. 31, '61; discharged for disability Sept. 4, '62. Reported killed by Indians in 1877.

The following were temporarily transferred from 116th and 127th Ill. Infantry to complete their terms of enlistment, and were mustered out with the regiment: 116th—Geo. W. Church, John Fry, Benjamin T. Hancock, James W. Hancock, William H. Miller. 127th—Charles Bennett, Lorenzo D. Goff, Hiram S. Mead, James Niswanger, Bayard Smith.

#### COMPANY B.

This body of patriots was drawn from widely separated localities. Most of those earliest enrolled were from DeKalb and Ogle counties. A few came from Michigan and others from Iowa; the last originally being members of a company which was recruited with the intention of entering the 23d Illinois—Mulligan's Brigade. The report of the adjutant general of the state also credits several to Kentucky, and this singular error was not discovered until it was unfortunately copied from that authority on page 57 of this volume. The locality thus wrongly attributed to Kentucky is Mayfield, De Kalb county, Illinois.

The first commander of the organization was Thomas B. Mackey, who had served for several years in the U. S. Army. At Palmyra he resigned and Adjutant George L. Thurston was appointed to succeed him. The company was designated B, and given position on the left flank of the regiment. At Shiloh, led by Captain Thurston, it encountered the enemy some time before the brigade came under fire, lost several men while skirmishing, and inflicted severe punishment upon the Confederates. Its casualties during the battle outnumbered those of any other company in the 55th, and were, beyond a doubt, more numerous than those of any similar organization engaged—amounting to nine killed outright and thirty-two wounded, out of less than seventy in action. At Russell's House, May 17, 1862, the company again became conspicuous, being engaged upon the skirmish line, and lost one killed and two wounded.

July 5, 1862, Captain Thurston was compelled to leave the field because of illness which soon proved fatal, and Lieutenant Merrill was discharged for disability at Memphis. Lieutenant John T. McAuley was transferred from C as captain. Elijah C. Lawrence of K had succeeded Asahel C. Smith, the original second-lieutenant of the company. He was



severely wounded at Shiloh and resigned after arrival before Vicksburg in 1863. George W. Eichelbarger who succeeded him, a brave and efficient officer, was killed before Atlanta.

Without question, the company compared favorably with any in the 55th in its soldierly capacity and services rendered. Its officers were nearly all capable drill-masters, and the men did honor to their discipline. A summary of the company's losses is as follows: Killed, 16; mortally wounded, 10; other wounded, 31; captured, 3, - two of whom died in rebel prisons; discharged for wounds, 7; discharged for disability, 12; died of disease, 15; deserted, 4.

- \*ALLISON, WILLIAM P. Enlisted at Oakland, Aug. 27, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- \*ASHMAN, NICHOLAS. Enlisted at Chicago, Oct. 8, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- \*ASHMORE, JOHN N. Enlisted at Oakland, Sept. 3, '61; sergeant at organization; killed at Shiloh.
- ATWOOD, AMOS C. Enlisted at De Kalb, Aug. 27, '61; wounded at Shiloh and discharged therefor.
- AVERILL, JOHN. Enlisted at Mayfield, Sept. 10, '61; transferred to K Nov. 7, '61. *See K, and Field and Staff.*
- \*BAGLEY, J. PARKER. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 10, '61; first-sergeant at organization; killed at Shiloh.
- †BANDFIELD, FRANCIS. Enlisted at Milan, Mich., Oct. 24, '61; promoted sergeant Sept. 1, '63; veteran; commissioned captain July 21, '65; mustered out as sergeant with regiment.
- BARKLEY, WILLIAM H. Enlisted at Oakland, Aug. 27, '61; veteran; promoted sergeant —; wounded at Atlanta, Aug. 3, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- \*BARRETT, DANIEL. Enlisted at Charleston, Aug. 27, '61; sergeant at organization; died in hospital at St. Louis, June 1, '63.
- BLACK, JAMES S. Enlisted at Oakland, Sept. 30, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- BLACK, WILLIAM J. Enlisted at Oakland, Aug. 27, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- BRADFORD, M. J. Enlisted at Chicago, Aug. 27, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*BRIDGE, EDWARD. Enlisted at Maha, Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Shiloh; promoted sergeant March 27, '63; died at Larkinsville, Ala., Jan. 13, '64.
- BURROWS, GEORGE W. Enlisted at Chicago, July 28, '61; discharged July 10, '62.
- CARNEY, JOHN W. Enlisted at Dement, Sept. 28, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; promoted corporal; mustered out with regiment.
- CASEY, JAMES. Enlisted at Chicago, July 28, '61; veteran; promoted corporal; mustered out with regiment.
- CASEY, JOHN. Enlisted at Chicago, Oct. 10, '61; corporal at organization; wounded at Shiloh; mustered out Nov. 7, '64, as private.
- CHAPPELL, DANIEL S. Enlisted at Dement, Sept. 10, '61; discharged May 8, '62.
- \*CLARK, ROBERT. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Shiloh; wounded at Russell's House, May 17, '62; died of wound May 24, '62.
- \*CROSS, DEWITT C. Enlisted at De Kalb, Sept. 25, '61; died in hospital at Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 12, '62.
- DIXON, ROBERT. Enlisted at Oakland, Aug. 27, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*DONAHUE, JAMES. Enlisted at Chicago, Aug. 27, '61; died in hospital at Monterey, Tenn., June 5, '62, of typhoid fever.



- DOWNING, REUBEN. Enlisted at De Kalb, Oct. 29, '61; discharged for disability Nov. 5, '61.
- †EICHELBARGER, GEORGE W. Enlisted at Fulton, Oct. 7, '61; promoted corporal; wounded at Shiloh; promoted sergeant; second-lieutenant, to date Feb. 9, '63; first-lieutenant, Sept. 26, '63; killed at Atlanta, July 22, '64.
- \*ELLIOTT, DAVID H. Enlisted at Oakland, Aug. 27, '61; corporal at organization; wounded at Shiloh, and died of wound at Mt. Vernon, Ind., April 28, '62.
- †ELLIOTT, ROBERT R. Enlisted at Oakland, Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; promoted corporal; sergeant; commissioned first-lieutenant; mustered out with regiment.
- ELLESWORTH, LYMAN. Enlisted at Dement, Oct. 19, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- \*FARWELL, GEORGE G. Enlisted at Mayfield, Oct. 25, '61; bugler; killed at Shiloh.
- †FISHER, JOHN H. Enlisted at Dement, Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Shiloh; wounded slightly at Vicksburg, in storming party, May 22, '63; veteran; promoted corporal; wounded at Atlanta, July 22, '64; promoted first-lieutenant, to date from July 22, '64; discharged May 15, '65.
- FOLEY, GEORGE. Enlisted at De Kalb, Sept. 25, '61; transferred to 51st Ill. Inf'ty., Dec. 7, '61.
- FRANK, PETER W. Enlisted at Chicago, Oct. 29, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*FRANKLIN, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Oakland, Aug. 27, '61; captured at Shiloh and died a prisoner.
- \*GALE, RUSSELL. Enlisted at Oregon, Sept. 29, '61; died at Camp Doug'l's, Dec. 15, '61.
- GAMMON, JOHN. Enlisted at Malta, Sept. 25, '61; deserted Nov. 21, '61, but served later in Gen. Halleck's body guard.
- \*GOODWIN, DAVID M. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 20, '61; died at Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 12, '62.
- GRAVES, JOSEPH F. Enlisted at Malta, Oct. 8, '61; discharged Sept. 23, '62.
- GRAY, WILLIAM W. Enlisted at Chicago, Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Shiloh and discharged therefor.
- HARDENBROOK, MARCUS. Enlisted at Dement, Sept. 10, '61; slightly wounded at Chattanooga, Nov. 25, '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*HARRINGTON, T. W. Enlisted at Chicago, Nov. 1, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and died of wound at Keokuk, Ia., May 11, '62.
- \*HAYS, LEVI. Enlisted at Oakland, Aug. 27, '61; captured at Shiloh, and died at Chattanooga.
- HEIDLER, PETER. Enlisted at Dement, Sept. 10, '61; sergeant at organization; discharged Aug. 18, '62.
- HOWARD, JAMES D. Enlisted at Oakland, Aug. 27, '61; deserted near Richmond, La., May 8, '63. Served again in Missouri cavalry.
- HOWE, LESTON D. Enlisted Feb. 12, '62; drummer; discharged Feb. 28, '65.
- HOWELL, JAMES. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Shiloh; wounded slightly at Chattanooga, Nov. 25, '63; veteran; deserted June 1, '64.
- \*HUNTINGTON, E. D. Enlisted at Malta, Oct. 8, '61; promoted first-sergeant May 1, '62; died at Larkinsville, Ala., May 13, '64.
- JACKSON, JOHN. Enlisted at Lane, Oct. 12, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; wounded near Atlanta, Aug. 14, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- \*JONES, ANDREW J. Enlisted at Oakwoods, Aug. 27, '61; wounded at Shiloh; killed at Russell's House, May 17, '62.
- KEYES, WILLIAM A. Enlisted at De Kalb, Oct. 15, '61; veteran; discharged for disability Feb. 19, '65.
- KLOUDT, JOSEPH. Enlisted at Dement, Oct. 12, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.



- \*KURTZ, SILAS D. Enlisted at Oakland, Aug. 8, '61; corporal at organization; killed at Shiloh.
- LALEY, CURTIS P. Enlisted --- July 25, '61; sergeant at organization; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- LANDY, JOHN. Enlisted at Lane, Oct. 4, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound Oct. 18, '62.
- †LAWRENCE, ELIJAH C. Transferred from K as second lieutenant, March 5, '62; wounded by bullet through both thighs at Shiloh; resigned Feb. 7, '63. *See K.*
- LAWSON, LAWRENCE. Enlisted at De Kalb, Sept. 10, '61; veteran; promoted corporal; mustered out with regiment.
- LINDSAY, CHARLES. Enlisted at Malta, Oct. 8, '61; deserted Aug. 31, '62.
- \*LINDSAY, OLIVER. Enlisted at Mayfield, Oct. 1, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- †MACKEY, THOMAS B. Enlisted at Muscatine, Iowa, June, '61; captain at organization; resigned Dec. 26, '61.
- †MCÄULEY, JOHN T. Transferred from C as captain, to date from Sept. 4, '62; detached as aid to Brig.-Gen. Giles A. Smith, Aug. 5, '63; as A. A. A. G., Aug. 6, '64; mustered out Nov. 30, '64. *See C, and Field and Staff.*
- \*MCCARTY, ALEXANDER. Enlisted at Mayfield, Oct. 29, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and died of wound April 18, '62.
- MCELROY, THOMAS. Enlisted at Lane, Oct. 12, '61; discharged April 16, '63.
- McKEEN, SALMON. Enlisted at Dement, Sept. 10, '61; discharged July 9, '62.
- †MERRILL, ALBERT F. Enlisted at Dement, Oct. 31, '61; first-lieutenant at organization; mustered out by S. O. of War Dept., for disability, at Memphis, April 25, '63.
- MILLER, JOHN. Enlisted at Mayfield, Oct. 29, '61; deserted Oct. 1, '62.
- MILLIGAN, JOHN A. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 30, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*MUCKLE, HUGH. Enlisted at Dement, Sept. 10, '61; shot by accidental discharge of gun at Paducah, Ky., March 6, '62, and died the next day.
- MUZZY, CALEB W. Enlisted at De Kalb, Oct. 29, '61; veteran; promoted corporal; mustered out with regiment.
- NARAMORE, EBEN F. Enlisted at Malta, Oct. 8, '61; veteran; promoted sergeant; mustered out with regiment. Died at Savannah, Ga., July 25, 1885.
- OLSEN, NATHAN. [Notland, Wolson, in reports.] Enlisted at Chicago, Oct. 15, '61; deserted Aug. 31, '62.
- \*PATTERSON, JOSEPH. Enlisted at Mayfield, Sept. 10, '61; died at Camp Sherman, Miss., Aug. 25, '63.
- PAYNE, SAMUEL. Enlisted at Oakland, Sept. 30, '61; corporal at organization; wounded at Shiloh; mustered out as private with regiment.
- \*PAYNE, THADDEUS N. Enlisted at Oakland, Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and died of wound April 13, '62.
- \*PEITER, STEPHEN O. Enlisted at Oakland, Aug. 29, '62; died in hospital at St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 14, '62.
- PERRY, SAMUEL. Enlisted at Chicago, Aug. 30, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound Jan. 10, '63. Since died.
- \*PETASCH, PAUL C. Enlisted at Dement, Oct. 25, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and died of wounds May 6, '62.
- \*PIPER, JOSEPH. Enlisted at Mayfield, Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and died of wound April 23, '62.
- \*PIPER, SAMUEL. Enlisted at Mayfield, Sept. 10, '61; died at Young's Point, La., April 1, '63.
- PLOQUETT, HENRY. Enlisted at Malta, Sept. 25, '61; discharged for disability Dec. 24, '62.
- \*POTTER, WILLIAM A. Enlisted at Oakland, Aug. 29, '61; wounded at



- Shiloh; arm amputated, and died April 12, '62.
- \*QUINN, CHARLES. Enlisted at Memphis, -- '62; killed at Chickasaw Bayou Dec. 28, '62.
- RAYMOND, HENRY C. Enlisted at Dement, Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound July 8, '62.
- \*RELMAN, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Oregon, Oct. 29, '61; killed on skirmish line at Shiloh.
- ROBINSON, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Milan, Mich., Oct. 24, '61; died in hospital at Keokuk, Iowa, Jan. 8, '63.
- RULE, ROBERT. Enlisted at Dement, Oct. 29, '61; wounded at Russell's House, May 17, '62, and discharged for wound Sept. 19, '62.
- SARGENT, GEORGE E. Enlisted at Oakland, Oct. 27, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*SELSER, NICHOLAS. Enlisted at Chicago, Oct. 15, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- SHIPMAN, JOSEPHUS. Enlisted at Chicago, Aug. 30, '61; wounded and captured at Shiloh, and exchanged Feb. 4, '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*SITLER, GEORGE W. Enlisted at Dement, Oct. 29, '61; wounded at Shiloh; killed near Atlanta, Aug. 13, '64.
- †SMITH, ASAHEL C. Enlisted at Mayfield, Oct. 31, '61; second-lieutenant at organization; resigned March 5, '62.
- \*SMITH, JAMES. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 30, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- SPRAGUE, SOLOMON S. Enlisted at Malta, Oct. 1, '61; corporal at organization; discharged for disability July 22, '62.
- \*STEPHENSON, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Mayfield, Sept. 10, '61; veteran; killed in charge on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64.
- SULLIVAN, ALEX. Enlisted at Dement, Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Shiloh; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- SULLIVAN, DENNIS. Enlisted at Chicago, Nov. 1, '61; veteran; promoted corporal; mustered out with regiment.
- SWAN, NELSON. Recruit; enlisted at Chicago, Feb. 24, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- \*SWISHIER, JOHN. Recruit; —— died in hospital at Memphis, July 10, '63.
- †THURSTON, GEORGE L. Promoted from adjutant to captain March 1, '62; went home on furlough sick, July 5, '62, and died at Lancaster, Mass., Dec. 19, '62, aged 31 yrs. *See Field and Staff.*
- TUETT, WALTER. Enlisted at Malta, Oct. 1, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- VANDERVLIET, CHARLES S. Enlisted at Grandview; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; promoted sergeant; mustered out with regiment.
- WALKER, HORACE. Enlisted at Mayfield, Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound June 12, '62.
- WARDEN, EDWARD H. Musician; enlisted at Oakland, Aug. 27, '61; promoted hospital steward Jan. 1, '61. *See Field and Staff.*
- WELLINS, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Mayfield, Sept. 10, '61; musician; transferred to K Nov. 7, '61. *See K.*
- WELCH, EDWARD. Enlisted at Malta, Oct. 1, '61; wounded at Shiloh; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- WELLS, CHARLES C. Enlisted at Milan, Mich., Oct. 8, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- \*WILSON, THOMAS. Enlisted at Dement, Sept. 10, '61; veteran; wounded near Atlanta, Aug. 14, '64; killed at Jonesboro, Sept. 1, '64.
- \*WING, TURNER. Enlisted at Mayfield, Sept. 10, '61; corporal at organization; wounded at Shiloh, and died of wound May 17, '62.
- WOOLEY, A. M. Enlisted at Mayfield, Sept. 30, '61; discharged May 12, '62.
- Temporarily transferred to company to complete their terms of enlistment, from 127th Ill. Inf'y., and mustered out with regiment: Walter H. Brewster, Alva C. Bristow, Francis Cooper, Calvin C. Chandler, Sylvester Fielder, George W. C. Hanson, Nicholas Hendrickson, Elias Ovitt, John Rains.



## COMPANY C.

The men composing Company C were mostly from the towns of Durand, Harrison and Barritt, in Winnebago county, Illinois; a few were from Wisconsin, but all were credited to the same county.

The company was at first known as the Washburn Rifles, and was organized at Rockford, Illinois, September 3, 1861, by R. A. Bird, its first captain, who had gained some military experience during three months' service in the Eleventh Illinois Infantry. On September 9th it moved to Chicago and received quarters in Camp Douglas. A few of its number, at the muster-in of the Forty-second Illinois, were transferred to fill the ranks of that regiment. In the equalization of companies at the organization of the Fifty-fifth several recruits were received by transfer from Company B. These men rendered as good service as any in the command. When mustered the position of color-company was assigned to C, and in consequence of the duties attendant upon this position, the company was generally kept with the regiment, rarely taking part in detached movements or skirmishing. One exception there was, at Arkansas Post, where, in conjunction with Company A, it was sent to dislodge the rebel sharp-shooters who were stationed in rifle-pits near the river, and endeavoring to pick off the men upon the gunboats. In this service the company was subjected to a severe fire of grape and canister from the Confederate artillery. The position afforded an excellent view of the tremendous bombardment of the fort by the gunboats, during which the enemy's guns were completely silenced, when the company was withdrawn to join the regiment.

The company's loss at Shiloh was disproportionately severe, probably from its nearness to the colors. In that engagement it had eleven killed and twenty-seven wounded. A summary of its casualties, etc., during the war follows: Killed in action, 18; wounded mortally, 5; wounded other than mortally, 37; captured, 4; discharged because of wounds, 5; discharged for disability, 20; died of disease while in service, 12; transferred for promotion, 9; deserted, 7. There were thirteen pairs of brothers in C, and one group of three. Of the twenty-nine, nine lost their lives in battle, and seven others were wounded.

- AAGESEN, NICHOLAS S. Enlisted Oct. 8, '61; promoted corporal March 1, '62; transferred for promotion. *See H and D.*
- AINSBURY, MICHAEL. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; wounded at Shiloh; promoted to corporal March 9, '63; killed at Vicksburg May 1, '63.
- ANTHONY, EDMOND. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged for disability March 31, '62.
- AUSTIN, JOSEPH. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; veteran; promoted corporal May 1, '64; sergeant July 1, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- \*BABCOCK, ORIN. Enlisted Sept. 8, '61; killed at Vicksburg May 19, '63.
- BAILEY, ANDREW W. Enlisted Oct. 19, '61; deserted May 25, '62.
- BARTON, GEORGE D. Enlisted Oct. 16, '61; deserted Jan. 25, '62.
- \*BENJAMIN, FILMORE. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; wounded at Shiloh; promoted corporal March 9, '63; died in hospital Oct. 28, '63.
- †BIRD, RHENODYNE A. Enlisted Sept. 6, '61; captain at organization; wounded at Shiloh; resigned June 6, '62.



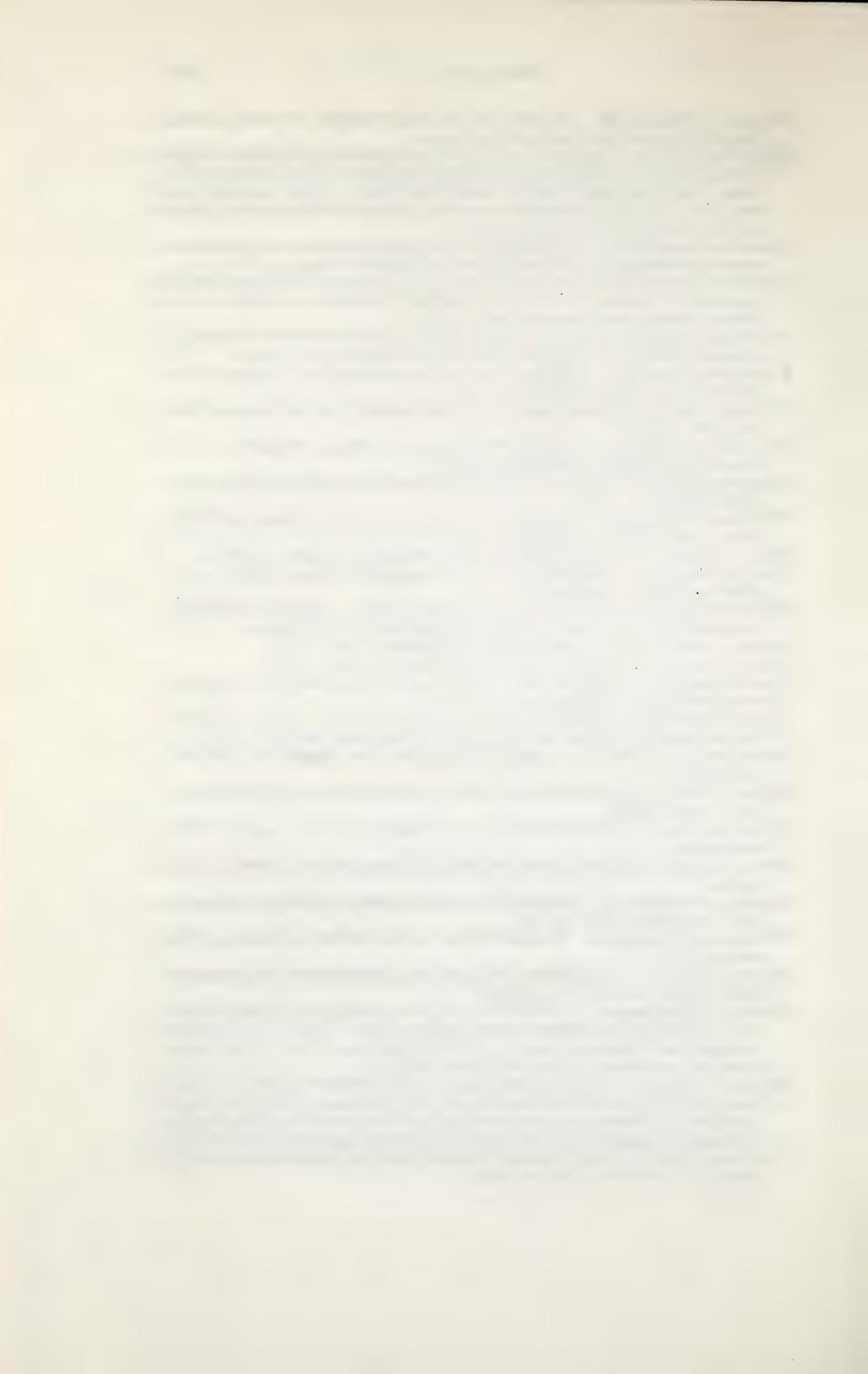
- BISHOP, ISAAC. Enlisted Sept. 9, '62; discharged for disability May 16, '65.
- \*BODINE, GEORGE W. Enlisted Jan. 5, '64; died in hospital Feb. 14, '64.
- BOWEN, ARDEN H. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; sergeant at organization; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- \*BOWEN, CHARLES N. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; corporal at organization; killed at Shiloh.
- Brooks, Oliver S. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged Oct. 31, '64.
- \*BYRNS, GEORGE. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; promoted corporal March 2, '62; slightly wounded at Shiloh; died of disease June 13, '62.
- \*CAPRON, THADDEUS H. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; acted as quartermaster-sergeant from Nov. 25, '62; promoted second-lieutenant, to rank from Sept. 4, '62; transferred. *See Field and Staff.*
- CHASE, IRA G. W. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged for disability Sept. 14, '62.
- CLAPP, WILLIAM. Enlisted Oct. 30, '61; regimental wagon-master from Nov. 12, '62; veteran; brigade wagon-master from June 19, '64; appointed division wagon-master; discharged for disability June 30, '65.
- CLEVELAND, RIENZI L. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; wounded at Vicksburg May 19, '63; promoted corporal March 8, '64; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- CONNER, MAURICE. Enlisted Oct. 1, '61; veteran; promoted corporal March 8, '64; color-sergeant, Sept. 3, '64; mustered out with regiment. Died in 1878.
- CORCORAN, EDWARD. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; promoted corporal May 1, '62; sergeant, March 8, '64; veteran; promoted first-sergeant July 1, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- CRANDALL, JACOB. Enlisted Oct. 10, '61; wounded at Shiloh; discharged for disability June 11, '62.
- \*CROWDER, JOHN E. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; died in hospital Jan. 26, '62.
- \*CROWELL, BARZILLA. Enlisted Oct. 1, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- \*CROWELL, GEORGE W. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; veteran; killed at Kennesaw Mt., June 27, '64.
- \*CURTISS, HENRY C. Enlisted Dec. 14, '61; veteran; killed at Kennesaw Mt., June 27, '64.
- \*CURTISS, JOHN Q. A. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant March 8, '62; veteran; killed at Ezra Chapel July 28, '64.
- DODDLETT, ALONZO P. Enlisted Oct. 23, '61; discharged for disability March 31, '62.
- \*EGGERT, AUGUSTUS. Enlisted Sept. 12, '61; mortally wounded at Shiloh; died May 18, '62.
- \*EGGERT, MARTIN. Enlisted Sept. 12, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- ELLIOT, GEORGE W. Enlisted Dec. 14, '61; mustered out Dec. 31, '64.
- FISHER, FRANCIS P. Enlisted Nov. 1, '61; transferred for promotion. *See Field and Staff.*
- \*FLINT, JAMES T. Enlisted Dec. 5, '61; wounded at Shiloh, taken prisoner, and died at Nashville, Tenn., before exchange.
- \*FRAZIER, JAMES W. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; wounded at Shiloh; promoted corporal Nov. 19, '62; died March 5, '63.
- FRAZIER, JOHN. Enlisted Oct. 11, '61; detailed as orderly for General Sherman from March 1, '62, to muster out Oct. 31, '64.
- GARNER, JAMES C. Enlisted Oct. 2, '61; wounded at Shiloh; promoted corporal July 1, '64; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*GANOUNG, MYRON. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; promoted sergeant March 8, '62; killed at Shiloh.
- GAYLORD, WILLIAM E. H. Enlisted Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Shiloh; discharged for disability June 28, '63.
- GOAKES, THOMAS. Enlisted Jan. 5, '64; wounded near Atlanta, Aug. 3, '64; mustered out with regiment. Died Feb. 3, 1883.



- GOKEY, AUGUSTUS.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- GOLLOGLY, PATRICK.** Enlisted Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; promoted corporal July 1, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- GOODWIN, EARL P.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; veteran; promoted corporal May 1, '64; wounded before Atlanta, July 22, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- \***GOODWIN, JAMES D.** Enlisted Oct. 17, '61; mortally wounded at Shiloh; died at Cincinnati, Ohio, May 8, '62.
- HALL, JOHN A.** Enlisted Jan. 23, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- \***HAMER, ROBERT A.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; killed at Vicksburg, May 19, '63.
- HARRIS, EDWARD.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- HELGESON, NELS.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; wounded at Shiloh; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \***HELGESON, OLE.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- \***HELVORSON, OLE.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; wounded at Shiloh; died in hospital at St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 3, '63.
- HICKOK, HORACE T.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; corporal at organization; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- HILLBERG, JOHN.** Enlisted Jan. 22, '64; wounded at Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- †\***HODGES, THEODORE W.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; sergeant at organization; promoted second-lieutenant, to rank from March 8, '62; mortally wounded at Shiloh; died April 9, '62. Reported among "killed."
- HOWE, ORION P.** Enlisted Sept. 1, '62, as drummer; wounded at Vicksburg, May 19, '63; promoted corporal Dec. 25, '63; veteran; wounded at Dallas, May 28, '64; discharged Oct. 1, '64, S. O. No. 327, A. G. O.
- HURLBUT, HENRY A.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; wounded at Shiloh; promoted corporal Nov. 1, '62; sergeant, March 8, '64; transferred by promotion May 4, '64. *See Field and Staff.*
- \***JOHNSON, CALVIN.** Enlisted Oct. 23, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- JOHNSON, CHARLES E.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged for disability July 11, '62. Died a few years after.
- JOHNSON, JOHN A.** Enlisted Jan. 22, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- \***JOHNSON, OSCAR.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; promoted corporal July 1, '63; killed at Ezra Chapel, July 28, '64.
- JOSLIN, HENRY H.** Enlisted Oct. 1, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; promoted corporal Nov. 1, '62; discharged for disability June 30, '65.
- \***KETTLESON, CHRISTOPHER.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; wounded at Shiloh; died while on sick furlough, at Laona, Ill., May 22, '64.
- KEYES, JOSIAH E.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; sergeant at organization; transferred for promotion, March 8, '62. *See E.*
- †**KEYES, LUTHER J.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant Nov. 10, '62; promoted first-sergeant March 8, '64; veteran; first-lieutenant, to rank from Aug. 11, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- \***KNAPP, NATHAN H.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- KNUDSON, OLE.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- LARSON, NELS.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; deserted June 7, '62.
- MAHAN, MICHAEL.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; promoted corporal June 1, '63; mustered out with regiment.
- †**MCAULEY, JOHN T.** Promoted from Field and Staff to second-lieutenant, to rank from July 1, '62; transferred for promotion Sept. 4, '62. *See Field and Staff, and B.*
- McGRAW, THOMAS.** Enlisted Oct. 2, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- †**MCINTOSH, DANIEL.** Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; first-lieutenant at organization; wounded at Shiloh; mustered out by special order, for disability, Nov. 26, '62.



- NOLING, CHARLES R. Enlisted Jan. 26, '64; wounded at Ezra Church, July 28, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- †OLIVER, ROBERT. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; corporal at organization; slightly wounded at Shiloh; promoted sergeant May 1, '62; first-sergeant, Sept. 1, '62; first-lieutenant, to rank from Nov. 26, '62; veteran; captain, Aug. 11, '64; right shoulder seriously injured at Bentonville, March 20, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- PARTCH, AMBROSE E. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; first-sergeant at organization; severely wounded at Shiloh; discharged therefor Aug. 25, '62.
- PARTCH, ORVILLE H. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant March 8, '62; severely wounded in right arm at Shiloh; discharged therefor Aug. 5, '62.
- \*PATTERSON, JOHN A. Enlisted Oct. 16, '61; wounded at Shiloh and taken prisoner; died before exchange, at Macon, Ga., Sept. 18, '62.
- PETERSON, ALEX. W. Enlisted Jan. 23, '64; wounded at Kenesaw, June 27, '64; deserted Aug. 4, '64.
- \*PITTS, PHILIP. Enlisted Nov. 1, '61; died of small-pox at Young's Point, La., Feb. 14, '63.
- \*PORT, OCK. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; veteran; mortally wounded at Ezra Chapel, July 28, '64; died Sept. 26, '64.
- PORTER, HAZEN H. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; musician; discharged for disability March 31, '62.
- \*PUTNAM, GEORGE W. Enlisted Oct. 16, '61; taken prisoner at Shiloh; died in hospital Feb. 11, '64.
- \*RAUP, CHARLES I. Enlisted Oct. 6, '61; missing in action at Shiloh.
- \*RAUP, GEORGE A. Enlisted Oct. 1, '61; promoted corporal March 1, '62; killed at Shiloh, April 7, '62.
- REAGGER, HENRY. Enlisted Sept. 30, '61; veteran; slightly wounded at Missionary Ridge, Nov. 25, '63; mustered out with regiment.
- REESE, JAMES E. Enlisted Oct. 8, '61; deserted Nov. 7, '61.
- REESE, NICHOLAS. Enlisted Oct. 8, '61; deserted Nov. 7, '61.
- RILEY, JAMES W. Enlisted Dec. 1, '61; veteran; promoted to corporal; mustered out with regiment.
- RILEY, ROSWELL J. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; promoted corporal March 9, '63; wounded at Vicksburg, May 19, '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- RILEY, WILLIAM A. V. Enlisted Oct. 17, '61; discharged for disability June 6, '62.
- ROBB, PERRY C. Enlisted Oct. 23, '61; discharged for disability June 3, '62. Died in 1882.
- ROLAND, JOHN. Enlisted Oct. 8, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. Died soon after.
- ROSS, GEORGE. Enlisted Feb. 16, '64; discharged for disability, May 25, '65.
- RUSSELL, GEORGE W. Enlisted Oct. 2, '61; promoted corporal March 9, '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*SAMUELSON, CHARLES. Enlisted Feb. 16, '64; killed at Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64.
- SANDERS, CALVIN K. Enlisted Sept. 26, '61; transferred for promotion April 1, '62. *See Field and Staff.*
- †SCHULTZ, THEODORE. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; promoted corporal March 1, '62; wounded at Shiloh; promoted sergeant Nov. 1, '62; veteran; wounded at Kenesaw, June 27, '64; first-sergeant Nov. 1, '64; transferred for promotion. *See Field and Staff.*
- †SHAW, FRANCIS H. Transferred from D and promoted captain, to rank from July 1, '62; dismissed by General O. O. Howard, Aug. 11, '64. G. F. O. No. 9. Honorably mustered out by direction of the Secretary of War, under provisions of an Act of Congress, approved Feb. 21, 1887, to date Aug. 11, 1864. Special Orders No. 83, Headquarters of the Army, Washington, April 11, 1887.



- \*SHEFFNER, ALBERT B. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; promoted to corporal March 8, '62; died in hospital.
- SHIELDS, DANIEL. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; corporal at organization; discharged for disability, Feb. 10, '63.
- SHIELDS, JOHN. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; sergeant at organization; discharged for disability March 31, '62.
- SIMCOX, JACOB. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; promoted corporal March 8, '62; wounded at Shiloh, April 7, '62; discharged therefor July 19, '62.
- SNOOK, WILLIAM. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; wounded at Shiloh; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*SPEAKER, WILLIAM H. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; corporal at organization; died in hospital at St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 11, '62.
- STOHLER, SAMUEL. Enlisted Sept. 20, '61; deserted March 11, '62.
- STRAWN, ALONZO. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged for disability March 31, '62.
- \*SELLIVAN, DANIEL. Enlisted Oct. 8, '61; promoted corporal March 1, '62; killed at Shiloh.
- \*SUMMERS, THOMAS. Enlisted Sept. 30, '61; died in hospital Sept. 22, '62.
- \*THOMAS, TABER J. Enlisted Sept. 20, '61; promoted to corporal May 1, '62; sergeant, May 1, '63; veteran; mortally wounded near Jonesboro' Ga., Aug. 31, '64; died Sept. 3, '64.
- TURNEY, CHARLES G. Enlisted Oct. 8, '61; promoted sergeant March 1, '62; wounded at Shiloh; discharged therefor June 28, '63.
- WESTBROOK, RICHARD W. Enlisted Sept. 25, '61; discharged for disability March 31, '62.
- WILCOX, RANSOM R. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged for disability June 24, '62.
- \*WINCHESTER, CLARK A. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- WOODRING, HENRY. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- WRIGHT, ASA S. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; veteran; promoted corporal March 1, '64; wounded at Ezra Chapel, July 28, '64; promoted sergeant Nov. 1, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- WRIGHT, GEORGE. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; veteran; promoted sergeant Nov. 1, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- WRIGHT, GEORGE D. Enlisted Sept. 20, '61; veteran; discharged for disability June 25, '65.
- WRIGHT, JAMES M. Enlisted Sept. 9, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- †WRIGHT, SIGIRE A. Enlisted from Grand Haven, Mich., July 28, '61; second-lieutenant at organization; transferred for promotion March 8, '62. See F.

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#### COMPANY D.

Company D was largely made up from enlistments in Canton, Fulton county, and the neighboring towns. Theodore C. Chandler, its first captain, afterwards lieutenant-colonel, was active in the organization of the first company of seventeen men who went from Canton. Their names are as follows. T. C. Chandler, W. L. Johnson, Charles G. Burnap, J. H. Nies, J. R. Roberts, Jacob Fink, Wm. J. Harell, James Harell, James Huford, Theodore Wilhelm, Daniel S. Burke, William Shellenberger, James Young, John Conger, Thomas Hughes, George Pollett, and T. Lacy. They arrived at old Camp Douglas on the 12th of September, 1861. On the 22d another party of nine men from Fulton county arrived at Camp Douglas, in charge of W. D. May. Capt. Wm. A. Preeson of



Company A was instrumental in recruiting quite a number of men assigned to this company. Joseph A. Knout and William Shellenberger were also active in procuring recruits.

The 42d Illinois Infantry, when it took the field, received four volunteers from D, and when the 55th was organized in October, a portion of the Mendota company, I, with Lieut. Francis H. Shaw, was consolidated with the company in order to complete the number required for muster.

The personnel of the company was excellent, consisting almost wholly of those who enlisted from patriotic motives, and who fully understood the great issues of the conflict. Three of the company, after their discharge by reason of the expiration of three years' service, re-enlisted in other regiments: Jacob Fink in the 5th U. S. Vet. Vols., Wm. J. Harrell in the 151st Ill. Vols., and Timothy Ryan in the cavalry.

The company participated in all the hardships and sufferings of the regiment. Sixteen of its number re-enlisted as veterans. The company originally mustered one hundred, and received but five recruits after leaving Camp Douglas. Mustered out at close of the war, 22. Its losses were as follows: Killed in action, 5; mortally wounded, 3; wounded not mortally, 21; discharged for disability, 16; died of disease, 13; taken prisoners, 9; deserted, 7.

<sup>†</sup>AAGESEN, NICHOLAS S. Promoted to captain from H, to date from Feb. 9, '63; wounded (right arm amputated) in charge on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; mustered out June 17, '65. *See C and H.*

ABBOTT, JOSEPH. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 8, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.

\*ATHEARN, MAYHEW C. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 8, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant in '62; killed at Jonesboro', Aug. 31, '64.

ATHEARN, JOSIAH T. Enlisted at Ellisville, Oct. 8, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.

BARKLEY, FLAVIUS J. Enlisted Oct. 2, '61; transferred to Co. A, 57th Ill. Inf'ty., Dec. 8, '61.

\*BAYLESS, WILLIAM. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 19, '61; died 1862. ELECHAM, EDWARD. Recruit; enlisted at Chicago, Feb. 22, '64; mustered out with regiment.

BELL, WILLIAM H. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.

BONNEY, SAMUEL P. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 18, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.

BONNEY, WILLIAM W. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 8, '61; veteran; promoted sergeant; wounded at Jonesboro', Aug. 31, '64; mustered out with regiment.

\*BRAGG, JOSEPH F. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 22, '61; died at Larkinsville, Ala., Jan. 1, '64.

BUTLER, JOHN. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 22, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.

\*BURKE, DANIEL S. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; killed near Atlanta, Aug. 12, '64.

BURLINGAME, SAMUEL. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 22, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.

BURNAP, CHARLES G. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; first-sergeant at organization; discharged for disability in '62.

CAMERON, JAMES H. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 18, '61; veteran;



- promoted corporal; captured on march through N. C., March, '65; mustered out May 30, '65.
- CAMPBELL, WILLIAM H. H. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 22, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- †CHANDLER, THEODORE C. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; captain at organization; promoted major. *See Field and Staff.*
- \*CHENHALL, PHILLIP. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 1, '61; died at St. Louis, Jan. 10, '62.
- \*CONGER, JOHN. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; died near Memphis, July 21, '62.
- \*CORDIER, BENJAMIN. Enlisted at Canton, Oct. 5, '61; promoted corporal; wounded at Shiloh in three places; died at Paducah, Ky., Jan. 15, '64.
- CRISS, WILLIAM H. Enlisted at Lewistown, Sept. 27, '61; wounded at Shiloh; wounded at Jonesboro', Sept. 1, '64; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- CURFMAN, GEORGE W. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 19, '61; veteran; wounded near Atlanta, Aug. 10, '64; promoted sergeant; mustered out with regiment.
- \*CURRY, JAMES W. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 16, '61; promoted corporal; killed at Vicksburg, May 19, '63.
- DAVIS, BENJAMIN. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 20, '61; discharged for disability Feb. 11, '62.
- \*DEWEY, ANDREW S. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 18, '61; badly wounded at Shiloh and taken prisoner; probably died.
- DODDRIDGE, PAUL. Recruit; enlisted at Lee, March 7, '65; mustered out June 8, '65.
- DUNN, HENRY. Recruit; enlisted at Truro, Jan. 9, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- EDWARDS, CHARLTON G. Enlisted in Winnebago county, Nov. 26, '61; veteran; captured near Bentonville, N. C., March 19, '65; mustered out June 29, '65.
- ERWIN, JESSE. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 8, '61. *No further record.*
- FIELDS, GEORGE H. Enlisted in Fulton county, Aug. 26, '61. *No further record.*
- †FINK, JACOB. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant March, '62; second-lieutenant, to date from Feb. 9, '63; first-lieutenant, mustered Sept. 26, '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. Re-enlisted in U. S. Vet. Vols., March 31, '65, and made sergeant; mustered out as second-lieutenant April 5, '66.
- FISHER, JACOB. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 15, '61; discharged for disability at St. Louis, '62. Died at Liverpool, Oct. 1, 1879.
- GOLDEN, JAMES. Enlisted at Mendota, Aug. 26, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- GOLDING, JAMES A. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 10, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- GOODELL, JAMES. Recruit; enlisted at Lee, March 21, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- GOODELL, LEVI. Enlisted in McDonough county, Oct. 8, '61; veteran; promoted sergeant; mustered out with regiment.
- \*GOODRICH, JAMES M. Enlisted in McDonough county, Oct. 9, '61; died at Abingdon, Ill., Oct. 20, '63.
- \*GREATHOUSE, DANIEL. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 11, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- GREER, JAMES W. Enlisted at Canton, Oct. 11, '61; sergeant at organization; wounded at Shiloh; mustered out June 12, '65, as private.
- HALLIBAUGH, WILLIAM. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 19, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- HARELL, JAMES. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; corporal at organization; wounded at Shiloh; promoted sergeant; wounded in hand by



- discharge of his own gun at Chickasaw Bayou; veteran; mustered out with regiment as private.
- HARELL, WILLIAM J. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; promoted corporal; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. Enlisted again in 151st Ill. Inf'ty., and became lieutenant.
- HARTSON, JAMES. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 18, '61; discharged for disability, 1862.
- HEDGES, DANIEL. Enlisted at Chicago, Oct. 5, '61; wounded at Shiloh; transferred to V. R. C., May 31, '64.
- HIGGINS, PETER. Enlisted at Havana, Oct. 15, '61; captured at Atlanta, July 22, '64, and exchanged from Andersonville; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- HILL, SOLOMON. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 8, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- HUFFORD, JAMES. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; wounded at Shiloh; mustered out with regiment.
- HUGHES, THOMAS H. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; discharged for disability, '62. Enlisted again in 103d Ill. Inf'ty., and died at Camp Sherman, Miss.
- JOHNSON, JOHN. Enlisted at Chicago, Aug. 26, '61. *No further record.*
- JOHNSON, WILLIAM S. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; second-lieutenant at organization; resigned March 5, '62.
- JOHNSTON, THOMAS. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 22, '61. *No further record.*
- JORDAN, CHARLES. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 14, '61; deserted at Shiloh.
- KENT, HENRY. Enlisted in Mason county, Oct. 15, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*KITTRIDGE, SAMUEL M. Enlisted in Mendota, Oct. 5, '61; died at St. Louis.
- KNAPP, JAMES. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 22, '61; corporal at organization; wounded at Shiloh in arm; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- KNIGHT, SAMUEL. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 11, '61; captured at Shiloh, and exchanged '63; veteran; promoted corporal; wounded at Atlanta, July 22, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- KNOTT, JOSEPH A. Enlisted at Ellisville, Oct. 8, '61; corporal at organization; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- LACEY, THOMAS. Enlisted in Cook county, Oct. 3, '61; deserted at Chickasaw Bayou, Jan. 29, '63; captured and sentenced; deserted again at Memphis, Oct. 4, '64.
- LAMOND, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Chicago, Oct. 4, '61. *No further record.*
- LASWELL, JAMES. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 8, '61; deserted at Arkansas Post, Jan. 10, '63. Died since the war.
- LEMEKE, GEORGE A. Recruit; enlisted at Chicago, Feb. 20, '64; captured at Atlanta, July 22, '64; exchanged in September, from Andersonville; mustered out with regiment.
- LETTS, WILLIAM H. Enlisted at Mendota, Sept. 26, '61; deserted at Arkansas Post, Jan. 10, '63.
- MAY, WILLIAM D. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 22, '61; wounded at Lovejoy Station, Ga., Sept. 3, '64; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- McKEIGHAN, DAVID. Enlisted in McDonough county, Oct. 9, '61; veteran; wounded at Kenesaw Mt., June 25, '64; promoted sergeant; mustered out with regiment.
- McKEIGHAN, ROBERT. Enlisted in McDonough county, Oct. 15, '61; deserted near Raymond, Miss., May 15, '63.
- \*MICHAELS, FREDERICK A. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 24, '61; died soon after Shiloh, '62.
- MORGAN, MARMADUKE. Enlisted in Mason county, Oct. 18, '61. *No further record.*



- MORRIS, ASA. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 22, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant; in color-guard; veteran; promoted first-sergeant; mustered out with regiment. Died July 17, 1886.
- MYERS, ANDREW. Enlisted in Fulton county, Aug. 26, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- NEWTON, T. J., JR. Enlisted in Hancock county, Oct. 22, '61. *No further record.*
- NIES, JAMES H. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; sergeant at organization; promoted first-sergeant; mustered out Nov. 1, '64.
- PADEN, ALBERT F. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 27, '61; wounded in hand at charge on Little Kenesaw, June 27, '64; mustered out June 17, '65.
- PARKER, GEORGE T. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 11, '61; deserted at Arkansas Post, Jan. 10, '63.
- PARVIN, FRELINGHUYSEN. Enlisted at Knoxville, Oct. 9, '61; musician; veteran; captured at Atlanta, July 22, '64; exchanged from Andersonville; mustered out with regiment. Died since war.
- PATNER, HENRY. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 29, '61; taken prisoner at Shiloh; exchanged, and discharged soon after.
- PATTERSON, WILLIAM. Enlisted in Mason county, Oct. 15, '61; discharged for disability, '62. Died since.
- POLLETT, GEORGE. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- POTTER, MILTON M. Enlisted at Mendota, Aug. 26, '61; musician; veteran; promoted quartermaster-sergeant. *See Field and Staff.*
- †ROBERTS, JOSEPH R. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; sergeant at organization; promoted first-lieutenant, to date July 1, '62; mustered out for disability at Memphis, to date from Nov. 26, '62.
- \*RODENBAUGH, LOUIS N. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and died of wound at Quincy, Ill., Nov. 16, '62.
- \*ROSS, WILLIAM A. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 22, '61; died '62.
- RYAN, TIMOTHY. Enlisted at Mendota, Aug. 26, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- SAVILLE, EDWARD. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh and discharged for wound.
- SEBREE, PRESTON. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 22, '61; discharged for disability, '62.
- †SHAW, FRANCIS H. Enlisted at Mendota, Oct. '61; first-lieutenant at organization; wounded at Shiloh; transferred to C as captain. *See C.*
- SHAW, HIRAM. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 19, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- \*SHAW, JAMES. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 21, '61; died '62.
- \*SHELLENBERGER, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- SHEENEMAN, JOHN. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 17, '61; veteran; captured at Atlanta, July 22, '64, and exchanged from Andersonville in September; mustered out with regiment.
- SIUOP, AZEL D. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 22, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- \*SMITH, GEORGE. Enlisted at Mendota, Oct. 12, '61; wounded at Shiloh, arm amputated, captured, and died a prisoner.
- SMITH, HARRISON. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 27, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- †SMITH, HENRY A. Transferred from K as second-lieutenant, to date from July 1, '62; wounded at Shiloh; resigned Feb. 9, '63. *See K.*
- \*SNOW, JOSEPH. Enlisted in Michigan, Sept. 26, '61; died at Moscow, Tenn., June, '62.
- STUBBS, JAMES. Enlisted at Mendota, Aug. 26, '61. *No further record.*



- \*THOMPSON, STEPHEN L. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 22, '61; died at Camp Douglas, Dec. 26, '61.
- TWITCHELL, SHERMAN B. Enlisted at Mendota, Aug. 26, '61; deserted Nov. 18, '61, at Camp Douglas.
- VICE, GAINES B. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 22, '61; transferred to V. R. C., May 31, '64. Died in Adair county, Mo., Feb. 8, 1882.
- VAUGHAN, JOB. Enlisted at Liverpool, Sept. 22, '61; sergeant at organization; mustered out as private Nov. 1, '64.
- \*WHITE, T. J. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 8, '61; died at Camp Douglas, Dec. 26, '61.
- WIEIEL, JOHN W. Enlisted in Fulton county, Oct. 9, '61; discharged for disability, '62.
- WILHELM, THEODORE. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant; mustered out Nov. 1, '64.
- †WOODING, ISAAC. Enlisted at Mendota, Oct. 12, '61; corporal at organization; veteran; promoted sergeant; first-sergeant; first-lieutenant, to date May 19, '65; mustered out with regiment. Died since the war.
- YATES, THOMAS J. Enlisted in Mason county, Oct. 18, '61; discharged for disability. Died since the war.
- YOUNG, JAMES. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 12, '61; discharged for disability, '62. Died since the war.

The following were transferred from 127th Ill. Infantry to complete term of service, and mustered out with regiment: Henry Haeger, Thomas J. Wilkins.

## COMPANY E.

This organization was recruited principally from the counties of DuPage and Kane. The DuPage division came from the towns of Naperville, Downer's Grove and York, and the Kane men from Elgin and its neighborhood. Mr. Birdsall, William Shimp and Henry Dixon were active in enlisting the Du Page company, the first being chosen captain and the others first and second lieutenants. They joined the troops then in old Camp Douglas, and when the 42d Ill. Inf'ty. took its departure, Wm. Shimp and five others went with it. The remaining men, with the recruits from Elgin, were consolidated, and at a formal election made choice of Charles Tazewell for captain, Henry Dixon for first-lieutenant, William Halligan for second-lieutenant, and Jonas L. Back for orderly-sergeant.

The company was as a whole a fine body of young men. Among them were heroes and a few cowards--men that the most expert tactician with all his art could not decoy into a battle; but as a body they were good and true patriot soldiers. No march was too long or too fast for them, no fort or battle-line too formidable for them to attack. When volunteers were called for to lead the forlorn hope at Vicksburg, on May 22, 1863, three men from Company E stepped from the ranks. Their names were William C. Porter, John Warden and John Smith. The last two were wounded, Smith mortally. Captain Porter was killed in 1864, when leading his company in the charge upon Little Kenesaw Mt. Porter was the friend of all who did their duty, and always exacted it of his men. He was a fearless soldier, and died universally lamented among his comrades.



Oliver Erickson, who was killed commanding the company, August 3, 1864, before Atlanta, is deserving of special mention as a brave soldier and true man.

The company went into the charge upon Little Kenesaw with twenty-seven men all told, and lost ten of its number—six killed and four wounded. It was on picket at the time of Hood's assault upon the Army of the Tennessee, July 22, 1864, and behaved with great coolness and credit.

The war losses of E were: Killed, 8; mortally wounded, 4; wounded not mortally, 18; discharged for wounds, 4; died of disease, 7; captured, 5; discharged for disability, 15; deserted, 6. The number upon original roster was but 87, and it received but nine recruits.

- ABBOTT, JESSE.** Enlisted at Clintonville, Sept. 27, '61; deserted.
- ARNDT, HUGO.** Enlisted at Naperville, Oct. 16, '61; promoted corporal; wounded at Vicksburg, May 19, '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- BAIGER, DEDRIC.** Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 6, '61; veteran; absent sick at muster out of regiment.
- BANGS, GEORGE W.** Enlisted at Elgin, Aug. 14, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- BAUMAN, JOHN F.** Enlisted at Elgin, Aug. 14, '61; mustered out April 21, '65.
- BENIC, HENRY.** Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 15, '61; seriously wounded at Shiloh; veteran; promoted corporal; mustered out with regiment.
- \***BOND, WILLIAM.** Enlisted at Bloomingdale, Aug. 1, '61; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou, Dec. 28, '62, and died of wound Feb. 27, '63.
- BOULTINGHAUSE, AMOS.** Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 6, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- †**BUCK, JONAS L.** Enlisted at Belvidere, July 30, '61; first-sergeant at organization; promoted second-lieutenant, March 5, '62; dismissed for cowardice Sept. 16, '62.
- BUNKLE, JAMES.** Enlisted in Iowa, Sept. 9, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \***CAMPBELL, THOMAS.** Enlisted at Clintonville, Aug. 26, '61; died at Chattanooga, Jan. 1, '64.
- CANFIELD, ELIAS T.** Enlisted at Batavia, Aug. 1, '61; transferred as hospital steward. *See Field and Staff.*
- CLEAVES, CHARLES.** Enlisted at Elgin, July 30, '61; deserted May 25, '62.
- COLLINS, WILLIAM.** Enlisted at Belvidere, Oct. 3, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- CONNAUGHTON, ROGER.** Enlisted at Deersfield Aug. 4, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant; veteran; injured by cars at Big Shanty, Ga., — '64; discharged for disability Feb. 14, '65.
- CONNAUGHTON, THOMAS.** Enlisted at De Kalb, Aug. 4, '61; discharged for disability.
- †**COOTES, WILLIAM F.** Transferred from A as captain, to date from Oct. 1, '62; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou, Dec. 28, '62, and resigned therefor March 30, '63. *See A.*
- CORBY, JOSEPH.** Enlisted at Elgin, July 30, '61; corporal at organization; served in color-guard; veteran; wounded in charge on Little Kenesaw, June 27, '64, and discharged therefor Jan. 25, '64. Died in 1885, at Elgin.
- DAILY, ANDREW.** Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 6, '61. *No further record.*
- DAVIS, DANIEL.** Enlisted at Clintonville, Aug. 14, '61; mustered out July 19, '65.
- †**DIXON, ROBERT.** Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 3, '61; corporal at organ-



- ization; promoted sergeant and first-sergeant; veteran; captain, to date from June 27, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- †DIXON, WILLIAM H. Enlisted from Du Page county; first-lieutenant at organization; resigned March 13, '62.
- DONOVAN, TIMOTHY. Enlisted at Elgin, Oct. 21, '64. *No further record.*
- DOWNES, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Elgin, Aug. 1, '61; discharged for disability Dec. 23, '63.
- \*DOWNING, SAMUEL. Enlisted at Bloomingdale, Oct. 3, '61; captured at Shiloh, and died at Tuscaloosa, Ala., before exchange.
- DOWNING, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Bloomingdale, Aug. 14, '61; veteran; promoted corporal; mustered out with regiment.
- †\*ERICKSON, OLIVER. Transferred from A as first-lieutenant, to date from Sept. 26, '62; killed in action near Atlanta, Aug. 3, '64.
- FLATRO, JACOB. Enlisted at Elgin, Oct. 3, '61; corporal at organization. *No further record.*
- FLORENCE, ROBERT K. Enlisted at Elgin, Aug. 1, '61. *No further record.*
- \*FRAZIER, EDMUND. Enlisted at Bloomingdale, Sept. 17, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- \*GARBS, DIEDRICK. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 16, '61; wounded by shell at Arkansas Post, Jan. 10, '63, and died of wound Jan. 26, '63.
- GARST, CHRISTIAN. Enlisted at Elgin, Sept. 6, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; discharged for disability Nov. 11, '64. Died in 1885.
- \*GLEISNER, ADAM. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 9, '61; veteran; promoted corporal; killed in charge on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64.
- GUBBINS, JAMES D. Enlisted at Elgin, July 30, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- GUILFOIL, JOHN. Enlisted at Elgin, Oct. 29, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- GUILFOIL, MICHAEL. Enlisted at Elgin, July 30, '61; musician; promoted principal musician. *See Field and Staff.*
- GUSHARD, EMANUEL. Enlisted at Naperville, Nov. 18, '61; captured Nov. 3, '63. *No further record.*
- GUSHARD, ISAAC. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 3, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; absent sick at muster out of regiment.
- †HALLIGAN, WILLIAM R. Enlisted at Elgin; second-lieutenant at organization; resigned March 5, '62.
- HAYES, EDWARD. Enlisted at Chicago, Oct. 3, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- HEDDING, GEORGE. Enlisted at Elmwood, Sept. 20, '61. *No further record.*
- HILL, ANDREW. Enlisted at Chicago, Nov. 2, '61; deserted Jan. 20, '62.
- HILL, MCKRITT. Enlisted at Belvidere, July 30, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- HOLDEN, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Elmwood, Aug. 1, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- \*HUNTER, JOHN. Enlisted at Gilbert, Sept. 27, '61; reported discharged; died soon after.
- JOHNSON, HENRY. Recruit; enlisted at Chicago, Jan. 22, '64; wounded in charge on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; discharged for wound Jan. 5, '65.
- KAILER, FREDERICK. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 3, '61; promoted corporal; sergeant; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- KAISSER, HENRY. Enlisted at York, Aug. 28, '61; promoted corporal June '62; veteran; promoted sergeant; mustered out with regiment.
- KELLY, DENNIS. Enlisted at Belvidere, Aug. 14, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*KELLOGG, SAMUEL C. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 25, '61; sergeant at organization; died at Vicksburg, July 18, '63.
- KENNEDY, JAMES. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 8, '61; captured at Shiloh and exchanged; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.



- †Keyes, Josiah E. Transferred from C as first-lieutenant, to date from March 13, '62; mustered out April 24, '63.
- KNEUDSON, SILVERT. Enlisted at Chicago, Nov. 30, '61; veteran; deserted June, '64.
- LEIBUNDGUTH, CHRISTOPHER. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 6, '61; promoted corporal; sergeant; veteran; mustered out with regiment. Killed at Homewood, 1880.
- LEIBUNDGUTH, PETER. Recruit; enlisted at Chicago, Feb. 25, '64; promoted corporal; mustered out with regiment.
- \*LIGHTFOOT, JOSEPH. Enlisted at Elgin, Sept. 7, '61; corporal at organization; died at Young's Point, La., March 6, '63.
- LUNDEBORG, JOHAN. Recruit; enlisted at Jefferson, Feb. 1, '64; captured at Atlanta, July 22, '64, and exchanged from Andersonville; mustered out with regiment.
- MANN, THOMAS. Enlisted at Elgin, July 30, '61; transferred to V. R. C., April 28, '64.
- MARTIN, PORTER B. Enlisted in Du Page county, Sept. 3, '61; corporal at organization; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- \*MERRILL, CHARLES. Enlisted at Chicago, Oct. 22, '61; promoted corporal; veteran; killed in charge on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '61.
- MISNER, ANDREW. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 19, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- MONTGOMERY, JOHN. Enlisted at Chicago, Dec. 13, '61; veteran; discharged for disability June 25, '65.
- \*MORAN, PATRICK. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 21, '61; killed in charge on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64.
- NELSON, HORATIO. Enlisted at Elgin, July 30, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- NELSON, OLOF. Recruit; enlisted at Jefferson, Feb. 1, '64; promoted sergeant; mustered out with regiment.
- NICHOLS, THOMAS. Enlisted at Peoria, Aug. 1, '61; wounded at Ezra Chapel, July 28, '64; mustered out June 1, '65.
- \*O'BRIEN, DANIEL. Enlisted at Lockport, Sept. 19, '61; died at Memphis Dec. 16, '62.
- \*PECOR, FRANKLIN. Enlisted at Huntley, Aug. 10, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant; wounded at Vicksburg, May 19, '63; died at Memphis, Oct. 18, '63.
- PECOR, NELSON W. Enlisted at Dundee, Sept. 27, '61; veteran; promoted corporal; mustered out with regiment.
- PICKETT, CHRISTOPHER. Recruit; enlisted at Chicago, March 10, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- POPP, MARTIN. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 20, '61; lost leg at Vicksburg, May 22, '63, by cannon shot; discharged for wound Sept. 26, '63.
- †PORTER, WILLIAM C. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 3, '61; sergeant at organization; promoted first-sergeant; second-lieutenant, to date from Sept. 17, '62; captain, to date from April 1, '63; in forlorn hope at Vicksburg, May 22, '63; killed at Kenesaw Mt., in charge of June 27, '64.
- \*QUIGLEY, JAMES. Enlisted at Chicago, Oct. 3, '61; wounded at Shiloh; killed in charge on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64.
- QUIGLEY, PATRICK. Recruit; enlisted at Memphis, '62; wounded in charge on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- \*REALS, EDWARD. Enlisted at Belvidere, July 30, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and died of wound at Cincinnati, '62.
- REINOEHL, HENRY. Enlisted at Naperville, Nov. 1, '61; veteran; promoted sergeant; mustered out with regiment.
- REINHOLD, JAMES. Enlisted at Naperville, Nov. '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.



- REYNOLDS, JOSEPH. Enlisted at Naperville, Nov. 18, '61. *No further record.*
- RHODEMEYER, HENRY. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 14, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- ROBINSON, JAMES. Enlisted at Elgin, Aug. 1, '61. *No further record.*
- \*SCHOENING, DIEDRICH. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 5, '61; veteran; killed in charge on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64.
- SHORT, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Elgin, July 30, '61; corporal at organization; deserted Feb. '64.
- SIMPSON, ELBRIDGE. Enlisted at Naperville, July 30, '61; sergeant at organization; discharged for disability, '63.
- SLADE, JOHN P. Enlisted at Palatine, Sept. 1, '61; sergeant at organization. *No further record.*
- \*SMITH, JOHN. Enlisted at Elgin, Sept. 7, '61; wounded at Shiloh; wounded in storming party at Vicksburg, May 22, '63, and died of wounds June 22, '63.
- STELLING, RICHARD. Enlisted at Chicago, Nov. 3, '61; wounded at Shiloh; discharged for disability.
- STRICKER, DAVID. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 3, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- SWANSON, NELSON. Enlisted in Cook county, Aug. 24, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- SYLVA, CHARLES. Enlisted in Kane county, Sept. 7, '61; deserter.
- †TAZEWELL, CHARLES. Enlisted at Elgin, July, '61; captain at organization; resigned Aug. 31, '62.
- TEISEL, HENRY. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 6, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- THOMPSON, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Dundee, Sept. 7, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound Jan. 28, '63.
- \*TIMKIE, HERMAN. Enlisted at Naperville, Oct. 16, '61; died at Napoleon, Ark., Jan. 17, '63.
- UTTER, NELS G. Recruit; enlisted at Jefferson, Feb. 1, '64; discharged for disability June 25, '65.
- VEITH, FREDERICK. Recruit; enlisted at Chicago, Feb. 25, '64; captured at Atlanta, July 22, '64; exchanged from Andersonville; mustered out with regiment.
- †WARDEN, JOHN. Enlisted at Naperville, Sept. 3, '61; promoted corporal; sergeant, Dec. '63; wounded in storming party at Vicksburg, May 22, '63; veteran; wounded at Ezra Chapel, July 28, '64; promoted first-lieutenant, to date Aug. 3, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- WARDEN, MOSES. Enlisted in Du Page county, Sept. 3, '61; veteran; wounded near Atlanta in action of Aug. 3, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- The following men of 127th Ill. Inf'ty, were temporarily attached to E, to serve out their term of enlistment: John Blake, George O. Briggs, Wilson Briggs, John Barke, Joseph Dorn, Joseph Fleury, Thomas W. Mullenix.

## COMPANY F.

This company was recruited in McDonough county, Ill., and called the Bushnell Light Guards in honor of the town in which it was organized. The largest share of the work of enlistment was done by the Rev. Mr. Presson, Milton L. Haney and Harrison Presson, three enthusiastic and patriotic ministers of the Methodist faith. Rev. W. A. Presson was at the time captain of a company afterward's known as A in



the 55th infantry, and already in Camp Douglas. Rev. M. L. Haney and H. Presson, being in charge of adjacent circuits, had conferred with each other and resolved to enter the military service together. The eloquent efforts of these three ministers, aided by certain soldierly exhibitions of Lieutenant Palmer and Corporal J. H. Presson, with a specimen of the famous revolving rifle—the weapon with which all recruits were promised they should be armed—secured eighty enlistments between October 3d and 11th, from the towns of Bushnell, Prairie City and Marietta.

On the afternoon of the 11th an election for officers and non-commissioned officers, was held near what is now West Park in Bushnell, which resulted in the choice of M. L. Haney as captain, H. Presson as first-lieutenant, Joseph W. Parks as second-lieutenant, and James M. Shreves as orderly-sergeant. On the evening of Saturday, the 12th, several other recruits having been enrolled, the company started for Chicago. The captain was presented with an elegant sword, and the company with a national flag by the citizens, hundreds of whom assembled at the station to bid the soldiers good bye. Upon the muster-in of the 55th, the Bushnell Light Guards became Company F of that regiment.

March 14, 1862, Captain Haney was persuaded to resign and accept the post of regimental chaplain. Lieutenant Presson had left the regiment a few days earlier. Second-Lieutenant Squire A. Wright of Company C, was thereupon made captain of F against the urgent remonstrance of the whole company, in which there was abundance of excellent material for officers. Lieutenant Parks was at the same date promoted one step, and Sergeant J. B. Johnson of Company A, was appointed to the vacant place of second-lieutenant. July 1, 1862, Casper Schliech of Company A, was promoted to the captaincy, made vacant by the death of Captain Wright, and Lieutenant L. B. Crooker of Company I, was promoted to the same position, after Captain Schliech had fallen in battle. The four officers thus transferred to Company F were the only ones it had, not from its own ranks. They were all brave and efficient, filling their positions with great credit. Captains Wright and Schliech lost their lives leading their men in battle, and Captain Crooker was disabled by wounds.

Company F was with the regiment on every occasion, excepting during the short and bloodless expedition to Columbus, Ky. Sixteen of its members re-enlisted at the end of their three years' service. Giles F. Hand rose from its ranks to be the last major of the regiment. Six of its members were transferred as officers to other organizations. There were in it eleven pairs and one group of three brothers;—of the twenty-five, two were killed in action, two mortally wounded, three died of disease, and ten others were struck by rebel missiles. One hundred and fourteen names in all were borne upon the company rolls; among them were the following casualties: Killed in action, 10; wounded, 43; died of wounds, 6; died of disease, 16; discharged for wounds, 12; discharged for other disability, 20; captured, 2; deserted, 3; transferred to V. R. C., 5; resigned, 4.



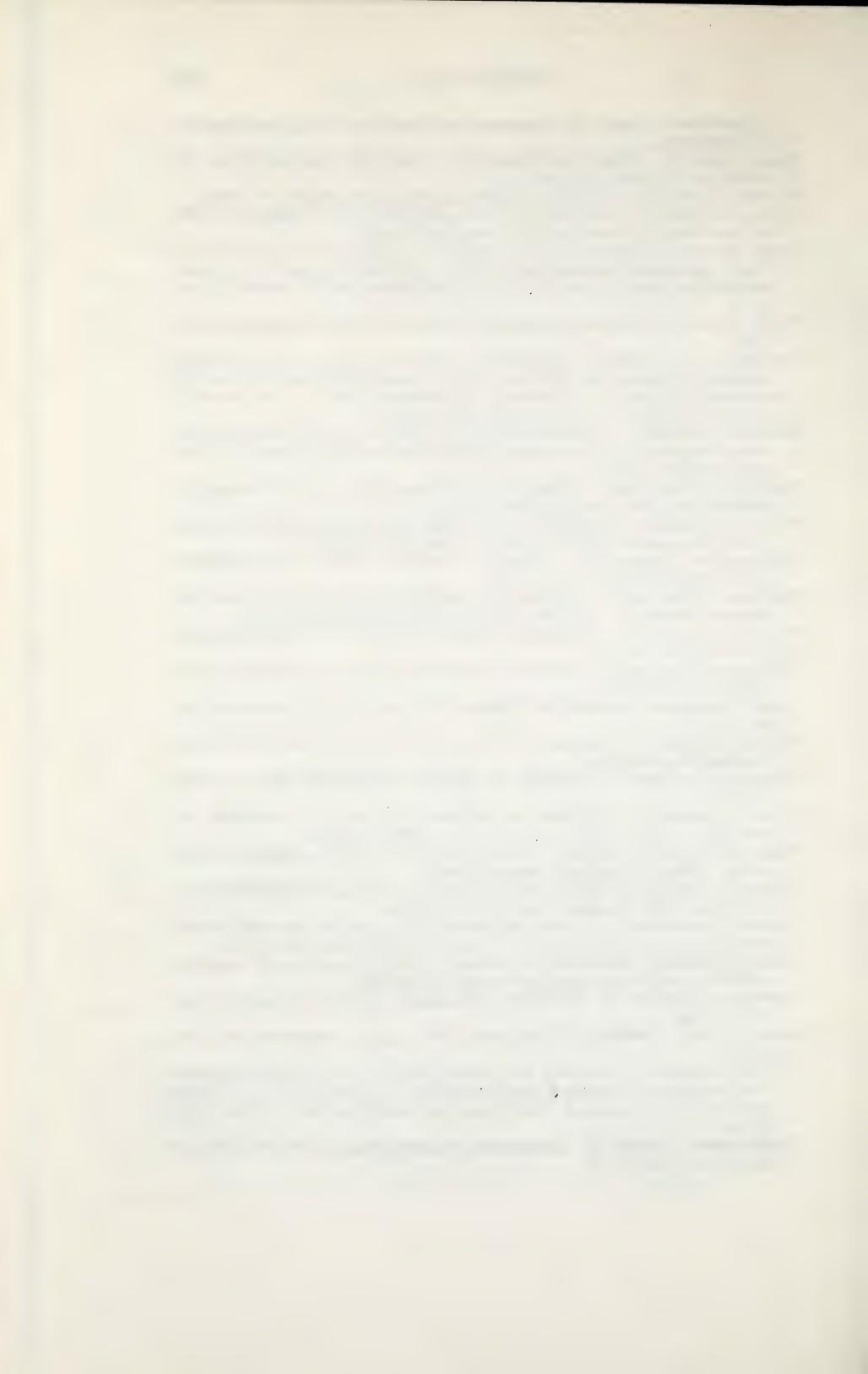
- BEADLES, JOSEPH H. Enlisted at Marietta, Oct. 4, '61; corporal at organization; wounded at Shiloh; discharged for disability, Dec. 6, '62.
- †BENTON, JOSHUA R. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 4, '61; severely wounded at Shiloh; promoted first-sergeant April 12, '64; commissioned first-lieutenant, to date from Oct. 31, '63, and commission declined; mustered out with regiment.
- BEVANS, CORYDON. Enlisted at Marietta, Nov. 26, '61; discharged for disability, at St. Louis, June 10, '62.
- BOND, BENJAMIN F. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 12, '61; discharged for disability, at Camp Douglas, Nov. 20, '61.
- \*BONE, GEORGE. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 11, '61; severely wounded at Shiloh; wounded at Jackson, Miss., July 14, '63, and died same day.
- BOOTH, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 10, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- BRADY, ARCHIBALD C. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 5, '61; captured at Shiloh, and exchanged. *No further record.*
- †\*BRINK, VINCENT E. Enlisted at Marietta, Oct. 3, '61; sergeant at organization; promoted second-lieutenant, to date from Sept. 4, '62; captain, to date from Aug. 3, '63; died of fever at Iuka, Miss., Oct. 31, '63.
- \*BRUNER, EDWARD M. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; died at Camp Sherman, Miss., Sept. 12, '63, of fever.
- \*CARNES, WILLIAM H. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 8, '61; died of fever at St. Louis, June 27, '62.
- CARRIER, JOHN. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 11, '61; promoted corporal March 31, '63; veteran; promoted sergeant March 30, '64; first-sergeant, May 15, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- \*COGILL, WILLIAM H. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; wounded at Shiloh; died of congestive chill, July 4, '63, near Vicksburg.
- COLLIER, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Marietta, Oct. 5, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- †CROOKER, LUCIEN B. Transferred from I as captain, to date from Dec. 29, '62; severely wounded in arm at Vicksburg, May 19, '63; resigned for wounds Aug. 3, '63. *See I.*
- CROWELL, GEORGE P. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 12, '61; discharged for disability, at Camp Douglas, Nov. 20, '61. Died since the war.
- CROWELL, WILLIAM A. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; wounded at Shiloh; discharged for wound, at Memphis, Aug. 25, '62.
- \*CRUMBAUGH, DAVID M. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; corporal at organization; wounded at Shiloh; promoted sergeant April 3, '63; veteran; wounded at Atlanta, July 22, '64, and died of wound April 14, '65.
- DAILY, JOHN F. Enlisted at Henderson, Oct. 8, '61; corporal at organization; transferred to V. R. C., Feb. 1, '64.
- \*DAVIS, LLOYD P. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- DEWEY, EDWIN A. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 12, '61; promoted corporal Dec. 4, '62; veteran; wounded at Ezra Church, July 28, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- DEWEY, JOHN C. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; discharged for disability, at Memphis, Jan. 28, '63.
- DUNLAP, LEGRAND. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 12, '61; deserted at Memphis, Nov. 25, '62.
- EADS, JOHN. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 11, '61; discharged for disability, at Memphis, Jan. 28, '63.
- EWING, JOSEPH B. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 12, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- FAAS, SAMUEL. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 12, '61; veteran; severely wounded at Atlanta, July 22, '64; discharged for disability July 25, '65.
- FERGUSON, PHILIP B. Enlisted at Marietta, Oct. 3, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant Nov. 24, '62; wounded in hand at Shi-



- loh; wounded at Chickasaw Bayou, Dec. 28, '62, and discharged for wounds Jan. 28, '63. Died near Toledo, Ill., Dec. 9, '1881.
- FLEEHARTY, JOHN N. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 8, '61; discharged for disability Aug. 18, '62.
- FLUKE, CALVIN R. Enlisted at Marietta, Oct. 4, '61; severely wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound Oct. 10, '62.
- FOSTER, CHANNING B. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; discharged for disability March 31, '62.
- \*FOURAKER, GEORGE W. Enlisted at Marietta, Oct. 21, '61; died of fever near Vicksburg, June 28, '63.
- FUGATE, JAMES N. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 8, '61; veteran; terribly wounded in charge on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64, and discharged for wound April 19, '65.
- \*FUGATE, ROBERT M. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 3, '61; died at Memphis Jan. 14, '64.
- †HAND, GILES F. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 7, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant May, '62; first-sergeant, Aug. 1, '63; first-lieutenant, to date from Nov. 27, '62; captain, to date from Oct. 31, '63; wounded in head near Bentonville, N. C., March 20, '65; promoted major. *See Field and Staff.*
- HANEY, HENRY M. Enlisted at Marietta, Oct. 4, '61; sergeant at organization; promoted first-sergeant Aug. 10, '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- †HANEY, MILTON L., Rev. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; captain at organization; resigned March 12, '62, to accept chaplaincy. *See Field and Staff.*
- \*HANEY, RICHARD. Enlisted at Marietta, Oct. 4, '61; corporal at organization; slightly wounded at Shiloh; promoted sergeant March 31, '63; killed by shell in storming party at Vicksburg, May 22, '63.
- HARTMAN, AARON B. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; discharged for disability, at Memphis, Oct. 13, '62.
- HARTSOOK, DANIEL. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; severely wounded at Shiloh; transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 16, '63.
- HARTSOOK, JOSEPH. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; promoted corporal Aug. 1, '62; sergeant-major, Sept. 1, '62. *See Field and Staff, and K.*
- \*HENDRICKS, JAMES. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; sent from regiment July 10, '62, by Col. Stuart, and died at Cairo in autumn of '62.
- HENSELY, SAMUEL H. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 4, '61; transferred to G, Nov. 21, '61.
- †HOLMES, DAVID N. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; promoted corporal March 31, '63; sergeant, Jan. 16, '64; veteran; wounded in hip in charge on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; promoted first-sergeant Dec. 15, '64; first-lieutenant, to date from May 19, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- \*HOYT, OLIVER J. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 12, '61; killed at Vicksburg, May 19, '63.
- HUTCHINS, GEORGE W. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; severely wounded at Shiloh; transferred to V. R. C., Feb. 6, '64.
- \*INMAN, JESSE N. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 5, '61; died of congestive chill, at Memphis, Sept. 27, '62.
- \*JAMESON, ROBERT S. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 7, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and died of wound at home, May 24, '62.
- †JOHNSON, JOHN B. Transferred from A as second-lieutenant, to date from March 8, '62; resigned Sept. 3, '62. Captain 137th Ill. Inf'ty. *See A.*
- JOHNSON, JOHN A. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; transferred to V. R. C., May 31, '64.
- JONES, SAMUEL. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; wounded at Shiloh, April 6, '62; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- KEFFER, JACOB W. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; veteran; wounded



- at Jonesboro', Sept. 1, '64; promoted sergeant June 1, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- KING, LYMAN B. Enlisted at Prairie City, Dec. 1, '61; discharged for disability, at St. Louis, July 10, '62.
- \*KREIDER, DAVID. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 9, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- \*LONG, GEORGE W. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and died of wound, at St. Louis, April 20, '62.
- LONG, SAMUEL. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; severely wounded at Shiloh; promoted corporal Aug. 20, '63; sergeant, Nov. 10, '63; veteran; wounded at Ezra Chapel, July 28, '64, and discharged for wound March 23, '65.
- \*LUTZ, AHAZ B. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 5, '61; died at Memphis Dec. 6, '62.
- LYBARGER, LILLIBERN. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 3, '61; severely wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound at St. Louis Oct. 2, '62.
- LYBARGER, MILTON C. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 3, '61; severely wounded at Shiloh; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- MATHENY, DAVID J. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 7, '61; musician; severely wounded in charge upon Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- MAXWELL, WILLIAM J. Enlisted at Marietta, Oct. 7, '61; discharged for disability at Camp Douglas Nov. 20, '61.
- McCANCE, MANSON. Enlisted at Marietta, Oct. 4, '61; corporal at organization; deserted at Holly Springs, Miss., Dec. 11, '62.
- McCAUGHEY, JOSEPH W. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 3, '61; wounded at Shiloh; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*McCOMB, MATTHEW. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 7, '61; promoted corporal March 31, '63; died at Bridgeport, Ala., Dec. 25, '63.
- MCDONALD, JAMES I. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 12, '61; discharged for disability Oct. 10, '62.
- MCELROY, WILBERT. Enlisted at Marietta, Oct. 30, '61; discharged for disability Feb. 18, '63.
- MEAD, ALFRED. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 12, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*MEDARIS, JOHN C. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; died at Pittsburg Landing, April 17, '62.
- \*MEDARIS, JOSEPH B. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; died at home May 2, '64.
- MILLER, GEORGE S. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 10, '61; promoted corporal Jan. 10, '63; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- MILLER, JACOB C. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 12, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. Died at Bardolph since the war.
- MILLER, WILLIAM J. Enlisted at Bushnell, Sept. 31, '62; promoted corporal June 1, '63; mustered out with regiment.
- MOORE, ALBERTSON. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; severely wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound, at Memphis, Jan. 28, '63.
- MOSHER, DANIEL. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; severely wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound April 4, '63.
- NEWKIRK, GEORGE W. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 8, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- OSBORN, JOHN. Enlisted at Bushnell, Nov. 27, '61; mustered out Dec. 30, '64.
- \*PARKS, JOSEPH W. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; second-lieutenant at organization; promoted first-lieutenant, to date March 8, '62; mustered out by S. O. 105 of War Dept., for disability, to date from Nov. 26, '62.
- \*PATTERSON, ROBERT S. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; died at Cape Girardeau, Jan. 22, '62.



- \*PENNELL, GEORGE W. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- PENNINGTON, JACOB A. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; discharged for disability, at Memphis, Jan. 28, '63.
- PERDUE, DALLAS. Recruit; enlisted at Bushnell, Feb. 24, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- POTTINGER, SAMUEL W. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 21, '61; transferred to G, Nov. 21, '61. *See G.*
- POWERS, JOHN. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 10, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. Died in Kansas, June 19, 1878.
- †PRESSON, HARRISON. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; first-lieutenant at organization; resigned March 5, '62.
- PUTNAM, JOHN M. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound Oct. 2, '62. Died near Canton since war.
- \*PUTNAM, JOSEPH P. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; veteran; killed in assault on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64.
- REED, AMENZO. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*REYNOLDS, JOEL. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 8, '61; died at Pittsburg Landing, May 10, '62.
- RICKMAN, MOSES B. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 19, '61; transferred to K, Nov. 14, '61. *See K.*
- \*ROGERS, GEORGE H. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 11, '61; corporal at organization; killed at Shiloh.
- ROGERS, LEWIS D. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 7, '61; promoted corporal Aug. 1, '62; discharged for disability Feb. 11, '63, at Memphis.
- SANDERS, FESTUS H. Enlisted at Marietta, Oct. 3, '61; given unlimited furlough by Col. Stuart, at Camp Douglas, Nov. 19, '61.
- SANFORD, AMOS. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 10, '61; promoted corporal Aug. 1, '62; slightly wounded May 22, '63, at Vicksburg in storming party; promoted sergeant Aug. 20, '63; transferred to 50th U. S. Colored, Sept. 19, '63, as first-lieutenant. Died at Anna, Ill., since war.
- SANFORD, EBENEZER. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*SANFORD, GEORGE. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 7, '61; sergeant at organization; wounded at Shiloh, and died of wound April 14, '62.
- SANFORD, JACOB. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 7, '61; veteran; promoted corporal June 1, '63; commissary-sergeant June 18, '63. *See Field and Staff.*
- \*SCHLIFCH, CASPER. Transferred from A as captain, to date from July 1, '62; killed at Chickasaw Bayou Dec. 26, '62. *See A.*
- \*SHANNON, ALVIN. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 3, '61; wounded at Shiloh and died of wound, at Cairo, April 17, '62.
- \*SHREVES, JAMES M. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; first-sergeant at organization; wounded at Shiloh; promoted first-lieutenant in 12th Louisiana Colored, Aug. 1, '63; died of fever at Vicksburg Aug. 16, '63.
- SMITH, JAMES K. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 12, '61; severely wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound Oct. 13, '62.
- \*SNAPP, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; died at Camp Sherman, Miss., Aug. 29, '63.
- SPERLING, THEODORE. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; veteran; promoted corporal June 1, '63; mustered out with regiment.
- STERLING, LEWIS W. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 3, '61; transferred to V. R. C., May 1, '64.
- \*SULLIVAN, DAVID A. Enlisted at Chicago, Oct. 25, '61; musician; killed at Vicksburg May 22, '63.
- SWEARINGEN, BENNETT. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 12, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; wounded at Atlanta July 22, '64; promoted corporal Oct. 10, '64; sergeant, June 1, '65; mustered out with regiment.



- TEITSWORTH, OLIVER P. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 12, '61; discharged for disability Nov. 16, '62.
- THOMPSON, THOMAS E. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- TOTMAN, EDMOND T. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; severely wounded at Ezra Church, July 28, '64, and discharged for wound April 23, '65.
- WALKER, ANDREW J. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 8, '61; sergeant at organization; discharged for disability Nov. 24, '62, at Memphis.
- WETZEL, AHAZ B. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 12, '61; promoted corporal April 3, '63; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- WETZEL, DANIEL W. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 5, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*WILSON, J. O. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 8, '61; died at Quincy, Ill., May 16, '62.
- WINGET, LEWIS T. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 6, '61; wounded at Vicksburg, May 19, '63; veteran; promoted corporal June 1, '65; captured March 19, '65, and exchanged; mustered out with regiment. Died near Macomb, since the war.
- WINTERS, AUGUSTUS. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; deserted near Corinth, Miss., June 10, '62.
- †\*WRIGHT, SQUIRE A. Transferred from C as captain, to date from March 14, '62; wounded at Shiloh twice, and died of wounds May 12, '62. See C.
- WYCKOF, DAVID L. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 11, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound Sept. 26, '62. Died at home in 1865.

The following recruits of the 116th Ill. Inf'y. were assigned to F in 1865, to complete their service, and were mustered out with regiment: John C. Aaron, Richard C. Ball, George W. Bacon, John Dulany, Pascal Hamilton, John C. Houck, William H. Johnson, Samuel Kitt, James D. Long, William M. Loyd, Clark McGee, John W. McGovern, Jonathan Owen, John C. Raymond, John P. Russell, John R. Scribner, Henry Sites, Felix Shutter, Seth T. Spore, James K. Westfall, Benjamin White, George Woodhouse.

## COMPANY G.

About the first of August, 1861, Joseph Clay of La Salle began recruiting a company to join the Douglas Brigade, then being formed at Camp Douglas. He was assisted by C. C. Davis, William J. Kennedy and a few others. Those enrolled, numbering about thirty-five men, reported at Chicago, August 7th. About the 25th of September, Peter Roberts, then a member of what was later known as Company A, assisted by Thomas R. Scott and William J. Eckley, began recruiting in Fulton, Stark and McDonough counties. The men they obtained were assigned to the company of Captain Clay, and a few transfers from the surplus of other commands, made up the required number for organization. The name of Lyon Guards was given to the company, until it became a part of the Fifty-fifth Infantry, when it was designated G.

Captain Clay professed to have seen service in the regular army, and at the election for officers his title of commander was confirmed by the votes of the men. Cyrus M. Browne was chosen first-lieutenant, Albert A. Whipple second-lieutenant, and Peter Roberts first-sergeant. Lieutenant Browne was one of the oldest men of the regiment, being then



about forty-seven, while Lieutenant Whipple was its youngest officer, being barely nineteen. The company presented a sword, sash and belt to their captain. A few months later he had disgraced the gift by cowardice, and the indignant donors took the sword from him.

Company G started for the front with eighty-nine rank and file, and received but three recruits thereafter. With few exceptions they were young men, quiet, brave and true, who had been led to enlist purely from patriotic motives — without thought of distinction or reward to be gained. At the veteran re-enlistment thirty-six were mustered in for the war — a larger number than volunteered from any other company of the Fifty-fifth.

The first of G to lay down his life was Albert A. Washburn, who died on the journey down the Mississippi from St. Louis, in January, 1862; the last was Joseph Morehead, killed at Bentonville, N. C., March, 1865 — and the last man of the Fifty-fifth slain in battle. One boy, Maurice A. Cadwallader, was but eighteen years of age when he had completed his three years' service. There were six pairs of brothers in G. Seven of these did not survive the war, and three were discharged, leaving only two to be mustered out at the end of the rebellion. The casualties of the company in its four years' service were: killed in action, 8; wounded in action, 22; died of wounds, 3; died of disease, 14; discharged for wounds, 5; discharged for other disability, 7; captured, 3; deserters, 3; transferred to V. R. C., 1.

AYRES, MONROE L. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 25, '61; discharged for disability.

\*BAINES, JAMES A. Enlisted at Young America, Nov. 4, '61; promoted corporal; veteran; wounded in thigh at Atlanta, July 22, '64, and died the same day while undergoing amputation.

BALDWIN, WILLIAM G. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 15, '61; transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 22, '64.

BALL, HARRISON. Enlisted in McDonough county, Oct. 18, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.

BEACH, JOHN D. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 23, '61; veteran; promoted corporal; mustered out with regiment.

BEEMAN, JOHN. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 14, '61; discharged for disability July 31, '65. Died since the war.

BELL, STEPHEN R. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 25, '61; corporal at organization; mustered out as private Oct. 31, '64.

†BENNETT, CHARLES F. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 23, '61; veteran; promoted sergeant; first-sergeant; commissioned first-lieutenant, to date July 25, '65; mustered out as first-sergeant, with regiment.

BRIGGS, WASHINGTON A. Enlisted in McDonough county, Oct. 15, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.

BRAZLETON, JAMES H. Enlisted at Young America, Oct. 14, '61; veteran; promoted sergeant; mustered out with regiment.

†BROWNE, CYRUS M. Enlisted at La Salle, July 22, '61; first-lieutenant at organization; promoted captain, to date from Sept. 17, '62; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.

BURNSIDE, JAMES L. Enlisted at Kankakee, Oct. 18, '61; fifer; veteran; promoted hospital steward Jan. 1, '65. *Sic Fife and Staff.*

\*BURNSIDE, WILLIAM S. Enlisted at Kankakee, Aug. 23, '61; killed at Shiloh.



- CADWALLADER, MAURICE A. Enlisted at Prairie City, Oct. 25, '61; promoted corporal; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- †CLAY, JOSEPH. Enlisted at La Salle, July 23, '61; captain at organization; dismissed for cowardice Sept. 16, '62, by G. O. War. Dept. 243.
- COGSWELL, LESTER S. Enlisted at Toulon, Oct. 23, '61; promoted corporal; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- DAVIS, C. C. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 7, '61; promoted corporal, wounded in left leg at Shiloh, and discharged for wound April 13, '63.
- DRAKE, DAVID N. Enlisted at Bushnell, Nov. 8, '61; discharged Dec. 31, '64.
- EARLY, WILLIAM L. Enlisted in McDonough county, Oct. 9, '61; captured at Shiloh, and exchanged; discharged Aug. 1, '63, to accept commission as second-lieutenant in 12th Louisiana Colored.
- \*ECKLEY, GEORGE W. Enlisted at Toulon, Oct. 23, '61; died of fever at Camp Sherman, Miss., Aug. 8, '63.
- ECKLEY, JAMES A. Enlisted at Toulon, Oct. 23, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. Died March 10, 1869.
- \*ECKLEY, WILLIAM J. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 25, '61; corporal at organization; veteran; promoted sergeant; wounded at Atlanta, Aug. 3, '64, and died of wound, at Marietta, Aug. 15, '64.
- EMERY, JASON R. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 4, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- ERVINE, ELIJAH P. Enlisted in McDonough county, Oct. 8, '61; promoted corporal; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- FAIRFIELD, AUGUSTUS. Enlisted at La Salle, Nov. 1, '61; promoted corporal; sergeant; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- \*FITSIMMONS, THOMAS. Enlisted in Warren county, Oct. 18, '61; left sick in hospital at Memphis, Nov. '62, and supposed to have died there.
- GARRIGAN, PETER. Enlisted at Young America, Oct. 18, '61; wounded at Vicksburg slightly by shell, July 2, '63; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- GAY, JAMES W. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 5, '61; promoted corporal; sergeant in color-guard; wounded in left shoulder at Vicksburg, May 19, '63; veteran; wounded in assault on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; captured at Atlanta, July 22, '64; exchanged from Andersonville; mustered out with regiment.
- \*GILLESPIE, JAMES T. Enlisted from Fulton county, Sept. 25, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- GIVEREL, MICHAEL. Enlisted at Lake, Oct. 16, '61; captured at Shiloh; returned, and enlisted in 127th Ill. Inf'ty.
- HAWK, GEORGE B. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 14, '61; wounded at Shiloh; promoted corporal; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- HAZELL, HARRY A. Enlisted at La Salle, Sept. 25, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- HENSLEY, SAMUEL H. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 4, '61; deserted Dec. 20, '62.
- \*HERRING, CHARLES W. Enlisted in Warren county, Nov. 1, '61; died at Memphis, Oct. 3, '62.
- HINER, JOSEPH C. Enlisted at Toulon, Oct. 23, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- HOGUE, JAMES B. Enlisted in McDonough county, Oct. 14, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- HOGUE, WILLIAM P. Enlisted in McDonough county, Oct. 14, '61; discharged for disability, at Quincy, Ill., Sept. 4, '62.
- HOWE, WILLIAM H. Enlisted at Waukegan, June 5, '61, in 15th Ill. Inf'ty; transferred to G, and promoted principal musician Jan. 1, '62. *See Field and Staff.*
- \*HUMPHREY, MICHAEL. Enlisted at La Salle, Oct. 26, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; killed near Atlanta Aug. 3, '64.



- JACKSON, GEORGE W. Enlisted at Bushnell, Sept. 25, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- \*KENNEDY, JAMES. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 6, '61; died at St. Louis, June 1, '62.
- \*KENNEDY, WILLIAM J. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 6, '61; wounded in arm at Vicksburg, May 22, '63, and died of fever and wounds at Memphis, June 22, '63.
- \*KEMBLE, HENRY W. Recruit; enlisted at Memphis, Oct., '62; died at Memphis, May 8, '63.
- LATHROP, WILLIAM C. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 3, '61; sergeant at organization; mustered out Oct. 31, '64, as private.
- LAXON, LEANDER. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 23, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- LOUCKS, DELOS. Enlisted in McDonough county, Oct. 4, '61; deserted Dec. 20, '62.
- \*LOVELACE, JOHN W. Enlisted in McDonough county, Oct. 18, '61; died at Louisville, Ky., May 10, '62.
- \*LYON, MICHAEL. Enlisted in Cook county, Oct. 11, '61; died at Memphis, Nov. 4, '63.
- \*MARCH, JOHN. Enlisted in Henry county, Oct. 4, '61; left sick at Memphis, Nov., '62, and supposed to have died Mar., '63.
- MCKAIG, RICHARD E. Enlisted in McDonough county, Oct. 18, '61; deserted at LaFayette, Tenn., June 26, '62.
- MCQUEEN, HOSIAH P. Enlisted at Bushnell, Sept. 14, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- MELLON, JOHN. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 6, '61; veteran; wounded in assault of Little Kenesaw, June 27, '64; leg amputated and discharged March 1, '65.
- \*MILLER, SOLOMON L. Enlisted at Young America, Oct. 18, '61; died at Memphis, July 29, '62.
- MILLS, DAVID M. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 25, '61; discharged for disability, '62.
- MIX, CHARLES. Enlisted at Waukegan, Oct. 5, '61; discharged for disability at Paducah, Ky., June 10, '62.
- MIX, EDWARD. Enlisted at Waukegan, Oct. 5, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and discharged on account of wound.
- \*MOREHEAD, JOSEPH. Enlisted at La Salle, Oct. 23, '61; veteran; killed at Bentonville, N. C., March 21, '65.
- \*MOREHEAD, WILLIAM H. Enlisted at La Salle, Oct. 23, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- MOULIN, HARVEY C. Recruit; enlisted at Bushnell, Nov. 7, '63; mustered out with regiment.
- MURRAY, ANDREW. Enlisted in Warren county, Oct. 23, '61; veteran; wounded in assault on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- \*MURPHY, JAMES B. Enlisted at Prairie City, Sept. 24, '61; corporal at organization; killed at Vicksburg, June 25, '63.
- MYERS, JOHN H. Enlisted at Prairie City, Sept. 25, '61; veteran; promoted corporal; mustered out with regiment.
- \*NEWELL, CYRUS W. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 14, '61; corporal at organization; wounded at Shiloh; died of disease on hospital boat, May 10, '62.
- OGLESBY, JOSEPH. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 12, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*PATTERSON, CHARLES H. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 23, '61; sergeant at organization; died at St. Louis, Oct. 19, '63.
- PETERSON, ARMOUR. Enlisted in Warren county, Oct. 4, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.



- PETERSON, WILLARD C. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 25, '61; promoted corporal; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*POTTINGER, SAMUEL W. Transferred from F Nov. 21, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. Died soon after at Chattanooga in hospital.
- PUNTNEY, JOHN. Enlisted at Young America, Oct. 18, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- †ROBERTS, PETER. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 20, '61; first-sergeant at organization; promoted second-lieutenant, to date from Sept. 17, '62; captain, to date from May 19, '65; wounded severely at Jackson, July 11, '63; mustered out with regiment.
- SCOTT, THOMAS R. Enlisted at Canton, Sept. 25, '61; sergeant at organization; veteran; discharged for disability June 14, '65.
- \*SEXTON, JOHN. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 4, '61; died at Camp Sherman, Miss., Aug. 31, '63.
- \*SHANNON, IRVING. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 12, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound June 10, '62. Re-enlisted in 85th Ill. Inf'y., Aug. '62, and mortally wounded at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
- SMITH, FRANKLIN. Recruit; enlisted at Wilmington, Feb. 2, '64; wounded in assault upon Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64, and discharged for wound June 25, '65.
- †SMITH, FRED W. Enlisted at La Salle, Sept. 12, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant; veteran; promoted first-sergeant; commissioned first-lieutenant, to date May 19, '65; discharged for disability, as sergeant, April 25, '65.
- SMITH, JOHN N. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 6, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- SMITH, WEBSTER N. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 7, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- SONGSTER, CALVIN A. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 14, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant; veteran; wounded at Jonesboro', Sept. 1, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- SWARTZLANDER, CARL. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 23, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound Jan. 28, '63.
- TERRY, WILLIAM. Enlisted in Douglas county, Aug. 28, '61; discharged for disability, '62.
- TURNER, JAMES. Enlisted at Peoria, Sept. 14, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- VANBUSHKIRK, ALONZO. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 23, '61; corporal at organization; veteran; discharged for disability at Louisville, Ky., June 25, '65.
- WATREN, AARON E. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 3, '61; discharged Feb. 21, '64, at Scottsboro', Ala.; re-enlisted in 1st Ill. Art., Co. 1, Feb. 22, '64, and mustered out July 26, '65.
- \*WASHBURN, ALBERT A. Enlisted at Waukegan, Oct. 21, '61; died on board steamboat D. A. January, Jan. 15, '62.
- \*WEAVER, HARRY H. Enlisted in Fulton county, Sept. 25, '61; sergeant at organization; died at St. Louis April 8, '63, of disease caused by exposure at Arkansas Post.
- WEST, CHARLES L. Enlisted at La Salle, Sept. 12, '61; veteran; wounded in assault upon Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- WHEELER, JOSEPH. Enlisted at Canton, Aug. 10, '61; corporal at organization; veteran; discharged, to date June 30, '65, according to act of Congress, approved July 5, 1884.
- †WHITEFEE, ALBERT A. Enlisted at La Salle, July 29, '61; second-lieutenant at organization; promoted first-lieutenant, to date from Sept. 17, '62; wounded in head at Ezra Church July 28, '64; resigned Sept. 16, '64. Died at Denver, Col., March 22, 1885.
- WILLIAMS, ANDREW. Enlisted at Bushnell, Oct. 18, '61; wounded in face



- at Vicksburg, May 19, '63; veteran; discharged for disability Aug. 2, '64.
- WILLIAMS, CLARENCE A. Enlisted at Morris, Sept. 14, '61; drummer; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- WILSON, WILLIAM. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 14, '61; veteran; wounded in assault on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- WITTER, GEORGE E. Enlisted at Toulon, Oct. 23, '61; veteran; promoted corporal; mustered out with regiment.
- WOOD, CHARLES B. Enlisted at La Salle, Aug. 23, '61; veteran; discharged, to date July, '65, according to act of Congress of July 5, 1884.

## COMPANY H.

This company was made up chiefly of young men from Carroll and Ogle counties, and was recruited by two Methodist ministers, Rev. William A. Presson and Rev. L. P. Crouch, at Polo, where it was duly organized and made choice of officers Oct. 29, 1861. It started for Chicago the same day. Its officers elect were: Timothy B. Burrows, captain; James Matthews, first-lieutenant; Henry Norton, second-lieutenant.

Shortly after arrival at Camp Douglas, the enlisted men discovered that Colonel Stuart had no intention of respecting their desires as expressed at the Polo election. He succeeded in persuading Captain Burrows to accept the position of second-lieutenant, and placed two strangers in the higher offices; James J. Heffernan as captain, and James Weldon as first-lieutenant. This arbitrary proceeding was at first resented by most of those concerned as a great grievance, but no obvious remedy was at hand, and their patriotic fervor kept the men patient. The new officers by their tact and ability soon won favor, and the episode left few rankling memories. Upon the promotion of Captain Heffernan to major early in 1863, Adjutant H. S. Nourse succeeded to the command of the company. Lieutenant Burrows died at Paducah, and Lieutenant Weldon was mortally wounded at Shiloh. Horace T. Healey was promoted, and Francis A Scott transferred from I to fill the vacancies thus created.

At the muster-in of the regiment, this company was numerically the smallest in the 55th, having but seventy-five in its ranks. Thirteen were added before the close of November, but it received only two recruits thereafter. Its material was of the best, and its loss by battle casualty above the average of the regiment, being fifty-three per cent. of its total number. It participated in all the marches and battles of the 55th, and was but once detached for special duty. For a brief time at Milliken's Bend, La., it was employed in guarding the Medical Purveyor's department on the steamboat Post Boy.

Of the rank and file of Company H,—ninety men all told—eight were killed in battle and thirty-eight wounded. Eight of the latter died of their injuries. Ten were discharged and two transferred to the V. R. C., because of wounds. Ten died of disease, ten were discharged for disability, and ten were reported deserters. Only three were captured by the



enemy—all of whom were wounded, and two of them died in captivity. All casualties are properly credited in the following roster, save that twenty-five names only of the twenty-seven wounded at Shiloh, have been ascertained.

- †AAGESEN, NICHOLAS S. Transferred from D as second-lieutenant, to date from March 1, '62; severely wounded in arm at Shiloh; promoted first-lieutenant, to date from July 1, '62; transferred by promotion to D. *See D.*
- ADAMS, THOMAS. Enlisted at Morris, Aug. 7, '61; promoted sergeant; wounded slightly at Shiloh; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- ALLEN, HENRY. Enlisted at Waukegan, Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability Aug. 28, '62.
- \*ALLISON, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 22, '61; wounded in leg at Shiloh; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. Died in 1864.
- BAIR, GEORGE N. D. Enlisted at Adeline, Oct. 29, '61; wounded in head at Shiloh, and discharged for wound.
- BARNES, OSCAR. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 22, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- BEERS, PARNELL M. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 29, '61; wounded in leg at Shiloh; discharged at expiration of term of service.
- \*BEERS, CHARLES T. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 29, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant Oct. 10, '62; ordnance sergeant; veteran; wounded in head at Jonesboro', Aug. 31, '64, and died of wound, at Marietta, Ga., Sept. 21, '64.
- BELCHER, ALBERT. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 22, '61; before enlisted in the 15th Ill. Inf'y.; returned to his regiment Jan. 5, '62.
- BIGBEE, COLUMBUS C. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 22, '61; veteran; promoted sergeant; in color-guard; mustered out with regiment.
- BOYDSTON, ULYSSES A. Enlisted Nov. 5, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- BRICK, ANDREW J. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 25, '61; sergeant at organization; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- BROWN, HERMAN. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 20, '61; orderly to Col. Stuart; discharged April 1, '63, because a minor.
- BROWN, JOHN. Enlisted at Buffalo Grove, Oct. 22, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*BURNETT, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh, arm amputated, and died June 3, '62.
- †BURROWS, TIMOTHY B. Enlisted at Adeline, Oct. 10, '61; elected captain; second-lieutenant at organization; died at Paducah, Ky., of fever, Feb. 14, '62.
- CHRISINGER, JOHN W. Enlisted at Burlington, Nov. 6, '61; wounded severely and taken prisoner at Shiloh; discharged for disability May 15, '63. *Reported deserter in Adj't. Gen. Report, by error.*
- CLEMENTS, JAMES. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 28, '61; discharged for disability July 16, '62.
- \*CROUCH, STEPHEN D. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 19, '61; sergeant at organization; killed at Shiloh.
- DEETS, LEWIS. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 31, '61; deserted June 25, '65.
- \*DE WOLF, JAMES. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 25, '61; sergeant at organization; killed at Shiloh.
- DODD, ELIAS B. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 22, '61; deserted May 29, '62, at Corinth.
- DOWNER, JOHN. Enlisted at Industry, Nov. 6, '61; promoted corporal; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- ELY, JOSEPH H. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability March 7, '62.
- \*FENNER, ROSELLE. Enlisted at Morris, Oct. 22, '61; died Sept. 22, '62.



- FESSLER, HENRY. Enlisted at Adeline, Oct. 29, '61; wounded in face at Shiloh; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- FORD, WILLIAM. Enlisted at Industry, Nov. 21, '61; wounded in face at Shiloh; discharged for wound, date not known.
- FRAZER, JOHN D. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 29, '61; promoted corporal; lost right arm by wound in the assault of Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- FRYER, DERRICK F. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 25, '61; corporal at organization; wounded in chin at Shiloh; promoted sergeant; veteran; wounded near Atlanta, Aug. 12, '64; promoted first-sergeant; mustered out with regiment.
- FULTON, CHARLES E. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability Aug. 27, '62.
- \*GAYLORD, LESLIE E. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 25, '61; died Aug. 2, '63, near Vicksburg.
- GEISSEL, ALBERT. Enlisted at Jefferson City, Mo., Oct. 27, '61; wounded in leg and arm at Shiloh, and never returned to duty; reported deserter Dec. 20, '62.
- \*HARRINGTON, FRANCIS. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 25, '61; wounded in leg at Shiloh, and died June 8, '62, of wound.
- \*HARSH, JONAS. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Nov. 1, '61; wounded in breast at Shiloh, and died May 9, '62, of wound.
- \*HEALLY, CYRUS M. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 25, '61; promoted corporal; wounded in leg and breast and taken prisoner at Shiloh; died at Macon, Ga., Aug. 13, '62.
- †HEALEY, HORACE T. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 29, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant and first-sergeant; first-lieutenant, to date from Dec. 20, '62; wounded in shoulder at Vicksburg, May 22, '63; acting quartermaster from Jan. '64 to end of service; mustered out Jan. 28, '65.
- †HEFFERNAN, JAMES J. Captain at organization; promoted major, to date from Dec. 10, '62. *See Field and Staff.*
- \*HENSEY, JOHN. Enlisted at Adeline, Oct. 29, '61; wounded Aug. 31, '64, at Jonesboro, Ga.; died of wounds Sept. 6, '64, at Marietta, Ga.
- HICKLEY, DANIEL. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 28, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- HOWELL, OTTO M. Enlisted from Wheeling, W. Va., Nov. 4, '61; discharged for disability May 20, '62.
- HUSGEN, JOSEPH. Enlisted at Jefferson City, Mo., Oct. 22, '61; veteran; promoted corporal; mustered out with regiment.
- INGRAM, CHARLES. Enlisted at Batavia, Nov. 21, '61; transferred to V. R. C., May 1, '64.
- \*JAGERS, ANTON. Enlisted at Jefferson City, Mo., Oct. 19, '61; died at Vicksburg, Aug. 23, '63.
- \*JOHNSTONE, JOHN. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 22, '61; died May 22, '62.
- KELLOGG, PETER. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 29, '61; corporal at organization; deserted Dec. 20, '62.
- \*KENNEDY, JOHN. Enlisted at Industry, Nov. 28, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- LEE, MARSHALL. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 25, '61; corporal at organization; mustered out with regiment.
- LEIFER, WILLIAM H. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 29, '61; discharged for disability March 12, '62.
- LIVERMORE, WILLIAM H. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 29, '61; veteran; wounded at Ezra Church, July 28, '64, losing a leg; discharged for wounds Feb. 5, '65.
- LYNCH, JEREMIAH. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 20, '61; wounded in head at Shiloh, and at Vicksburg lost a hand; discharged for wounds Oct. 21, '63.
- MCCREEDY, JAMES. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 29, '61; first-sergeant



- at organization; slightly wounded at Shiloh in breast; transferred to V. R. C., May 1, '61.
- MERRICK, JOHN D. Enlisted at Industry, Nov. 5, '61; promoted corporal; wounded at Shiloh; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- MILLEP, EDWARD. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 25, '61; deserted May 20, '62.
- NASH, SAMUEL. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 20, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- NIKIRE, FRANCIS M. Enlisted at Adeline, Oct. 29, '61; veteran; promoted sergeant; slightly wounded July 22, '64, at Atlanta; mustered out with regiment.
- †NOURSE, HENRY S. Captain, to date from Dec. 19, '62, promoted from adjutant; appointed commissary of musters 17th A. C., Oct. 24, '64; mustered out on expiration of service, March 29, '65. *See Field and Staff.*
- \*O'MEALLY, PATRICK F. Enlisted at Chicago, Oct. 22, '61; corporal at organization; died at Memphis, Tenn., in 1862.
- OSTERHAUT, MATTHEW. Enlisted at Buffalo Grove, Oct. 21, '61; sergeant at organization; mustered out Oct. 31, '64, as private. Died since war.
- OWEN, CHARLES. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 29, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- PALMETIER, JESSE. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 29, '61; wounded in leg at Shiloh, and discharged Aug. 9, '63, for wounds.
- PAY, EPHRAIM. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 29, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*PHILO, EDWARD. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 29, '61; veteran; died July 29, '64, of wounds received July 28, '64, at Ezra Church.
- \*POTTER, HENRY. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 29, '61; died at Pittsburg Landing, March 28, '62.
- \*PULVER, ANDREW. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 29, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- RANDOLPH, WILLIAM F. Enlisted at Industry, Nov. 6, '61; wounded at Jonesboro', Sept. 1, '64; mustered out June 14, '65.
- REED, MONTGOMERY. Enlisted at Adeline, Oct. 29, '61; detailed as teamster; mustered out Oct. 31, '64. Died since the war.
- REED, REUBEN P. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 19, '61; corporal at organization; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64, as veteran recruit; mustered out as sergeant with regiment.
- RICHARDS, NELSON. Enlisted at Adeline, Oct. 29, '61; deserted Dec. 20, '62.
- †RICHARDSON, ARTEMUS C. Enlisted at Adeline, Oct. 19, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant and first-sergeant; wounded in leg at Shiloh; veteran; promoted first-lieutenant, to date from May 10, '65.
- ROBINSON, SETH C. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 29, '61; deserted Dec. 20, '62.
- RUTHERFORD, DAVID. Recruit; enlisted at Chicago, Jan. 18, '64; reported deserter April, '65.
- †SCOTT, FRANCIS A. Transferred from I as second-lieutenant, to date from July 1, '62; promoted captain, to date from May 19, '65; mustered out with regiment. *See I.* Killed on railroad near Baltimore, Md., Aug. 17, 1887.
- SCOTT, JAMES. Enlisted at Polo, Oct. 29, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- SHERMAN, SYLVESTER M. Enlisted at Morris, Aug. 27, '61; drummer; veteran; wounded in neck at Jonesboro', Aug. 31, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- SMITH, DAVID B. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 29, '61; wounded in shoulder at Shiloh, and discharged for wound Dec. 1, '62.
- SMITH, J. AUGUST. Enlisted at Adeline, Oct. 29, '61; promoted sergeant Oct. 19, '62; sergeant-major. *See Field and Staff.*
- \*SMITH, JOHN. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh in leg; missing July 22, '64, at Atlanta--undoubtedly mortally wounded and captured.



- SOWLES, JOSEPH M. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 22, '61; promoted sergeant; veteran; wounded July 28, '64, at Ezra Church, in foot; discharged June 25, '65, for wound.
- SPENCER, GEORGE. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 20, '61; deserted May 20, '62.
- STEWART, CHARLES. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 22, '61; deserted Nov. 17, '62.
- STEWART, SAMUEL. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 1, '63.
- \*STEWART, WILLIAM A. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh, leg amputated, and died June 16, '62.
- SWEENEY, JOHN. Enlisted at Chicago, Sept. 20, '61; discharged for disability March 31, '62.
- TAYLOR, BYRON F. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 22, '61; fifer; acted as principal musician for some time; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- TEACHOUT, CYRUS. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 29, '61; wounded in face at Shiloh, and discharged for wound July 11, '62. Died since war.
- TEITGE, WILLIAM C. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 29, '61; wounded at Vicksburg, May 19, '64; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*TERRELL, JOHN A. Enlisted at Byron, Oct. 29, '61; died at Camp Douglas, Chicago.
- \*TROUT, LEWIS. Enlisted at Galesburg, Nov. 8, '61; died March 30, '62.
- \*WAGONER, ALBERT. Enlisted at Chicago, Oct. 22, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- \*WELDON, JAMES. Transferred from I; promoted first-lieutenant at organization; died April 19, '62, of wound in leg, received at Shiloh. *See I.*
- \*WETHERAL, RICHARD W. Enlisted at Chicago, Nov. 28, '61; died at St. Louis, Mo.
- \*WILCOX, GEORGE W. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 22, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- WILCOX, LAFAYETTE. Enlisted at Milledgeville, Oct. 22, '61; wounded in hand at Shiloh, and never rejoined company.

Recruits from 110th Ill. Inf'ty, assigned to H in 1865, to finish their terms of enlistment. James M. Betzer, Joseph A. Blythe, Thomas Bonser, William Clay, Alex R. Davis, Aquila Gromley, Giles W. Gromley, Stephen B. Johnson, Peter Lux, James McKee, Joseph McKee, Joseph Miller, Josiah Minich, Joseph E. Moffett, James Peck, Jerome Peck, John W. Slavens, Robert Wagoner.

#### COMPANY I.

Two embryo organizations then in Camp Douglas—one from La Salle, the other from Grundy county—were consolidated to form this company. At the muster-in of the Fifty-fifth, some of the surplus men were transferred to D and H, and with them went acting First-Lieutenant Shaw and Sergeant James Weldon, to serve as officers of those companies. At later periods of the war Lucien B. Crooker and Francis A. Scott were transferred for promotion to other companies. Richard Taylor became an officer in the First Mississippi Cavalry. During the war I had four captains, five first-lieutenants, three second-lieutenants, and five orderly-sergeants. One of its captains, Charles A. Andress, became the last commander of the regiment, as lieutenant-colonel.

A pronounced peculiarity of the company was the considerable proportion of Germans in it, most of whom were notably good soldiers. It



was also conspicuous in the regiment for the musical talent and propensities of its men. The most noteworthy experience of I, separate from the regimental line, was in the battle at Russell's House, May 17, 1862, where five men were wounded out of about thirty engaged. At the outset it had in its ranks twelve pairs of brothers, four of whom were killed, two mortally wounded and nine otherwise wounded--some of them twice, and one four times.

There were probably about seventy men of the company who actually faced the risk of battle. Fourteen were shot dead, six of these being slain by artillery missiles. Forty-two were wounded, six of the injuries being fatal. Only four died of disease, and but ten recruits were received. Nine were discharged for wounds, fifteen for other disability, and two were transferred to the V. R. C.

It does not seem necessary to enter upon any eulogy of Company I. It of right claims one-tenth of the credit won by the regiment. The military record of its men will be found in the following roster, as complete as should be expected at this late day, and since all that is known appears following each name, further comment here is unnecessary. But little can be learned about those comrades who survived the war, and as to the most of them it is not ascertained whether they are alive or dead.

†ANDREWS, CHARLES A. Second-sergeant at organization; promoted second-lieutenant to date from March 5, '62; captain, to date from April 5, '63; veteran; promoted lieutenant-colonel, to date from June 12, '65; mustered out with regiment. Died in 1876. *See Field and Staff.*

†ANDRESS, DORSEY C. Corporal at organization; promoted sergeant March 1, '62; orderly-sergeant, Dec. 29, '62; commissary-sergeant, March 12, '64; veteran; promoted first-lieutenant, to rank from June 12, '65; mustered out with regiment. *See Field and Staff.*

ANDREWS, GEORGE A. Enlisted Aug. 2, '61; wounded by musket-ball in right foot before Atlanta, Aug. 26, '64; veteran; mustered out with regiment.

ARMSTRONG, JOHN. Corporal at organization; promoted sergeant; captured at Shiloh; discharged for disability after exchange.

ADAMS, THOMAS. Corporal at organization; transferred to H. Nov. 1, '61. ALLEN, WILLIAM P. Enlisted Oct. 22, '61; fifer; discharged Jan. '62, for disability.

\*BAIRD, WILLIAM W. Enlisted Oct. 7, '61; killed by musket-shot through head, at Shiloh.

BAKER, JOHN F. Enlisted Oct. 5, '61; term extended for desertion; discharged March 29, '65.

BATTLE, EDWARD. Enlisted Oct. 25, '61; soon transferred to his former regiment, Mulligan's Brigade.

BERGSTRESSER, SAMUEL B. Enlisted Oct. 2, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.

BERLIN, JOHN. Enlisted Sept. 27, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment. Killed by railroad accident in 1885.

BLAHS, GEORGE. Enlisted Aug. 27, '62; wounded by musket-shot in face at Shiloh; veteran; mustered out with regiment.

BOGART, ABRAHAM. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; corporal at organization; discharged by furnishing substitute.

BOGART, EDWARD D. Enlisted Nov. 1, '61; wounded in elbow joint by



- musket-ball at Russell's House, May 17, '62; discharged therefor Oct. 4, '62.
- \*BOGART, CHARLES D. Enlisted Aug. 27, '62; died at St. Louis, May 12, '62.
- BOOKHALT, GEORGE W. Enlisted Oct. 25, '61; wounded at Russell's House by musket-ball in arm, May 17, '62; veteran; captured before Atlanta, July 22, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- BOYD, MICHAEL. Recruit; enlisted Oct. 1, '64; deserted at once.
- BROOKS, BRANSON. Enlisted Sept. 28, '61; deserted Nov. 26, '62.
- BROWN, AMEROSE. Enlisted Oct. 4, '61; detailed to assist surgeon; discharged for disability Aug. 25, '62.
- \*CARPENTER, JESSE A. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61; killed by musket-shot through head at Shiloh.
- CLARK, JOHN T. Enlisted Oct. 20, '61; for a time corporal and sergeant; wounded by musket-shot in arm at Russell's House, May 17, '62; wounded in leg by cannon-shot at Arkansas Post, Jan. 10, '63; veteran; mustered out as corporal with regiment.
- COLLAR, EPHRAIM. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61; deserted June 26, '62.
- CONSTANTINE, WILLIAM. Enlisted Oct. 22, '61; veteran; promoted corporal and sergeant; captured on march in '65; mustered out with regiment.
- \*COOK, ELI L. Enlisted Aug. 28, '61; corporal at organization; mortally wounded by musket-shot through hip at Shiloh.
- \*CROCKER, GEORGE W. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61; veteran; mortally wounded by loss of arm at Jonesboro, Aug. 31, '64.
- CROCKER, JOSEPH W. Enlisted Oct. 2, '61; deserted while on sick furlough.
- CROOKER, CHARLES A. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61; discharged for disability July 15, '62.
- †CROOKER, LUCIEN B. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61; orderly-sergeant at organization; promoted first-lieutenant March 5, '62; received three wounds at Shiloh; transferred for promotion. *See F.*
- †CROOKER, JABEZ C. Captain at organization; resigned at Paducah in Feb., '62.
- DHELO, CHARLES. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61, wounded in shoulder by cannon-shot at Vicksburg, May 22, '63; discharged therefor Nov. 12, '63.
- DENMAN, FRANCIS M. Enlisted Oct. 5, '61; veteran; promoted corporal and sergeant; wounded in left leg by musket-ball at Atlanta, July 22, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- DOWLING, NORTON H. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61; wounded by musket-shot in leg at Russell's House, May 17, '62; discharged therefor Jan. 28, '63.
- †EBERSOLD, FREDERICK. Enlisted Sept. 22, '61; sergeant at organization; promoted orderly-sergeant April 7, '62; wounded in breast at Shiloh; promoted second-lieutenant, to date from Dec. 29, '62; first-lieutenant, to date from April 5, '63; veteran; promoted captain, to date from Jan. 12, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- EBERSOLD, PETER. Enlisted Sept. 22, '61; wounded by musket-shot at Vicksburg, May 22, '63; veteran; wounded and captured near Bentonville, N. C., March 19, '65.
- EDWARDS, JOSEPH W. Enlisted Sept. 13, '61, as drummer; wounded in shoulder by musket-shot, May 19, '63, at Vicksburg; wounded in right leg by musket-shot at Kenesaw, June 27, '64; discharged for wounds.
- FAIRCHILD, HIRAM. Enlisted Aug. 7, '61; deserted April 10, '62.
- \*FISKE, CHARLES R. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; promoted corporal; killed by cannon-shot at Shiloh.
- FRARY, GEORGE. Enlisted Aug. 7, '61; deserted Nov. 14, '61.
- GARRISON, JOHN H. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61; sergeant at organization; reduced to ranks; discharged for disability.



- GARVIS, DAVID. Enlisted Oct. 7, '61; wounded in arm by musket-shot at Shiloh; discharged therefor Jan. 28, '63.
- GERING, CHRISTIAN. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; bugler; discharged at St. Louis, Aug. 21, '62, for disability.
- \*GRANTZERT, JOHN P. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; promoted corporal; killed by cannon-shot at Shiloh.
- GROSSHARDT, WILLIAM. Enlisted Sept. 8, '61; discharged for disability Sept. 15, '62.
- HARRIS, HEMAN F. Enlisted Oct. 2, '61; veteran; wounded in right leg by musket-shot at Atlanta, July 22, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- HECK, PHILIP. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; captured at Shiloh; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- \*HENLINE, ADAM. Enlisted Oct. 22, '61; killed by musket-shot through head at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
- HILL, HAMILTON. Enlisted Sept. 22, '61; discharged for disability soon.
- HOFF, HENRY. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61; promoted corporal, and reduced at his own request; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- HOLDEN, DENNIS. Enlisted Oct. 12, '61; died at Nashville, April 3, '64.
- HORSELY, GEORGE W. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; mortally wounded by musket-shot in shoulder at Shiloh.
- HOTTINGER, ALBERT. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; wounded in head by musket-shot at Shiloh; never returned to regiment.
- \*HUGHES, THOMAS. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; promoted sergeant March 1, '63; killed by cannon-shot at Shiloh.
- HUGHES, ANTHONY. Enlisted Aug. 7, '61; veteran; wounded in right arm by musket-shot at Jonesboro; Sept. 1, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- INGERSOL, BEN F. Enlisted Oct. 9, '61; promoted corporal; veteran; promoted sergeant; mustered out with regiment.
- \*KAPPET, SEBASTIAN. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; wounded at Shiloh by musket-shot; died at Chattanooga, Nov. 3, '64.
- KEOLINE, JOSEPH. Recruit; enlisted Feb. 24, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- KEOPPER, HENRY. Enlisted Oct. 1, '61; wounded in leg by musket-shot at Shiloh; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- \*KIMBERK, FRANK L. Enlisted Aug. 7, '61; wounded in arm by musket-shot at Jackson, Miss., July 10, '63; promoted corporal; killed by musket shot at Atlanta, July 25, '64.
- KIMBERK, GEORGE L. Enlisted Aug. 7, '61; wounded by musket-shot at Shiloh; veteran; deserted Oct. 10, '63.
- KLEINGENMAIR, MICHAEL. Recruit; enlisted Dec. 15, '63; mustered out with regiment.
- KRUGER, JOHN. Recruit; enlisted Jan. 1, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- KUTZ, WILLIAM. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; fifer; promoted principal musician; veteran; mustered out with regiment. *See Field and Staff.*
- LAKRABEE, JAMES W. Enlisted Oct. 29, '61; wounded in arm by musket-shot at Shiloh; promoted corporal; wounded in neck by musket-shot while with forlorn hope at Vicksburg, May 22, '63; promoted sergeant; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- LAYERS, PETER. Recruit; enlisted Jan. 15, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- LIEHER, LOUIS. Enlisted Oct. 15, '61; deserted on sick leave Dec. 20, '62.
- LITTLEFIELD, ALEXANDER. Enlisted Aug. 16, '61; wounded in face by musket-shot at Vicksburg, May 22, '63; veteran; promoted corporal; mustered out with regiment.
- \*ULL, CHARLES E. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61; promoted corporal; mortally wounded by musket-shot through arm at Shiloh.
- LUMAS, LUMOT. Recruit; enlisted Dec. 7, '63; transferred to V. R. C.
- LYNN, WILLIAM A. Enlisted Sept. 8, '61; wounded by musket-shot in leg



- at Shiloh; promoted sergeant; reduced to ranks; veteran; deserted June 25, '65.
- MALCOME, STEPHEN R. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; promoted corporal; promoted sergeant; wounded in right arm by musket-shot at Kenesaw, June 27, '64; captured at Atlanta, July 22, '64; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- MATLOCK, JOHN W. Enlisted Oct. 15, '61; veteran; wounded in right arm by musket-shot at Kenesaw, June 27, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- \*MARSHALL, DAVID. Enlisted Oct. 2, '61; veteran; killed by musket-shot through head at Kenesaw, June 27, '64.
- \*MAYS, ROBERT. Enlisted Oct. 19, '61; mortally wounded by musket-shot at Shiloh.
- MERRITT, JOHN E. Enlisted Oct. 2, '61; teamster; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- MITCHELL, ANDREW J. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61; promoted corporal; reduced to ranks; deserted Jan. 22, '63.
- MULLALY, BARNEY. Enlisted May 27, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- \*NAGLESCHMIDT, WILLIAM. Enlisted Sept. 22, '61; wounded by musket-shot at Shiloh; wounded by musket-shot at Arkansas Post, Jan. 11, '63; died at Memphis Oct. 21, '63.
- NEEDHAM, RICHARD. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; veteran; captured at Atlanta, July 22, '64; mustered out with regiment. Died since the war.
- \*O'NEAL, PATRICK. Enlisted Oct. 5, '61; killed by musket-shot through body at Shiloh.
- PACY, JOHN. Enlisted Oct. 11, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- PEART, CHARLES. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61; discharged for disability Feb. 20, '62.
- PEART, WILLIAM. Enlisted Sept. 22, '61; transferred to V. R. C., April 30, '64.
- PETERS, PETER. Enlisted Oct. 5, '61; captured at Shiloh; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- POUNDS, BEN F. Enlisted May 26, '61; drummed out of Camp Douglas for worthlessness.
- PRATT, JAMES O. Enlisted Oct. 4, '61; deserted Dec. 20, '62.
- RAY, CHARLES D. Enlisted Oct. 3, '61; veteran; captured at Atlanta, July 22, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- \*RAYDING, MICHAEL. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61; killed by cannon-shot near Kenesaw Mt., June 19, '63.
- REUDY, JOHN. Enlisted Sept. 26, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- ROCKWOOD, JOHN B. Enlisted Aug. 26, '62; corporal at organization; wounded by musket-shot in abdomen at Shiloh; discharged therefor.
- SCOTT, FRANCIS A. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant; transferred for promotion. *See H.*
- †SEELBACH, PHILIP. First-lieutenant at organization; resigned March 5, '62. Drowned while officer in another regiment.
- †SHAW, FRANCIS H. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61; lieutenant; transferred for promotion at organization. *See D and C.*
- SHERMAN, SYLVESTER. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; transferred to H at organization. *See H.*
- SHIELDS, JOHN. Enlisted Aug. 6, '61; wounded by musket-shot in leg at Vicksburg, May 22, '63; mustered out Nov. 3, '64.
- SIMPSON, ADAM. Enlisted Aug. 7, '61; promoted corporal, and reduced at his own request; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- SKINNER, JOHN. Enlisted Dec. 8, '61; discharged July 12, '62.
- SLATTERY, TIMOTHY. Enlisted Sept. 12, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- SLATTERY, PATRICK. Enlisted Aug. 7, '61; promoted corporal Oct. 31, '62; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.



- †SLATTERY, TIMOTHY. Second-lieutenant at organization; promoted captain, to rank from Feb. 18, '62; served on staff of General Stuart from Jan. 8, '63; resigned April 4, '63.
- \*SLATTERY, EDWARD. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; promoted orderly-sergeant March 1, '62; killed by cannon-shot at Shiloh, April 7, '62.
- SMITH, HENRY. Recruit; enlisted Dec. 19, '63; mustered out with regiment.
- SMITH, MARTIN. Enlisted Oct. 22, '61; promoted corporal, sergeant, and orderly-sergeant; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- STEVENS, ALONZO. Enlisted Dec. 8, '61; veteran; deserted June 25, '65.
- STOCKER, WILLIAM. Enlisted Dec. 8, '61; discharged for disability July 12, '62.
- \*STOCKER, CHARLES R. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; veteran; killed by musket-shot at Jonesboro', Aug. 31, '61.
- STRICKER, BENJAMIN. Recruit; enlisted March 22, '64; discharged Sept. 26, '64.
- \*TANSY, CHARLES R. Enlisted Oct. 2, '61; killed by musket-shot at Shiloh.
- TAYLOR, RICHARD. Enlisted Aug. 7, '61; discharged for promotion to first-lieutenant in First Miss. Colored Cavalry, Dec. 5, '63.
- TAYLOR, ANDREW. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; deserted Nov. 16, '61. Served in another regiment.
- ULLMAN, GEORGE. Enlisted Sept. 22, '61; wounded in shoulder by musket-shot at Russell's House, May 17, '62; discharged therefor Oct. 14, '62. Re-enlisted Jan. 29, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- WALTERS, GEORGE. Enlisted Oct. 14, '61; promoted corporal; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- WATKINS, JAMES R. Enlisted Sept. 16, '61; deserted Dec. 20, '62.
- WELDON, JAMES. Enlisted Aug. 11, '61; sergeant; transferred for promotion. *See H.*
- WELDON, JOHN. Enlisted Aug. 7, '61; regimental wagon-master; captured Dec. 20, '62; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- WILLIAMS, CURTIS. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; captured at Shiloh; discharged before return to regiment.
- WILMOT, JOSEPH. Enlisted Oct. 22, '61; deserted while on sick furlough in July, '62.
- WILSON, GEORGE W. Enlisted Sept. 27, '61; wounded by musket-shot at Shiloh; discharged therefor.
- \*WHITE, ARION D. Enlisted Aug. 26, '61; mortally wounded by cannon-shot at Shiloh.
- WHITMORE, SYLVESTER P. Enlisted Sept. 22, '61; promoted corporal Aug. 1, '62; promoted sergeant Dec. 29, '62; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- WOLKE, WILLIAM. Enlisted Aug. 27, '61; wounded by musket-shot in shoulder at Shiloh; discharged therefor Oct. 14, '62.
- \*WOOLNER, GILLIS. Recruit; enlisted Jan. 29, '63; killed by cannon-shot near Atlanta, Aug. 22, '64.
- YOUNG, JOHN. Recruit; enlisted Jan. 16, '64; mustered out with regiment.

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### COMPANY K.

Rev. Milton L. Haney recruited this company at Abingdon. The first man enlisted was Joseph Black, a merchant of Abingdon, on the 17th of October, 1861. He was followed by Rev. B. C. Swartz, an active and esteemed minister of the M. E. church. Their patriotic example was quickly copied by others of the best citizens of the country about, mostly



young men of vigorous frames and good capacity. By the 22d of the same month one hundred and two names had been enrolled. On that day the company was duly organized by the election of Joseph Black captain, B. C. Swartz first-lieutenant, and A. J. Gillett second-lieutenant. Two days later it marched into Camp Douglas, every man in his place.

In personnel this body of men, enrolled within five days, was the peer of any, and its after service brought honor to the county and regiment. A few of those enrolled were rejected at the muster-in, and there were added to the ranks while in Camp Douglas, J. T. McAuley, E. C. Lawrence, H. A. Smith, John Q. Averill. Six recruits were received early in 1865. The men so diligently improved their time in the camps of instruction, that when the time came for the company to enter the field it was as proficient in drill and discipline as those which had been under instruction much longer. The excellent morale of the company was largely due to Captain Black's efforts, he soon proving himself a fine executive officer, firm and impartial.

While the company was upon picket duty near Shelby Depot, Tenn., in the night of October 22, 1862, they were fired upon by guerillas, and Captain Black and Sergeant W. D. Lomax were slightly wounded. From November 26, 1862, until February 7, 1863, Captain Black alternated with two other senior captains in acting as major of the regiment. At the latter date he resigned, and on the 9th of March, H. H. Kendrick became captain. With the exception of First-Lieutenant Joseph Hartsook, promoted from sergeant-major September 26, 1863, all the officers of K were furnished from its own ranks.

Five of the volunteers for the storming party of twenty furnished by the 55th at Vicksburg, May 22, 1863, were from K; namely: R. M. Cox, Milton Bellwood killed, James Donahue killed, Robert A. Lower, and William Walker.

The actual members of the company mustered in during the war were 113. Of these the killed in battle numbered 8; wounded in action, 36; captured, 7. Of the wounded, 6 died and 4 were discharged. The discharged for disability numbered 26, and 5 were transferred to the V. R. C.; 11 died of disease and 2 deserted; 6 were transferred to other companies before entering the field.

**ANDERSON, JOHN.** Henderson; enlisted Oct. 17, '61; went home sick on leave. *No further record.*

\***ANDREWS, A. M.** Farmington; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; died at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., June 20, '63.

**AVERILL, JOHN.** Transferred from B, Nov. 8, '61; musician; veteran; promoted principal musician March 1, '64. *See B and Field and Staff.*

**BABBITT, HARRY.** Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 23, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant; discharged for disability Sept. 4, '62.

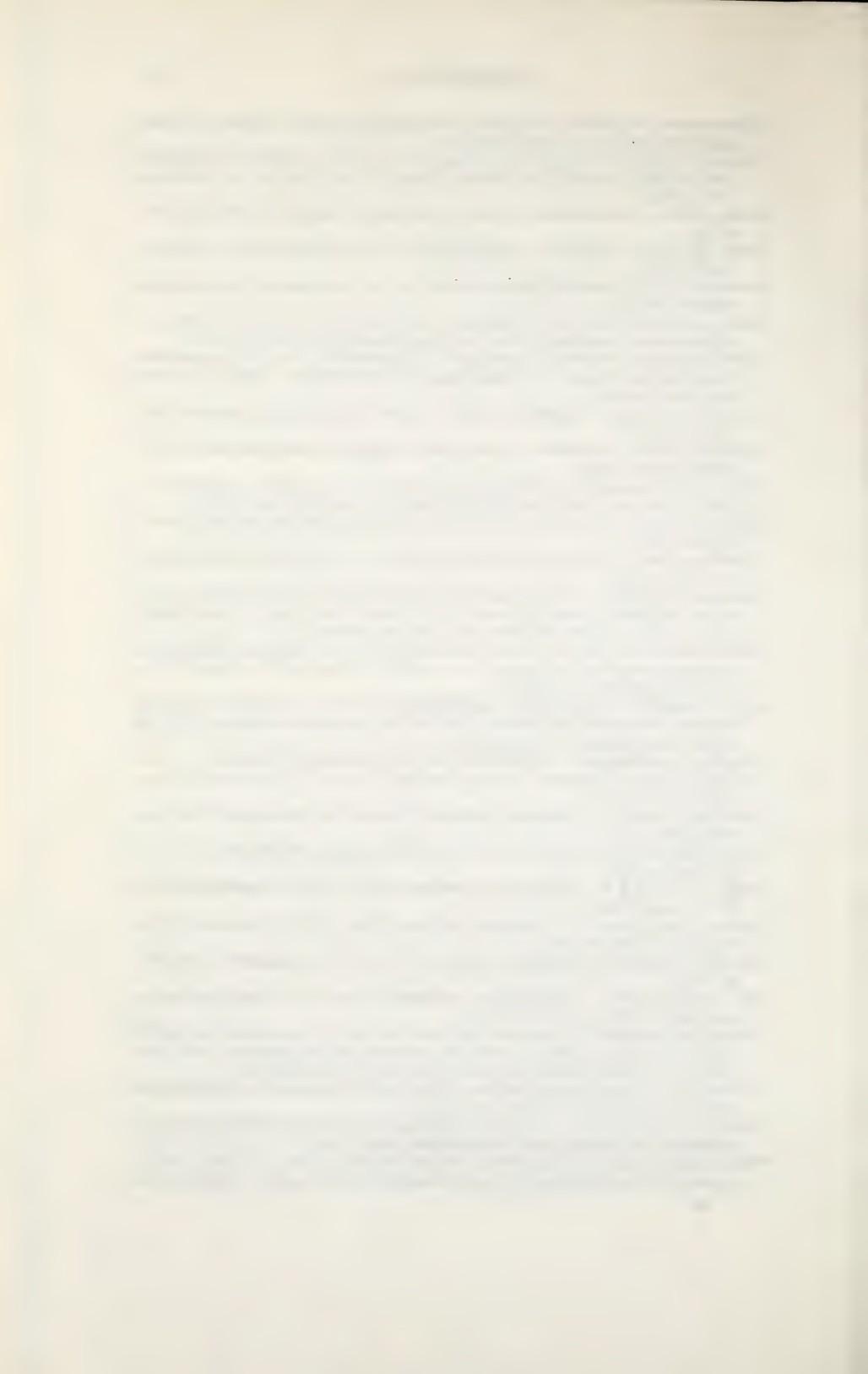
**BALDWIN, MARTIN.** Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 30, '63.

**BEESON, H. T.** Elmwood; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; went home sick on furlough and did not re-join command. Served again in 103d Ill. Inf'ty.

**BELLWOOD, SAMUEL.** Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound June 20, '62.



- \*BELLWOOD, MILTON. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; killed at Vicksburg May 22, '63, in storming party.
- †BLACK, JOSEPH. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 17, '61; captain at organization; slightly wounded at Shelby Depot, Tenn., Oct. 21, '62; resigned Feb. 9, '63.
- BLISS, SETH. A substitute recruit; transferred to 45th Ill. Infy. March 18, '65.
- BONHAM, B. A. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability April, 1 '62.
- BROWN, C. F. Elmwood; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; discharged for age and stature Nov. 7, '61.
- BURNAUGH, WILLIAM H. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; corporal at organization; promoted color sergeant; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*BUTTERFIELD, DAVID. Farmington; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; promoted first-sergeant March 1, '62; discharged for disability April 1, '62, and died April 20, '62.
- CAMPBELL, JOSEPH. Sparta; recruit; enlisted Jan. 26, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- CATLIN, OWEN. Substitute recruit, never joined; transferred to 45th Ill. Infy., March 8, '65.
- CHESNEY, WILLIAM C. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; discharged at Mound City hospital July 31, '65.
- COCHLIN, JOHN. Louisville; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability June 28, '63.
- \*CONNOR, JOHN. Elmwood; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; killed at Jonesboro, Ga., Sept. 1, '64.
- COOMBS, JOSEPH P. St. Augustine; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; veteran; promoted corporal; taken prisoner at Atlanta, July 22, '64; exchanged from Andersonville; mustered out with regiment.
- COX, ROBERT M. St. Augustine; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; promoted corporal; veteran; wounded in assault upon Little Kennesaw Mt., June 27, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- COY, GEORGE C. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; promoted corporal; veteran; wounded at Atlanta, July 22, '64; promoted sergeant July 25, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- COY, U. D. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; discharged for age Nov. 7, '61.
- CROUCH, HIRAM. Sparta; recruit; enlisted Jan. 26, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- CURTICE, DANIEL. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability Nov. 7, '61.
- DAVIS, MOSES S. Henderson; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; transferred to V. R. C., Nov. 30, '62.
- DEAN, WILLIAM H. Henderson; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; transferred to V. R. C., May 1, '64.
- DEWEY, ISSACHAR B. Elmwood; enlisted Nov. 18, '61; discharged for disability Feb. 20, '62.
- DICKEY, HENRY. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*DONAHUE, JAMES. Farmington; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; killed in storming party at Vicksburg, May 22, '63.
- EDWARDS, JOHN W. Cameron; enlisted Oct. 30, '61; promoted corporal; prisoner at Shiloh, and exchanged; veteran; taken prisoner at Atlanta July 22, '64, and exchanged; mustered out with regiment.
- \*ENNIS, J. E. Farmington; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and died of wound at St. Louis, May 26, '62.
- ENSELL, CHARLES K. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; first-sergeant at organization; discharged for disability May 1, '62.
- \*FILLMORE, JOHN H. Abingdon; enlisted April 23, '61, in First Cavalry, captured at Lexington, Mo., and discharged Oct. 9, '61; re-enlisted in



- K, Oct. 22, '61; sergeant at organization; promoted first-lieutenant, to date March 13, '62; mustered out Nov. 26, '62, for disability.
- FORBES, JOHN. Elmwood; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; sergeant at organization; discharged for disability Aug. 14, '62.
- FOREY, OSTRANDO D. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability May 1, '62.
- GENTRY, L. J. Mt. Vernon; enlisted Oct. 17, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- †GILLETT, ANDREW J. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; second-lieutenant at organization; resigned April 7, '62.
- GILLIAM, JOHN C. Mt. Vernon; enlisted Oct. 17, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- \*GOULD, JESSE. St. Augustine; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; captured at Black River, Miss., Aug. '63, and died at Belle Isle, Va., in rebel prison.
- \*GREENE, JOHN. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; killed at Amsterdam Ford on Black River, Miss., Aug. 14, '63.
- †GROUNDS, WILLIAM. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 23, '61; corporal at organization; wounded at Shiloh; promoted sergeant, June 9, '62; veteran; wounded at Jonesboro, Aug. 31, '64; promoted first-lieutenant, to date from May 19, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- HALL, WILLIAM N. St. Augustine; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability June 18, '62.
- †HARTSOOK, JOSEPH. Transferred by promotion from sergeant-major as first-lieutenant, to date from Nov. 26, '62; wounded in assault on Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; mustered out Nov. 19, '64. *See F, and Field and Staff.*
- HATFIELD, DINGUS. Berwick; enlisted Oct. 23, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound July 8, '62.
- \*HATFIELD, JOSEPH. Berwick; enlisted Oct. 23, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and died at home.
- HAWTHORN, JAMES. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; corporal at organization; wounded at Shiloh; discharged for disability.
- JACOBS, NELSON. Farmington; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- JACKSON, M. H. Elmwood; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*JOHNSTON, N. H. Galesburg; enlisted Oct. 20, '61; died in hospital at Cape Girardeau, Mo.
- KAYS, HENRY. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; mustered out while at home on sick furlough, Oct. 31, '62.
- †KAYS, JAMES W. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant; veteran; wounded in assault upon Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; promoted first-lieutenant, to date from Nov. 19, '64; captain, to date from May 19, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- †KENDRICK, HILAND H. Elmwood; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; sergeant at organization; wounded at Shiloh; promoted first-sergeant June 9, '62; second-lieutenant, July 1, '62; captain, Feb. 9, '63; resigned Sept. 15, '64.
- KENNEY, C. E. Mt. Vernon; enlisted Oct. 17, '61; wounded at Shiloh; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- LATIMER, THOMAS P. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh; promoted corporal Feb. 7, '63; veteran; promoted first-sergeant July 25, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- †LAWRENCE, ELIJAH C. Chicago; enlisted Nov. 14, '61; transferred as second-lieutenant to B, March 5, '62. *See B.*
- †LOMAX, WILLIAM D. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; promoted corporal March 1, '62; sergeant, Aug. 14, '62; wounded at Shelby Station, Tenn., Oct. 21, '62; promoted second-lieutenant, to date from March 1, '63; wounded in assault upon Little Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.



- LOWER, ROBERT A. Elmwood; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- \*MAPES, ASHBY. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and died of wound May 1, '62.
- MARSHALL, JAMES. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; promoted corporal Nov. 1, '64; sergeant, June 1, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- \*MASSEY, JAMES M. Galesburg; enlisted Oct. 20, '61; sergeant at organization; promoted first-sergeant April 1, '62; died June 9, '62.
- MATLOCK, JOHN W. Henderson; enlisted Oct. 18, '61; transferred to I Jan. 4, '62. *See I.*
- MAXON, DUANE. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound June 18, '62.
- MCAULEY, JOHN T. Chicago; enlisted Nov. 13, '61; promoted sergeant-major Nov. 13, '61. *See Field and Staff, B and C.*
- MCKIBBEN, L. C. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- MCMULLEN, ROBERT W. Elmwood; enlisted Nov. 7, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- MCVAY, HUGH. Herman; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability May 20, '62.
- MCVAY, ROBERT. Herman; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; promoted corporal May 1, '62; sergeant, July 1, '62; wounded severely at Vicksburg, May 19, '63; transferred to V. R. C., July 15, '64.
- \*MILLER, FRANCIS M. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; died in hospital at Paducah, Ky., Feb. 20, '62.
- MILLER, MOLETUS. Abingdon; enlisted April 23, '61, in First Cavalry, taken prisoner at Lexington, Mo., and discharged Oct. 9, '61; enlisted in K, Oct. 22, '61; corporal at organization; veteran; promoted sergeant June 1, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- MILLER, WILLIAM. Chicago; recruit; enlisted Jan. 18, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- \*MOHLER, LYMAN B. Virgil; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; veteran; taken prisoner and killed, March 27, '65, near Goldsboro, N. C.
- \*MONEYMAKER, J. K. P. Galesburg; enlisted Oct. 20, '61; died of small-pox at Young's Point, La., Feb. 8, '63.
- MONEYMAKER, WILLIAM E. Galesburg; enlisted Oct. 20, '61; veteran; taken prisoner at Atlanta, July 22, '64, and exchanged from Andersonville in September; mustered out with regiment.
- MORFORD, JEROME. Mt. Vernon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- \*MORRIS, JAMES M. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; corporal at organization; promoted sergeant; mortally wounded at Shiloh.
- MOSHER, TIMOTHY. Mt. Vernon; enlisted Oct. 20, '61; captured at Shiloh, exchanged, went home, and never rejoined regiment.
- \*MOUNT, WILLIAM. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; veteran; wounded slightly at Atlanta, July 22, '64; killed near Atlanta, Aug. 4, '64.
- MURRAY, SIDNEY S. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- NELSON, WILLIAM H. Saluda; Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability June 2, '62.
- NEWKIRK, ABSALOM W. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 23, '61; discharged for disability April 1, '62; re-enlisted at Sparta, Jan. 26, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- \*PATTERSON, W. H. Logantown; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; promoted corporal; killed at Shiloh.
- POINTER, JAMES T. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; promoted corporal; veteran; mustered out with regiment.



- RAYMOND, T. L. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 23, '61; promoted corporal; transferred to V. R. C., May 1, '64.
- \*RECKNER, DANIEL. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; captured at Shiloh and died a prisoner at Huntsville, Ala.
- RHODECKER, GEORGE W. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- RICHEY, S. H. Abingdon; Enlisted Oct. 22, '61; discharged on account of age, Nov. 3, '61.
- RICKMAN, M. B. Henderson; enlisted Oct. 17, '61; transferred Jan. 4, '62, to I.
- ROBINSON, JAMES. Berwick; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability April 1, '62.
- \*ROBINSON, SAMUEL. Galesburg; enlisted Oct. 30, '61; mortally wounded at Shiloh.
- \*ROE, MASON H. Abingdon; enlisted April 25, '61, in First Cavalry; and captured at Lexington, Mo.; discharged Oct. 9, '61, and enlisted in K, Oct. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh, and died at home of wound May 8, '62.
- ROMESBURG, DAVID. Sparta; recruit; enlisted Jan. 26, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- \*ROUSE, THOMAS S. Trivoli; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; promoted corporal March 1, '62; sergeant, July 1, '62; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; died in hospital at Devil's Bluff, Ark., July 25, '65.
- SHOOL, THOMAS T. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 23, '61; wounded at Shiloh; discharged for disability Jan. 28, '63.
- SIMMONS, EDWARD. Trivoli; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; mustered out with regiment.
- SMITH, A. C. Substitute recruit; enlisted Sept. 28, '64; mustered out June 11, '65.
- SMITH, HENRY A. Cleaveland, O.; enlisted Nov. 14, '61; transferred to D as first-sergeant, March 1, '62. *See D.*
- SMITH, H. F. Elmwood; enlisted Nov. 17, '61; deserted at Memphis, Dec. 20, '62.
- \*SOUTH, ELIJAH. St. Augustine; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; killed at Shiloh.
- SPENCER, WILLIAM. Abingdon; Enlisted Oct. 22, '61; promoted corporal July 1, '63; sergeant, Jan., '64; veteran; severely wounded at Kennesaw Mt., June 23, '64; at home sick at muster out of regiment.
- SPITZER, ANDREW. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 21, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- STAGGS, DAVID M. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 23, '61; went home sick on furlough, and never returned.
- \*STILES, EDGAR C. Sparta; recruit; enlisted Jan. 26, '65; died in hospital at Jeffersonville, Ind.
- SWARTZ, BENJAMIN C. Farmington; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; first-lieutenant at organization; resigned March 13, '62, to become chaplain of 41st Ill. Inf'y.
- \*TOWNSEND, JOHN N. Abingdon; enlisted April 23, '61, in First Cavalry, captured at Lexington, Mo., and discharged; re-enlisted in K, Oct. 22, '61; promoted corporal; died Jan. 30, '64.
- VICKERY, ALBERT. Elmwood; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; mustered out Oct. 31, '64.
- WADDELL, WILLIAM. Elmwood; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability Oct. 18, '62.
- WALKER, WILLIAM. Trivoli; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; promoted corporal; wounded at Shiloh; veteran; wounded in assault upon Little Kennesaw Mt., June 27, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- WEEDEN, WILLIAM. Sycamore; musician; transferred from B, Nov. 7, '61; discharged for disability Oct. 18, '62.
- WESTFALL, EBENEZER P. Henderson; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; corporal at



organization; wounded at Shiloh, and discharged for wound Oct. 20, '62.  
 WIDNER, MATTHIAS. Elmwood; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; deserter.  
 WILLIFORD, WILLIAM A. Abingdon; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability Sept. 4, '62.  
 WOLSTENHOLM, JOHN. Farmington; enlisted Oct. 22, '61; discharged for disability Feb. 9, '63.

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## UNASSIGNED.

The following "unassigned recruits" are credited to the Fifty-fifth in the Adjutant General's Report, enlisted early in 1864, but never reached the regiment:

Baumgarten, Nicholas	Johnson, George	Potter, William
Burger, Sebastian	Johnson, John D.	Quick, William L.
Gitchell, David	Lidberg, John L.	Stanton, Michael
Gill, Robert P.	Lynch, Pat	Wilson, Thomas
Hesbringer, Michael	Murray, Walter	Wells, John
	Parny, Robert	

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The following were of Company G, 127th Ill. Inf'ty., transferred to Fifty-fifth after the close of the war:

*First-Sergeant*—Charles R. Danisson.

*Sergeants*—Dow Shebley, Matthew Kuns, Daniel Newcomb, Albert M. Clark.

*Corporal*—John Rapp.

*Privates*—Jacob Baker, John Elliott, John Fitzgerald, James Fitch, Hugh Fagan, Edward Grimmeson, Joseph Kearney, James Harris, Thos. R. Powers, William Teorner, Robert S. Wood.



## SUMMARY

Original communication Oct. 31, 1867

original organization, Oct. 31, 1861:  
Commissional

Commissioned..... 30  
Enlisted..... 61

Entitled..... qm  
Read..... 22

... 20  
— 065

Joined subsequently ..... 138

— 1,000

Temporarily assigned from 116th Ill. Inf'y., June, 1865..... 45

" " " 127th Ill. Inf'ty., " " ..... 40

Recruits unassigned, never joined..... 16

Total number commissioned in regiment 81

Total number commissioned in regiment ..... 94  
Miles marched by regiment ..... 3,210

Miles marched by regiment..... 3,240  
Miles moved by boat 5,850

Miles moved by road..... 3,350  
Miles moved by railway..... 3,875

— 11,665



## BATTLE CASUALTIES IN FIFTY-FIFTH ILLINOIS DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

NAME AND DATE OF ACTION.	KILLED.			WOUNDED.			Captured.	Aggregate.
	Officers	Enlisted Men	Total	Officers	Enlisted Men	Total		
Shiloh, Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., April 6-7, 1862.	1	45	47	8	193	202	29	278
Russell's House, Miss., May 17, 1862 . . . . .	1	1	1	7	7	7		8
Shelby Depot, Tenn., Oct. 23, 1862 . . . . .				1	1	2		2
Chickasaw Bayou, Miss., Dec. 28, 1862 . . . . .	1	1	2	1	3	4		6
Arkansas Post, Ark., Jan. 10, 1863 . . . . .				3	3	3		3
Vicksburg, Miss., assault, May 19, 1863 . . . . .	1	7	8	1	15	16		24
"        "        "    May 22, " . . . . .		5	5	1	13	14		19
"        "        "    siege, June-July, " . . . . .		1	1	1	3	3		4
Jackson, Miss., siege, July 10-15, 1863 . . . . .		1	1	1	1	2		3
Amsterdam Ford, Black River, Miss., Aug. 14, 1863 .		1	1				2	3
Mission Ridge, Tenn., Dec. 24-25, 1863 . . . . .				3	3	3		3
Kenesaw Mt., Ga., June 19-23, 1864 . . . . .		1	1	3	3	3		4
Little Kenesaw Mt., Ga., assault, June 27, 1864 . . .	2	13	15	3	29	32		47
Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864 . . . . .	1	4	5	13	13	15	33	
Ezra Church, Ga., July 28, 1864 . . . . .		5	5	1	11	12		17
Advancing line, Atlanta, Aug. 3-4, 1864 . . . . .	1	3	4	3	3	3		7
Atlanta, siege of. August, 1864 . . . . .		3	3	5	5	5		8
Jonesborough, Ga., Aug. 31, 1864 . . . . .		2	2	10	10	10		12
"        "    Sept. 1, 1864 . . . . .		2	2	5	5	5		7
Bentonville, N. C., March 10-21, 1865 . . . . .		1	1	2	2	4	5	10
Near Goldsborough, March 27, 1865 . . . . .		1	1					1
Totals . . . . .	7	98	195	19	324	343	51	479
Teamsters captured away from regiment . . . . .							4	4
							55	593

\* In the Official Records of the Rebellion, Vol. X, four of the mortally wounded are classed as killed, making the total 51. Several of the wounded lived but a few hours, or days. Of the 55 captured seven, at least, were wounded when taken, and they are included in the column of wounded; ten died in rebel prisons and two others were never heard from.

5614



